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ART. 1. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*Sketches of the History of Greece, subsequent to its subjugation by the Romans.*

(Continued from page 323.)

THE decease of the second Antonine abandoned the empire to the sway of the execrable Commodus ; his assassination relieved the earth from a monster ; but from his death to the accession of Claudius, Rome was afflicted with a succession of princes who either governed in the spirit of military despotism, or plunged the state in the wildest horrors of misrule. In the profligate reign of Gallienus, the misfortunes of Greece excite the attention and pity of the historian. The Goths, who after the defeat of the emperor Decius, had established themselves in the inconsiderable principality of the Bosphorus, grew discontented with their narrow boundaries. Allured by the riches of the south, and encouraged by the distractions of the empire, the needy barbarians conceived and executed a project, which in its success, exhibits a strongly-coloured and mournful picture of the consequences of civil dissension. In a light fleet of osier vessels the Goths embarked on the Euxine, ravaged the island, and destroyed the capital of Cyzicus in the Propontis ; thence they directed their desolating course through the islands of the Archipelago, and the shores of Greece and Asia Minor were blasted by the presence of the corsairs. At length the Gothic armament cast anchor in the port of the Piræus, five miles distant from Athens, where every preparation of defence had been made which the suddenness of the calamity would permit. Cleodamus, a Grecian engineer in the service of Gallienus, had commenced the

repairs of the fortifications, which, since the siege of Sylla, had fallen into decay. But the unexpected celerity of the Gothic expedition rendered his exertions ineffectual. But few regular troops were stationed in garrison at Athens, a city whose distance from the frontiers was reasonably supposed to secure it from hostile attack. The convulsed state of the empire prevented the requisite attention to the defence of the provinces, which on all sides were open to invasion. The Goths landed ; Athens fell ; and in the gratification of every military, that is, every licentious, appetite, the illiterate barbarians were unconscious that the soil they pressed, the city they profaned, had been cultivated and adorned by the first of mankind :—that they rioted on a spot where a light had been kindled whose vivifying influence, in a future age, would be felt and acknowledged even in their own inhospitable regions.

Amidst the general terror and distress, a brave and determined individual resolved to revenge, he could not save, his country. Flying with Cleodamus from the sack of Athens, Dexippus assembled, armed, and animated the peasantry ; his hasty and undisciplined levies were augmented by the regulars of the province ; the spirit of their leader was communicated to the bosoms of his followers ; and at the head of a slender but undaunted band, Dexippus surprised the guard of the Gothic fleet. His courage was rewarded by success ; his success exalted his courage ; and the advantages obtained against the barbarians by one resolute arm, had they been improved by Gallienus or his lieutenants, would have ter-

minated in the destruction or captivity of the marauders.

In a period of public danger the camp was the only station befitting a Roman emperor. In the field, at the head of the legions, the son of Valerian might have commanded the respect of his people, and the terror of their enemies. But neither the sufferings of Greece, nor the calamities of the empire, could rouse the luxurious apathy of Gallienus to an effort of manly resolution. The rapacious insolence of the barbarians had been chastised by the courage of a citizen; but his unsupported prowess was insufficient to retrieve the glory, or assure the repose of the state. The successes of Dexippus, though splendid, were partial, were transient; and the Goths were only irritated to more savage excesses by an opposition which their numbers enabled them to despise. Their rapid victories, their bundant spoil, had revealed the wealth and weakness of the empire; they breathed the air, they quaffed the vintage of a more delicious climate than they had yet experienced; the licentious appetites of barbarians are quickened, rather than appeased, by gratification; and when the Goths resolved to spread their ravages through the interior, the fearless spirit of the north disdained to calculate the dangers of the march.

From the cape of Sunium to the borders of Epirus, from the Malian gulph to the promontory of Tenarus, Greece was overrun by the Goths, thirsting for plunder, and exasperated by resistance. The cities they sacked, they swept the harvest from the plains; of the inhabitants, those who by opposition attempted to preserve themselves or their property, they slaughtered, they enslaved the defenceless or pusillanimous; Thebes and Argos, Corinth and Sparta, unprotected either by troops or fortifications of sufficient strength, were stormed, and in each of those unfortunate cities the tragedy of Athens was successively and rapidly repeated. Neither age nor sex—neither rank nor merit—were respected by the relentless invaders; their brutal ignorance was unable to comprehend the claims of genius or learning; and the pride of barbarians delighted to trample on the insignia of Roman dignity. Satiated at length with the spoils and calamities of Greece, they directed their march westward: Epirus was oppressed by their numbers and ferocity; and the frontiers of Italy resounded to the mournful clangor of the Gothic trumpet. The danger approached the capital, the court, the per-

son of the emperor, whose character, despicable in almost every respect, was, however, exempt from the reproach of cowardice. Gallienus started to arms— assembled his troops—and the barbarians were astonished by the martial activity of a prince who had tamely endured the desolation of his most flourishing provinces. Yet even in this crisis of the state, the courage of Gallienus was counterpoised by his habitual indolence; and he was easily persuaded by his flatterers of the imprudence of committing the fate of the capital, perhaps the empire, to the chance of a single battle. A negociation was commenced with the Goths, who while they showed a willingness to treat, proportioned their demands to the fears of the Romans. Several thousands of the hardy barbarians were taken into the service of the empire; to others lands were assigned; and the majesty of Rome received an indelible stigma in the appointment of Naulobates, a Gothic chief, to the consulship.

Of the Goths, the fate was various. Some enlisted, as we have said, in the imperial service, and others settled in the Roman territory. Considerable numbers forced their way into Mæsia, intending to penetrate to their settlements beyond the Danube. The return of the remainder through the Hellespont and Bosporus was marked by the final destruction of the temple of Ephesus, an edifice in which the exertions of patriotism, and the liberality of foreign monarchs, were equally conspicuous.

In the confusion that ensued after the captivity of Valerian, the empire was split into nineteen divisions, in each of which some military chief, more worthy to reign than the prince against whom he revolted, ruled with absolute though precarious authority. Achaia, an appellation in which the whole of Greece may be included, was governed by Valens; of the virtues or vices of his administration nothing is recorded; of the length of his reign we are uncertain: but of this we may be assured, that the state of the Roman empire under Gallienus, who generally resided at Rome, and never quitted Italy, rendered rebellion a virtue, and that a province, whose government was conducted by the hands of an usurper, might satisfactorily compare its situation with that of the capital.

The measure of the public calamities was full, when Gallienus perished by the hands of conspirators beneath the walls of Milan, in which Aureolus, one of the usurpers, after a defeat in the neighbour-

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hood of Bergamo, had taken refuge with the determination of resisting to the last extremity, a prince careless of the duties of his station, yet jealous of the slightest invasion of his rank and prerogatives; and whose softness of temper was not incompatible with the most ferocious dictates of revenge. The fall of that worthless ruler introduced a succession of princes, by whose martial talents and civil energies the republic was reinstated in her original integrity. The licentious imbecility of the late emperor had encouraged the inroads of the barbarians, and awakened the ambition of his lieutenants. At one and the same moment the provinces beyond the Appenine were invaded by the Franks and Alemanni; the Goths were in possession of Greece; and Asia Minor was ravaged by Sapor and his Persians; while the Roman generals, disgusted by the levity or ingratitude of Gallienus, either remained mute spectators of the public evils, or assumed the title and power which were disgraced by the son of Valerian. About thirty years after his death, the military genius of Claudius, Aurelian, Probus, Carus, and Diocletian had vanquished the foreign enemies, and quelled the domestic disturbers of the republic. During this period the history of Greece presents no facts for relation or comment sufficiently important to detain our attention. Upon the decease of Galerius the empire was divided between Constantine and Licinius. The authority of Constantine was acknowledged by Italy and the West, while the eastern provinces recognized Licinius as their sovereign. Within the dominion of the latter prince, Greece was included. The ambition of the two monarchs soon involved them in mutual hostilities; in which Constantine remaining conqueror, a treaty was concluded between the empires, which separated from the dominions of Licinius, Greece, Macedonia, and the Provinces of Pannonia, Dalmatia, and Dacia.

Three hundred and thirty years after the birth of Christ, the Roman empire was reunited under the sway of Constantine, a prince usually ranked with those monarchs to whom sincerity or adulation has applied the epithet of GREAT. For this lofty title Constantine was indebted partly to the interested gratitude of the church, partly to the vanity of the Greeks, who were willing to believe that in the founder of Constantinople they beheld the restorer of Hellenic glory. Flattery is a weed that thrives to rankness in the artificial soil of a court:

and the Christians, who in the reigns of Diocletian and Galerius had sustained the fiercest rage of persecution, hailed with rapture the ascension of a prince who, in his subordinate station of Cæsar, had always evinced towards their society an active and consoling sympathy. If we except Palestine, in no region of the empire had the gospel distilled so copious and prolific a dew as in the Grecian provinces. The sovereignty of Constantine ensured the reign of Christ, and if, in tracing the boundaries of his new capital, the emperor proclaimed that his steps were guided by a celestial sign or influence, the voice of the bishop, the courtier, and the patriot, might repeat and embellish the singular legend of the Labarum; and all would unite in celebrating the greatness of a sovereign from whom each expected the consummation of his hopes. But the lapse of nearly fifteen centuries has destroyed the embroidered veil which wrapt in artificial splendour the name and character of Constantine; and we, who have nothing to fear or desire from that christian emperor, may freely scrutinize his claims to an equality with the first of princes. A just delineation of the son of Constantius would exhibit the portrait of a monarch who, in the summer of life, and in an inferior rank, moderated the evils produced by the fierce despotism of his colleagues; and we may allow, that when the Romans compared the cruelty and Asiatic pride of the Augusti with the benign and modest administration of the Cæsar, the result must have been an universal wish that the supreme authority were vested in the hands of Constantine. Such was the character supported by that sovereign till the battle of Chrysopolis, in which the East and the hopes of Licinius sustained an irreparable defeat, realised the secret vows of the empire. At the period of that memorable engagement Constantine was in the prime of life. Soldier, general, and prince, in each of those capacities he had secured the esteem of his people, and the Roman world rejoiced in the prospect of a long and virtuous reign. But the intoxication of absolute power betrays the imperfections which are concealed by the prudence of a dependant station, or restrained by the apprehensions of a divided authority. The character of Constantine was in a considerable measure artificial. Courage he certainly possessed; a sagacious, perhaps subtle, intellect, supplied the deficiencies of his uninstructed youth; but the virtues of moderation and benevolence inculcat-

ed with divine pathos in the pages of the gospel, were so foreign to the education of a prince trained to government in the school of Diocletian, that our belief of their actual existence in the first *christian* sovereign of Rome, would be the spontaneous hypothesis of charity. An opinion may arise that when Constantine ceased to have a rival, he degenerated into a tyrant. The severity of his laws will not receive the approbation of an æra that desires to build a solid glory on the mildness of its penal code; and by diffusing among the body of the people the benefits of an effectual education, to prevent the birth, rather than to punish the commission of crime. The indiscreet ambition of immortalising his name by the erection of a second capital, which should rival or surpass the glories of Rome, produced but a faint imitation of the eternal city, while it planted the principle of decay in the heart of the empire. A prince who had himself mingled so largely in the evils of civil dissension should have foreseen the fatal consequences of transferring the seat of government to the confines of Asia. In his domestic policy the son of Constantius trod closely in the steps of Diocletian; the simple majesty that pervaded the administration of Trajan and the Antonines, was exchanged for the puerile pomp of the Persian king; the forms of the court were modelled after the severe and servile fashion of the east; and the free spirit of modern times, detesting the substantial tyranny of Constantine, is disposed to ridicule the minute and trifling gradations of his political hierarchy. New and galling imposts cemented the costly fabric of the imperial establishment, and the public misery was insulted by the oppressive splendour of the monarch and his favourites. Besides the ordinary sources of revenue, the cruel ingenuity of Constantine and his ministers resorted to the meanest expedients for additional supplies: the most ignominious of taxes was levied upon the vilest of professions; and the streams of treasure that were annually discharged into the exchequer from every province of the empire, were swollen with the impure contributions of wretchedness and crime. The instinctive jealousy of a tyrant is alarmed even by the virtues of his offspring, and in the execution, or rather murder of his son, the unnatural Constantine confessed the superior merits of Crispus. The fate of his nephew Licinius establishes an obvious parallel between a Roman emperor and a British

king; yet the comparison would incline in favour of the latter, since even the memory of the dark-souled and sanguinary Richard is exempt from the reproach of parricide.

The elevation of Constantinople produced the decline of the ancient metropolis; but the site of the new capital was peculiarly advantageous to the interests of Greece. The inhabitants of that classic country were fallen below the standard of national honour, even as it subsisted for some ages after their union with the Romans. The corruption of their manners, their proneness to flattery, were congenial with the temper and inclinations of a proud luxurious court; their eloquence had degenerated into declamation, their literature into works of sophistry; and the leisure even of Athens could find no worthier pursuit than the vain and inconsequential subtleties of the schools. The loss of liberty deprives a nation of the noblest stimulus to exertion, and the pride of the conquered Greeks subsided to the level of their fortunes. The energy that was formerly devoted to the higher arts, or the plans of a generous ambition, was now directed to the advancement of manufactures, the cultivation of commerce, and the improvement of domestic conveniences. The demands of a populous and luxurious capital for the costly fabrics and curious commodities of Greece, called forth in a proportionate degree the active skill of her population. The port of Constantinople was crowded with the merchantmen of Athens and the Peloponesus; the trade of an immense and civilized empire became concentrated in the hands of her citizens, and the Greeks rejoiced that the wealth of their conquerors was exhausted in the purchase of the luxuries by which they were enfeebled. The proximity of the new capital to the Grecian prefecture attracted a perpetual stream of adventurers from that fortunate province; their intermarriages with the nobles introduced a large mixture of Hellenic blood into the wealthy and exalted families of Byzantium; and the court, the palace, the offices of government, were gradually occupied by the loquacious and effeminate Greeks.

The death of Constantine was succeeded by the massacre of his kindred. Only Gallus and Julian, the cousins of Constantius, escaped from this savage and promiscuous slaughter, which was perpetrated at the instigation of their sanguinary relative. The empire was then divided between the sons of Constantine. The possession of Constan-

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tinople and the adjoining provinces was adjudged to the eldest; Constantius obtained the government of Thrace and the East; while Italy, Africa, and the western Illyricum were resigned to Constans, the youngest of the royal youths. Three years after this arrangement of the sovereignty, the issue of a war between the senior and junior princes, transferred to the latter the dominions of his brother, and for the space of ten years, Constans remained the undisputed master of the largest portion of the Roman empire. At the end of that period a conspiracy of the guards deprived Constans of his diadem and life, and the vacant purple was assumed by Magnentius, their perfidious but intrepid chief. The new emperor was distinguished by many brilliant qualities; but the people, who detested the oppression, cruelty, and prodigality of the house of Constantine, were alienated from the cause of Magnentius by his severe and suspicious temper. Constantius refused to acknowledge for his colleague a sovereign whose superior genius might have overwhelmed the feebleness of the *legitimate* monarch. By arts, which wisdom and courage would equally despise, many brave chiefs were detached from the standard of the western emperor, and in the field of Mursa, the fatal defection of his Frank auxiliaries revealed the secret practices of the cowardly Constantius. The result of that great battle compelled Magnentius to transport beyond the Alps his hopes and throne. A second and desperate engagement near Mount Seleucus terminated in a second defeat. His spirit was still unsubdued, but his declining fortunes were undermined by his own imprudence, the intrigues of his adversary, and the treachery of his servants. With such allies, the son of Constantine prevailed against the emperor of the West; and Magnentius, disdaining to seek the clemency of a man whose hands were stained with the blood of his own kinsmen, withdrew from the unequal conflict by a voluntary death.

We may pass over the reign of Constantius—a reign of weakness and disgrace—to that of Julian, in which the splendour of the monarch was eclipsed by the greatness of the man. In his youth, that heroic prince had visited the schools of Athens, and conversed in free and social terms with the successors of Plato and Aristotle. An elegant writer of our own times has observed, that the study of the classics indisposes a youthful and vivacious understanding to the doctrines of the purest of religions; in the patron of

Christianity, Julian beheld the assassin of his race; and the impressions of education were confirmed by those of duty and wounded affection. The nephew of Constantine was fascinated by the animating charms of a generous superstition, and his secret devotion to the ancient worship was inflamed by the partial light in which he contemplated the effects of the gospel. While he preserved his allegiance to Constantius, he evinced an outward respect towards the forms of the Christian faith, but in the hour of prayer, his adoration was directed to Jove and Minerva, who cheered the slumbers of their votary with the frequent assurance of their divine protection. Abjuring their fidelity to a weak and effeminate tyrant, the legions of Gaul invested their victorious leader with the purple, and a declaration, in which he invoked, upon his cause, the favourable regards of the “IMMORTAL Gods,” was the first public act of the Emperor Julian. His brief but brilliant reign was hailed with unfeigned rapture by the sages and philosophers of Athens; and the Pagans rejoiced that the Roman sceptre was again wielded by the hands of a Polytheist.

In the disgraceful reigns of Honorius and Arcadius, Greece was again invaded by the Goths, under Alaric. Zosimus, a Pagan historian, relates that the barbarians, in their approach to Athens, were awed by the form of Minerva, and the shade of Achilles, who took their station on the ramparts, and warned the rude invaders of the guilt and imprudence of assaulting a city protected by their supernatural auspices. In the times of independence and glory, such an interposition would have been rejected by the martial spirit of a free and enlightened people; while a spark of manly courage warmed the bosom of Greece, her safety and honour depended on the virtue and valour of her sons: an age of heroism is adverse to the birth and propagation of miracles, and the celestial defence of Athens is a fiction disgraceful to the spirit and character of her citizens. Unresistedly traversing the plains of Macedonia and Thessaly, the Gothic king soon arrived at the narrow and renowned pass of Thermopylæ; and the hasty retreat of the Roman general, whose duty it was to preserve Greece by the easy defence of those celebrated straits, proved how much less difficult it was for the subjects of Arcadius to praise than to imitate the examples of ancient valour. The Goths poured into Greece; Phocis and Bœotia experienced the first effects of their fury,

but Alaric, who was impatient to occupy Athens and her port, refused to interrupt his progress by the siege of Thebes. He condescended to accept a treaty presented to him by the Athenian magistrate, by which the city was secured from plunder, by the voluntary surrender of its wealth. But the Attic territory was ruined by the fierceness of barbarian hostility; and Athens herself, after the visit of the Goths, is said to have resembled the "bleeding and empty skin of a slaughtered victim." Coriath, Argos, and Sparta, fell before the sword of Alaric; the buildings were destroyed, and the statues, the paintings, the vases, the monuments of prosperity, and elegance, and genius, were consumed in the fires which were kindled by design or accident. Slavery was the lot of the larger portion of the inhabitants, and the milder destiny of death was the reward of those who had the courage to meet and encounter their savage enemies.

The approach of Stilicho compelled Alaric to recall his scattered troops, and prepare to encounter an adversary long accustomed to vanquish the barbarians. By the skilful manœuvres of the master-general of the West, the Gothic king was forced to retreat to mount Pholoe, in the territory of Elis, where he was surrounded by the arms of Stilicho. The siege of the camp was immediately formed; the river that supplied the Goths with water was turned into another channel; their provisions were quickly exhausted; and the line of circumvallation, with which they had been surrounded by the vigilance of the Romans, seemed to prevent their flight, and defy their despair. But the confidence of Stilicho robbed him of a prize apparently in his grasp; the escape of Alaric and his host seemed impossible, and the victorious general willingly accepted the invitations of the grateful Greeks, to honour with his presence, the games and festivals of the rescued province. His departure was the signal to the camp, of license and insubordination. Abandoning their lines, his soldiers roamed over the open country, and their riotous behaviour convinced the inhabitants that the visits of their allies were not less oppressive than the inroads of their enemies. Alaric seized the favourable moment—surprised the indolence of the besieger—broke through their entrenchments—conducted his troops to Rhium, a march of thirty miles in a dangerous and difficult country; transported to the opposite coast his army, his captives, and his spoils; and the news that the barba-

rians were in complete possession of Epirus, was the first intelligence received by the Roman general of the masterly retreat of the Gothic king.

In the reign of Leo the shores of Greece were ravaged by the fleets of Genseric; but Procopius, who relates this fact, does not inform us of the fate experienced by Athens or Sparta in the Vandalic invasion. Subsequently, the walls of Athens were repaired by Justinian, and the Isthmus of Corinth was fortified by the same monarch with a chain of strong and lofty towers. Such works seem worthy of a great and liberal monarch, and while they serve to prove the weakness of the Roman empire, those structures, the defence of the people against the incursions of the barbarians, reflect a purer lustre on the name of Justinian, than the useless and costly edifices with which he exhausted the riches of the state.

From the Persian wars, to the commencement of the sixth century, philosophy and the arts had fixed their favourite abode at Athens. In the first and brightest age of Athenian eloquence and learning, the distinguished individuals who dispensed instruction to the youth of the city, neither received nor required from their pupils any pecuniary reward: in a more advanced period, the professors, no longer solely consisting of the wealthy and noble citizens, expected from each of their disciples a sum proportionate to their reputed knowledge and wisdom: and if Isocrates, by his public lectures, realized an annual income of three thousand pounds sterling, the modern teachers of youth may indignantly compare with the parsimony of their own age, the liberality of ancient times.

Under the Roman emperors, the business of education was entrusted to persons who received from the exchequer salaries, which increased or diminished, according to the character of the reigning prince. The baleful operation of a despotic government upon literature, and the humiliating state to which it reduces the human mind, is strikingly displayed by the contrast afforded by the works of Sozomen, Agathias, and the compositions of Zenophen, Thucydides, and Aristotle. Yet the scholastic establishments of Athens were still the most favoured shrines of learning; and the tradition of their ancient glories excited the hereditary veneration of the people. They were suppressed by the same monarch whose avarice suffered the consulship to expire; and the countrymen of Brutus and Plato, who had so long and tamely endured the



scourge of despotism, pronounced upon the name of Justinian the curse of freedom and genius.

In the ninth century, the Peloponesus was overrun by the Slavonians; successful at first, they were subsequently compelled to take refuge in the southern extremity of the Peninsula; they established themselves in the mountains of Laconia, the defiles of his gates are impassable by regular troops, and the wild liberty of the Mainotes, their descendants, forms an animated oasis in the surrounding desert of slavery. Nearly three hundred years after the Slavonic invasion Greece was attacked by Robert of Sicily, who transported to Palermo a considerable number of the manufacturers of silks and fine linen.

This was in the period of the Crusades; the Greek empire was daily declining in extent and vigour: the attention of the emperors was confined to their wars with the Moslems; and Greece, unable to protect herself, floated from usurper to usurper, till the stronger arms of the Catalans imposed a more permanent dynasty. Of a principality which surpassed the kingdom of Agamemnon, and included Bœotia, Argolis, Attica, Corinth, Delphi, and part of Thessaly, Athens, fortified and embellished with new buildings, was constituted the capital; the settlement of a martial people was respected by the kings of Europe; and Greece began to respire under the softened sway of the western strangers, when the fall of Constantinople transferred the sceptre of the Cæsars to the hands of a Turkish barbarian; the torrent of invasion rolled with irresistible force over the plains and cities of Greece, and the Peloponesus, the Catalan dynasty was swept away, and in the middle of the 15th century, the empire of Mahomet the Second was acknowledged in regions once possessed and illumined by the noblest, bravest, and brightest of mankind.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following testimony on the subject of the power of fascination in serpents, contained in a letter from a medical friend, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Yours, &c.

S. AKERLY.

Bowling-green, Caroline County, Virginia,  
Oct. 17, 1817.

DEAR SIR,

Tell our worthy friend, Mrs. C's Delphic oracle, that I do not give up the doc-

trine of fascination yet; and I am glad to find myself strengthened in the faith by Mr. Pintard's late report of some cases to the historical society of your city. I inferred from his review of Wilson's ornithology, that he supposed it was all an illusion; I am persuaded of the fact, and that it is optical. Now, sir, I can prove that the eye of a snake has the power of interesting a human being, by *reflecting a succession of brilliant colours*. Think of this, and recollect the dog's and cat's eye. Mrs. Chapman, of unquestioned veracity and good understanding, informed me a few days past, that she once witnessed this process between a mocason snake and a hen; she was called to the door by the acclamation, or squalling of the hen, and saw her standing about two feet from the head of the serpent, with the feathers of her whole body projecting forward, her neck elongated, and both creatures were in a state of fixed and exerted attention. She states that she was so much diverted with the appearance, that she ran and called one of her neighbours, and that they both deliberately witnessed the fact for some time; that she then caught the snake by its tail, and threw it to a distance, which broke the spell.

Whenever this subject has been introduced by me to the country inhabitants here, and I may say elsewhere, I think I can safely say that almost one half of the community are able to relate cases within their *personal knowledge*, and few seem to doubt the fact. Can all this be popular illusion? I may, however, be too sanguine as to the generality of the impression.

Please accept the assurances of regard and esteem with which

I am yours,

MALACHI FROST.

DR. AKERLY.

*The complaint of the verb LAY, to the Editors of the A. M. Magazine and Critical Review.*

Your complainant humbly sheweth, that he and his immediate connexions, are peaceable subjects of the realm of words—that they have been faithful in the performance of their proper duties—and that they have enjoyed all that patronage which they could wish;—but your complainant has to regret for himself and his friends, that they have been compelled, for several years past, in the conversation even of polite people, frequently in writing, and occasionally in print, to perform the duties of another family, of which

*Lie* is the head, and to which they are distantly related, and for which they entertain a high respect. In conformity to ancient practice, your complainant, in behalf of himself and family, appeals to you, gentlemen, as supreme in this part of the realm, for a correction of the abuse they daily suffer, and which is constantly increasing, to the high dishonour also of the family of *Lie*. Your complainant maintains, there is no reason for mistaking the members of either family—that, although the appearance of *lay* in both be the same, yet as they belong to *times* so very different and remote, there can be no excuse for substituting one for the other. But your complainant is specially grieved on the following account. Being naturally of an *active* disposition, he and his family always exert their influence upon some *object*. It is contrary, therefore, to their nature, to perform the functions of the other family, which, though no less *active* in part, confine their action within themselves. We, of course, feel the pangs of constraint, and the mortification of awkwardness, at the position in which we are often placed. We, therefore, humbly beg you will take effectual measures to prevent our being placed in the following, or any *similar* situations, viz. it *lays* there, or it *lays* in the pantry, or in the outhouse, or the town or ship *lays* to the south—he *laid* down for a nap—he has *laid* abed too long, and that you will cause, *lie*, *lay*, and *lain*, to be returned to favour and employment in such plans, while we are liberated from such unwelcome confinement. We beg you to declare explicitly that the use of *lay* for *lie*, *lays* for *lies*, *laid* for *lay*, and *laid* for *lain*, commenced with the *vulgar*, and by whomsoever used, is a very *vulgar* practice. Then, your complainant hopes, the cause of present suffering will cease, and

the pleasure of high obligation to your honours occupy its place.

Signed—Lay.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

In your Magazine for December last, I observed a communication from M. Nash, recommending in certain cases, a method of finding the latitude, which I am inclined to think will prove fallacious. The importance of the latitude in navigation and geography has induced me to make an observation on that method. It appears to me to be reasoning in a circle. In an oblique spherical triangle, formed by, and having for data, the *assumed latitude*, the sun's zenith distance, and polar distance, he finds the approximate time from noon or horary angle. Then again, in the same triangle, with this approximate time, the sun's zenith distance, and polar distance, the *assumed latitude* will be again produced. In the first case stated by M. Nash, an error of 40 seconds in the assumed latitude would not cause an error of one second in the time; so that it may be presumed, if the observations were well made, the time found by the single observations would differ but little from the mean of the observations. The latitude obtained from the altitudes of objects at a distance from the meridian, are not to be depended on; as a small error in the altitude will generally cause a considerable error in the latitude, besides the uncertainty of the atmospherical refraction attending small altitudes. From the able manner in which M. Nash treats the subject, I think he will, on re-consideration, admit the justness of my observations on that method.

D. L.

New-Bedford, Feb. 21, 1818.

ART. 2. *The Aphorisms of Hippocrates, from the Latin Version of Verhoofd, with literal translation and explanatory notes.*—By Elias Marks, M. D. Member of the Physico-Medical Society of New-York. New-York, Collins & Co. pp. 169.

IT cannot but appear singular to any person of the least reflection, that in a science like Medicine, founded upon observation and experience, and therefore necessarily depending for its perfection upon the accumulated wisdom of time, the very first *writer* who undertook to treat of it, should still be deemed worthy of being studied and admired. Our surprise, moreover, must be increased, when it is recollected that this veneration for the

writings of Hippocrates, arises not from that propensity to admire the relics of antiquity so natural to the human mind, but that it has resulted from the intrinsic merit of his works, as well as from the numerous benefits which he conferred upon the profession to which he belonged. It was his peculiar glory, to have been the first who rescued medicine from the hands of empiricism and ignorance—and to have imparted to it the



form and consistence of a *Science*.—But this is not all. It is to him that we are indebted for the introduction into medicine of the inductive method of reasoning; a discovery, the revival of which, twenty centuries after, gave to the name of lord Bacon, imperishable celebrity. It is this then that constitutes the true value of the writings of Hippocrates; that they contain the profoundest observations on the various subjects of which he treats, drawn from nature herself, at the same time that they afford us a model of the only system of reasoning that can lead to correct conclusions in any science.

The evils arising out of a departure from the principles of Hippocrates, were signally illustrated after the death of this great luminary. Instead of pursuing the path which he had traced with masterly wisdom, his successors became infected by the errors of the Aristotelian doctrines, which then began to be generally diffused. Galen, although a man of original genius and extensive erudition, became enamoured of this philosophy, and was the principal agent in applying its principles to medical investigations. The result was, as might have been expected, that medicine became disgraced and obscured by the syllogisms and quibbles which constituted the boast of the Aristotelian philosophy, and instead of presenting a well digested system of truth, it exhibited a mass of the most crude and absurd speculations.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century a new impulse was given to the human mind, and a complete revolution effected in the empire of Science by the revival of the inductive method of reasoning. Philosophy and medicine alike felt its influence, and both commenced a brilliant career of discovery and improvement. Medicine was peculiarly favoured at this period, in enjoying the services of two of the greatest physicians that ever adorned the world—Sydenham and Boerhaave—who, by the intuitive greatness of their minds, and the extent of their learning, were eminently successful in restoring the dominion of sense and truth. Both saw at once the preeminent excellence of the writings and doctrines of Hippocrates, and accordingly devoted all their energies to restore him to the throne of the medical world.

Such is a brief sketch of the prominent revolutions that have occurred in medicine; and they serve to show us that whenever the principles of Hippocrates have predominated, the science has continued to advance and improve—and

that in every age it has deteriorated in proportion as they were neglected or despised. It was therefore with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that we saw announced an American translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. We were willing to hail it as the indication of a growing taste for the writings of the ancients, and especially of that great man, who by the unanimous consent of ages has received the title of the *Father of Physic*. Besides, published under the immediate patronage and direction of a respectable association of medical gentlemen in this city, not a single doubt was entertained of its being a faithful as well as elegant translation of the original. Such were the expectations with which we proceeded to examine it, and we cannot conceal the mortification which we experienced upon finding it in almost every respect the reverse of what had been anticipated. In fact, we never have seen a work of like pretension, even of much larger dimensions, which, from beginning to end, contains so many defects and errors as this version. To expose them all, it would require a comment upon almost every sentence, and to correct them, it would be necessary to translate the whole anew. Neither of these tasks can be expected from us. But we consider it a duty which we owe to the medical student, for whose use the translator states it to be intended,\* to point out some of the numerous mistakes with which it abounds. Before we proceed to do this, we may just remark that it would have been much more creditable to Dr. Marks, if he had given to the public a translation from the Greek, instead of an interpretation of a Latin version, which, however correct it may be, can never afford any thing more than an imperfect conception of the original. That this was not done is the more to be wondered at, because the Doctor's design confessedly was to give a more correct, literal and elegant translation,† than any which had yet appeared:—now we are at a loss to conceive how this could ever be accomplished, by taking a Latin version. We shall not however take any advantage of the learned Doctor, by comparing his translation with the original, but shall endeavour to show that he has as widely mistaken the meaning of the Latin version, as he has the primitive Greek. In section 1. Aphorism 3, is the following sentence; *Horum igitur causâ, bonum*

\* *Vide Title-page.*

† *Vide Preface.*

habitu haud cunctanter solvere confert, quò rursus renutritionis principium sumat corpus;—which is thus translated—"For these reasons, therefore, we should speedily set about reducing this extreme of health, in order that the body may take upon itself a new principle of nutrition."—What the Doctor means here by a new principle of nutrition we are at a loss to conceive—certainly there is nothing in the Latin to warrant such an interpretation. Nutrition is obviously a uniform process, and the principle which governs it must always be the same—there can never therefore be any change in the principle of nutrition. The truth is that the Doctor has altogether mistaken the meaning of the word principium—the sense of the original is the following—*For these reasons, therefore, it is proper, immediately to reduce this high tone of the system, that the body may commence a new course of nutrition.*

Aphor. 6. Ad extremos morbos, extrema remedia exquisitè optima, is rendered "The greater the evil—the more vigorous the remedy." This is not merely destitute of elegance, but falls short of the meaning of the author, which certainly is *that in extreme diseases, those remedies are the most appropriate, which are nicely adapted to the extremity of the disorder.* The proposition thus embraces all kinds of remedies, whether vigorous or gentle, provided they are suitable to the extremity of the case.

Aphor. 7 is a deduction from the preceding, and should have been rendered accordingly—*Ubi igitur peracutus est morbus, &c. when therefore the disease is very acute, &c.*—Whereas Dr. M. makes an independent proposition of it.

Aphor. 8. Cum morbus in vigore fuerit, &c. "when the disease attains most vigour, &c." Vigour, we believe, is a term never applied to disease—*force* is a word equally nervous and much more proper.

Aphor. 12 contains the following—*Quin etiam et per ea, quæ mox apparent, eadem indicantur, velut in pleuriticis sputum, &c.* "the same result is obtained by attending to present symptoms, as in pleurisy, if the flow of saliva, &c. In this short paragraph are two palpable errors—*quæ mox apparent*, means just the reverse of "present symptoms"—and *sputum*, instead of saliva, means the matter expectorated in pleurisy.

In Aphor. 13 the meaning is wholly perverted. *Senes facillimè jejuniū ferunt; secundò ætate consistentes; minimè adolescentes, omnium minimè pueri; ex his autem, qui inter ipsos sunt alacrio-*

*res*—"Old men bear abstinence best; next those who have attained their climacteric; adolescence less; and infancy least; but of all these, the vivacious support it most easily." It is impossible to imagine by what species of legerdemain, the latter part of this translation has been tortured from the original;—a single glance must convince any person, that the last clause refers to *pueri*, and not to all that precedes it, and the idea is *that boys bear abstinence worst of all, especially those of them who are the most sprightly.* This makes the position just the reverse of Dr. Marks' translation, which represents sprightly persons, whether children or adults, as sustaining abstinence most easily.

Aphor. 18. *Æstate et autumnō cibō difficillimè, ferunt; hyemē facillimè; deinde verē*—"In summer and autumn digestion is difficult; in winter vigorous; in spring indifferent." This would have been more intelligible if it had been rendered, *in summer and autumn digestion is performed with very great difficulty, in the spring with greater ease; and in the winter most easily of all.*

Aphor. 20. *Quæ judicantur, et judicata sunt perfecte, ea neque moveto, neque medicamentis, neque aliis irritamentis innovato, sed sinito.* "When the paroxysm is well ascertained, do not disturb it either by medicines or any new irritation; leave it to itself."—By a reference to sec. 3. aphor. 28—sect. 4. aphor. 29, 36, 51, 59, it is evident that *judicantur* is incorrectly rendered here—in all the places quoted, *judico* has reference to the crisis of a disease. The sense of the aphorism is, *that those things which are ascertained to be critical, ought not to be interfered with, either by medicines, or other irritants, but left to nature.*

Sect. 2. Aphor. 6. *Quicumque aliquâ corporis parte dolentes dolorem ferè non sentiunt, eis mens ægrotat,* "whosoever hath pain in any part of his body, without being sensible thereof, is diseased in mind." Here a downright absurdity is put into the mouth of Hippocrates. Pain is nothing more than a sensation, and we cannot divine how a sensation can exist in a person without his being sensible of it; yet such is the assertion of the translator. The idea of the aphorism is, *that when there is an affection of a part, of which the patient is not sensible, he is diseased in mind.* *Dolere* does not signify to pain only.

Aphor. 3 is equally incorrect—*Si à morbo quis cibum capiens non roboretur, copiosiore alimento corpus uti significat*—which is thus rendered. "If the con-

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valescent acquire not strength from the food he takes, it shows that the body needs a more plentiful supply"—whereas it should have been, *if the convalescent is not strengthened by the food which he takes, it shows that the body is overburdened with food.*

Aphor. 15. Ubi fauces ægrotant aut tubercula in corpore exoriuntur, &c. "when the fauces are affected, and tubercles arise therein, &c. This is really a precious *morcaau* of "correct, literal and elegant translation," to which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

Aphor. 17. Ubi cibus præter naturam copiosior ingressus fuerit, id morbum creat, ostendit autem sanatio. "Excess of food produces disease, and at the same time points out the remedy." What a perversion of the text, which means that *when food is taken to excess, it produces disease—the cure proves this—viz. that the cause of the disease is excess.*

Aphor. 24. Septimorum quartus est judex. Alterius septimanæ octavus est initium. "The fourth day is the index of the seventh; the eighth that of the fourteenth." The latter clause should be rendered *the eighth day is the beginning of the second week.*

Aphor. 46 is translated in a manner which but feebly conveys the sense of the text—Duobus doloribus simul obortis, non in eodem loco, vehementior obscurat alterum—"Two painful sensations arising at the same time, though not in the same place, the greater obscures the less."—It might be improved thus—*when two irritations arise at the same time, in different places, the greater obscures the less.* One cannot but be struck in reading this aphorism, with the great similarity between it and the doctrine taught by the celebrated John Hunter, that two irritations can never exist together in the system. Mr. Hunter, however, although possessed of superior genius, was a man of no learning, and was altogether unacquainted with the writings of the ancients. The charge of plagiarism cannot therefore be urged against him.

In Sect. 3, Aphor. 34. Pavores is translated "terrors;" it ought to be *tremors.*

Aphor. 23. Plurimæ quidem affectiones in pueris judicantur, aliæ in quadraginta diebus, aliæ in septem mensibus, aliæ in septem annis, alia ipsi s ad pubertatem accedentibus—Nothing can be simpler than the language, or more obvious than the meaning of this aphorism—and yet the translator has most strangely mistaken both. He renders it as follows: "most of the diseases of children mani-

fest themselves within forty days; others in seven months; the former determine themselves in seven years; the latter frequently extend to puberty." It is unnecessary to point out the gross absurdity of this interpretation—the veriest tyro cannot but perceive it.

In Aphor. 31. Catarrhi tussiculosi, is translated, "catarrhal affections."—This is not correct. Those catarrhs which are attended with cough are here designated—Such, in fact, is the catarrhus senilis, a disease peculiar to old age. Articulorum dolores, is rendered "painful articulation of the joints"—it should be *pains of the joints.* Pruritus is also erroneously translated "itch." The original has no reference to the specific disease *itch*, but merely to the genus pruritus, or *itchings.*

In Sect. 4. Aph. 7. Æstatem is rendered "the winter season."—In Aph. 35 collum derepente inversum, certainly does not mean "an inversion of the action of the œsophagus," but simply a *sudden turning or twisting of the neck.*—This is evident by referring to the Greek, which is *ὁρτάχης ἐπιστροφῇ.*

Aphor. 37, Sudore frigidi, cum acutâ quidem febre evenientes, mortem; cum mitiore verò, morbi longitudinem significant.—"Cold sweats, coming on with acute fever, announce a speedy dissolution; when they exist but in a slight degree they foretel protracted illness"—the latter part should be, *when they come on with a slight fever, &c.*

Aphor. 55. In bubonibus febres, omnes malæ, præter ephemeræ.—"Buboes arising in fevers are always dangerous, except in ephemeræ!!"—This is a most surprising distortion of the text, which asserts that *all fevers arising from buboes are dangerous, except those which are ephemeral.*—It is well known that buboes arising in fevers, instead of being dangerous, are favourable, and we can hardly suppose Hippocrates to have been ignorant of so plain a fact.

Sect. 6. Aphor. 36 is translated by Dr. M. "Dysury is relieved by blood-letting—but it is the artery which ought to be opened."—Now we defy the combined ingenuity of all the classical jugglers in the world, (the learned translator excepted) to force this meaning from the Latin text, or the original Greek. The Latin is as follows; urinæ difficultatem venæ sectio solvit; *secundæ vero internæ, i. e. blood-letting relieves dysury; but the internal veins must be opened.* And the propriety of this direction is very obvious, because the inward veins are nearer to the seat of the malady; therefore, by bleed-

ing from them, speedier relief will be afforded. In a note to this aphor. the Dr. sagely remarks that "Hippocrates must here allude to the practice of arteriotomy." This is indeed a rare discovery, for which Dr. M. will doubtless receive all the credit to which he is entitled. It is no more nor less than this—that when Hippocrates tells us to open into a vein, he means that we should open an artery!!

Aphor. 33 is totally misconceived.—*Quibus occulti cancri fiunt, eos non curare melius est, curati enim cito pereunt. Non curati verò longius tempus perdurant.*—"Occult cancers should not be molested; in attempting to discuss them, they quickly become fatal; when unmolested, they remain in a schirrous state for a length of time." It may be translated thus—*it is most advisable not to cure occult cancers—for those who are cured of them speedily perish—whereas those that are not cured live longer.*

Aphor. 59. *Quibus a diuturno coxendicis morbo vexatis coxa excidit, et sursus incidit, his mucus innascitur.*—"In long continued sciatica, where the motion of the joint of the thigh has been interrupted, if the mucus be again secreted, the articulation is restored." The true meaning is that *in affections of the hip joint of long continuance, when the hip bone falls out of its place and is restored again, a mucus matter is created.*

The last Aphor. in the work, describes the final termination of all diseases—*Death.*—It is translated very incorrectly—we refer our readers for proof to the work itself, while we present a translation of this eloquent description. *The closing scene at length arrives, when the vital heat above the umbilicus ascends above the Diaphragm, and all the moisture of the body is dissipated. But when the lungs and heart have lost their humidity, and the heat is concentrated in the most mortal places, then the spirit of heat, by which the whole body was animated and preserved, is rapidly exhaled—lastly the soul, partly by the flesh, and partly by the pores of the head, by which we are said to live, leaves the tabernacle of the body, and surrenders*

*up this cold and mortal image, with the bile, the blood, the phlegm and flesh.*

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a specimen of this work, and we are convinced that those who will take the trouble to examine the whole, will find that we have not done any injustice to the translator.

The translation is accompanied with *strictures on the life and writings of Hippocrates.*

As a contrast to the *general character* of Dr. Mark's style of writing, the conclusion of his introductory remarks may be adduced. It is not merely correct, but highly poetical. Speaking of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galileo, Harvey, Bacon, Newton, Franklin, and Fulton, Dr. M. continues, "their very names will serve as watchwords to animate the timid votary of science onward, and to nerve him up for the encounter; and their memories, like signal fires, blazing from afar, and streaming through the lapse of ages, will, in the darkest night of the human intellect, serve to assemble the few scattered partisans of wisdom, and bid them hope!" We cannot account for the superior elegance of this conclusion, unless by adopting an explanation which the Dr. himself applies to Hippocrates, which is that the "influx of light which beamed" upon him when he penned this passage, "was yet in the Antipodes"\* when he wrote the previous part. But to be serious, the Dr. although not destitute of talents, is certainly a loose and frequently an unmeaning writer.

It is a matter of serious regret that he ever undertook the present performance for even supposing him intimately acquainted with the Latin language, his style of writing is such as utterly to disqualify him for the office of a translator.

It is not less to be regretted, that the Physico-medical Society, should have suffered it to appear under the sanction of their name.

The typographical execution of the work is miserable. The Latin text particularly, is replete with errors.

B.

ART. 3. *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry. By William Wirt. Richmond, Virginia. 8vo. pp. 233.*

A LONG time elapsed between the announcement of the intended publication of this work and its appearance; and from the known talent of Mr. Wirt and the high character of the subject of

his biography, the expectations of the public were raised to a very high pitch. The expectations of a great majority of

\*Vide page xi.



Mr. Wirt's readers probably have not been disappointed in the perusal of his book. Those who did not anticipate a production that should defy censure, will find much with which they will be gratified. The discerning critic will remark many errors in what is performed, and will regret that so much has been omitted.

It has been justly observed that never was exhibited a more ample and interesting field for the biographer, than that presented by the American revolution. Of the many patriots, statesmen and warriors, that have given splendour to the cabinet and the field, few, compared with the whole, have been the subjects of judicious biography. Too frequently the writers of the lives of our great men have indulged in an unbroken strain of eulogy. Sometimes the authors have no other knowledge of the subjects of their biography, than what is obtained from books. In this case it is next to impossible for them fully to delineate the characters which they undertake to describe. Some obtain from friends and relatives in addition to what public records afford, much interesting information, relative to domestic life. These however are rare; and that judgment which is necessary in discriminating between the trifling and improper, and the characteristic and important items of the hero or statesman by his fire-side, derived, as it generally is from those who could not see, or would not expose a blemish, is not commonly exercised. We speak not of such pitiful, though popular, works as the lives of Washington and Marion, by parson Weems, but of many that will readily occur to the reader's recollection without particular designation.

The language of biography ought generally to be that of plain narration. Sometimes the author may become the hero of the tale, if he has been in habits of intimacy with the subject of biography: even otherwise, his occasional introduction of his own sentiments, remarks or elucidations, may be not only justifiable but proper, if not necessary. The less however the author is, or shows that he wishes to be seen, the more pleasing generally the biography. Yet we sometimes peruse biographies in which the author is, and is intended to be, the more important character in the reader's consideration.

The state of Virginia, as well as all the states south and west of Pennsylvania, is behind the northern in most of the works of literature. This arises, not from climate, nor from natural deficiency, but

from the want of that universal diffusion of commonschool education which characterizes the northern states; where every one may enter the vestibule of learning and have a view of the inner splendour and wealth of its temple. In the southern states comparatively few pass the threshold. Hence the certainty that genius there is more frequently doomed to obscurity. The state of Virginia, however, is now about establishing a system of education, consisting of primary schools, academies, colleges, and one university: a system highly honourable to the state, and the beneficial effects of which must be greatly and permanently felt.

The notes on Virginia by Mr. Jefferson have passed through several editions, and, in Europe as in America, have increased the reputation of the author. The style of this work is however frequently very clumsy and incorrect: and the many inaccuracies of its statements have been amply shown by Imlay in his *History of Kentucky*. The *History of Virginia*, the prior part of which was written by the late John D. Burk, is said to be in a few instances incorrect with respect to facts; but the style and arrangement, are in the aggregate highly creditable to the authors. It was continued by *Skelton Jones*, and completed by Mr. *Gerardin*, the latter a French gentleman settled in Virginia. Mr. *Burk* was an Irishman by birth. But by far the greatest work written by a native Virginian, is, undoubtedly, the life of Washington, by the present Chief Justice of the United States. The value of this work is peculiarly great, independently of its merit as a composition. The access which its distinguished author enjoyed, to the most ample and authentic sources of information, entitles his memoir to implicit credit in regard to the facts which it contains.

The task of Mr. Wirt has been, in this respect, far more laborious. He had few public documents relative to the subject of his biography, and of private papers next to none. We have indeed one letter to his daughter: but the only manuscript Henry left appears to have been a sealed paper, containing the resolutions he offered in the house of Burgesses, with some remarks, rather ostentatious, in which he seems to wish to make the impression that with him began, and by him was maintained, the mighty revolution that made us an independent nation.

Mr. Wirt informs us that he determined, so long ago as 1805, to write the life of Henry. Yet, with the opportunities of finding all the necessary materials, resid-

ing at the seat of government of the state, where most of Mr. Henry's public life was spent, and acquainted with very many of his friends and companions, after twelve years have elapsed, he informs us that "it is his conviction that he has not been able to inform himself of the whole events of Mr. Henry's life, and that his collection can be considered only as so many detached SKETCHES; which has induced him to prefix this name to his book."

This declaration is quite unsatisfactory. If there are important events in his life not noticed in this work, Mr. Wirt ought not to have published till he had become acquainted with them. If as we have reason to suppose, there are not, it is wrong to lead the reader into a belief, that the work is on this account imperfect, or that that is wanting which is in fact supplied.

Mr. Wirt has long maintained an eminent standing at the bar in Virginia, his business has therefore doubtless absorbed the greater part of his time since he first conceived of this work. But, after such a lapse of time, it is idle to complain of "the tedious agency of *cross mails*. We acknowledge the ample assistance he has received from Col. Dabney, Capt. Dabney, Col. Winston, Mr. Pope, Judge Winston, Col. Meredith, Judge Cabell, Judge Tyler, Judge Tucker, Judge Roane, Mr. Jefferson, Geo. Page, and others. If therefore the work is incomplete, it ought to have been delayed till the author was satisfied that nothing more of moment could be gleaned.

Patrick Henry, the most eloquent, and not the least virtuous of all the opposers of the adoption of the federal constitution, the undaunted, and in Virginia the first effectual opposer of the unjust claims of the mother country, has long been an object of veneration the most profound, and of admiration the most exalted, to the people of his native state: by the bounds of which, the intenseness of his reputation, before the publication of this work of Mr. Wirt, has been in some measure circumscribed; very many, indeed, have suspected that his oratorical powers were much overrated by the citizens of Virginia. The memoir of Mr. Wirt will not be without its effect in destroying such suspicions. Mr. Henry was unquestionably a great orator, probably the greatest that America has produced. The writer of this article has frequently held conversations with aged gentlemen in Virginia, who had been acquainted with Mr. Henry during thirty years or more before his death, many of

whom were excellent judges, and not liable to an improper bias. One of these, a gentleman now about seventy years of age, a short time since expressed himself to the writer, nearly in these words.

"Your question, 'In what did the peculiar excellence of his oratory principally consist?' I can hardly answer. I would say, however, that it was more in action than in matter. Henry was a complete mimic; naturally he was ungraceful if not clownish. He was round shouldered, and, in walking, generally carried one shoulder before the other. He however could, when he pleased, dilate himself, and assume and maintain the personal graces and the language of a most polished gentleman. Had he been an actor, Garrick would not have been thought his superior: had he been a field preacher, Whitefield would have been lightly considered in comparison with him. He could throw himself in all forms. Over the muscles of his countenance he was perfect master; without the least appearance of affectation he could fill his visage with grief; and communicate that grief, by a sort of magic contagion to the hearts of judge, jury, and spectator, till every countenance seemed sorrowful like his own. But his humour was irresistible. In spite of every effort to the contrary, when you was determined only to smile, he would force you into a horse laugh; his eye was his most commanding feature; in the expression of anger or contempt, it was resistless. I have seen him commence an argument when, for several minutes, a stranger to him would have deemed him an awkward, ignorant fellow, from whom nothing was to be expected: after labouring with hesitation and difficulty through his exordium, he would pull up the waist band of his leather breeches, throw his spectacles back on his forehead, and straiten himself; and you would be tied to him till he chose to release you.—It is to be regretted that we have none of his speeches entire; but, if we had them so, they would give but an imperfect idea of the general effect of his eloquence. His oratory was wholly his own: he imitated no man, nor could any man imitate him."

The father of Patrick Henry was a native of Aberdeen. He was the second of nine children, and was born in Hanover county, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. The father of Patrick Henry was a Col. of a regiment, principal surveyor of the county of Hanover, and, many years the presiding magistrate of the county court. His uncle, also named Patrick Henry,

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was the minister of St. Paul's parish in Hanover. He was taught to read and write at a neighbouring school, and afterwards, under the instruction of his father, made some progress in latin and arithmetic : but was of too indolent a habit to improve the advantages thrown in his way ; devoting most of his time to hunting and angling.

"They have frequently observed him laying along under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching, for hours at the same spot, the motionless cork of his fishing line, without one encouraging symptom of success, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the ease of his posture, or in the illusions of hope, or, which is most probable, in the stillness of the scene and the silent workings of his own imagination. This love of solitude, in his youth, was often observed. Even when hunting with a party, his choice was not to join the noisy band that drove the deer ; he preferred to take his stand, alone, where he might wait for the passing game, and indulge himself, meanwhile, in the luxury of thinking. Not that he was averse to society ; on the contrary, he had, at times, a very high zest for it. But even in society, his enjoyments, while young, were of a peculiar cast ; he did not mix in the wild mirth of his equals in age ; but sat, quiet and demure, taking no part in the conversation, giving no responsive smile to the circulating jest, but lost, to all appearance, in silence and abstraction. This abstraction, however, was only apparent ; for on the dispersion of a company, when interrogated by his parents as to what had been passing, he was able not only to detail the conversation, but to sketch, with strict fidelity, the character of every speaker. None of these early delineations of character are retained by his contemporaries ; and, indeed, they are said to have been more remarkable for their justness, than for any peculiar felicity of execution."

At the age of fifteen he was placed behind the counter of a merchant ; and at the age of sixteen, with his brother William, who was even more indolent than himself, opened a small country store : his business was irksome, and neglected, hunting was still his amusement ; afterwards he became fond of music, and with music began to pay attention to books, and acquire some taste for reading. One year made him a bankrupt. At the early age of eighteen he married a Miss Shelton, the daughter of a neighbouring planter. His father placed him on a small farm, giving him the assistance of two slaves, with whom he delved the earth for his daily bread.

After two years his farm was forsaken, and he again entered on mercantile pursuits : his store was neglected ; but he be-

came fond of reading, particularly such geographical and historical authors as chance threw in his way.

In a few years he again failed in business. Though penniless and involved, his cheerfulness did not forsake him. He turned his attention to the study of law ; and, after reading it eight or nine months, according to some accounts, and but one month, according to others, he was admitted to the bar. His poverty for several years was extreme ; and much of his time was passed at the house of his father-in-law, a tavern, at the bar of which, in the landlord's absence, he tended more than at the bar of the court.

Opportunity only was wanted for the display of the stupendous oratorical talents of this wonderful man ; and this opportunity at length arrived. The annual salary, of each minister of a parish in Virginia, had long been fixed at 16,000 pounds of tobacco, rated at sixteen and eight pence per hundred. The clergy usually received this stipend in tobacco. In the year 1755, the tobacco crops being much less than usual, an act was passed, leaving it to the option of the parishioner, to pay in tobacco, or money, at the former rate. In 1753 the act of 1755 was re-enacted, without any clause of suspension till it should receive the royal assent. Tobacco was now worth fifty shillings per hundred. The king subsequently declared the act void. A suit was brought by a clergyman, under the old law, allowing the minister the stipend of tobacco : the defendants pleaded the act of 1753. The plaintiff demurred ; the act of 1753 not having the royal sanction, and the king, in council, having declared it void. The case stood for argument on the demurrer. We shall here quote, at considerable length, giving the relation of this trial in the words of Mr. Wirt.

"Soon after the opening of the court the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his *debut*. The court house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who not finding room to enter, were endeavouring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this ; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons

opened the cause very briefly: in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way, and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And, now, came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion, from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For, now, were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now, was first witnessed, that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvie* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner which language cannot tell*. And to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, 'he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end.'

"It will not be difficult for any one, whoever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county, must have exhibited on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say, that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen

in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and rivetted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

"The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by an unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamation, from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of 'order' from the sheriff's and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph."

From this it appears that he soon learned the "manner of wrenching the true cause the false way, thrusting the jury from a level consideration." Henry's success in this cause immediately elevated his reputation and procured him clients. His indolent habits, however, prevented his attention to legal studies. Hence, those who were far inferior in talents, not unfrequently perplexed or defeated him.

In 1764 he removed from the county of Hanover to that of Louisa. Hunting deer was here a favourite amusement; he often continuing the sport for days together, encamping in the woods at night, and suddenly appearing in court, to attend to his cases, with boots, greasy leather breeches, and other similar apparel.

In a disputed election for members of the house of burgesses for the county of Hanover, Mr. Henry was employed, by one of the candidates, to plead his cause in Williamsburg, before a committee of the house. Here Henry acquitted himself to the surprise and admiration of all.

In 1765 he was elected a member of



the house of burgesses. Mr. Wirt here gives a delineation of the principal characters, then composing that body, in which "the plebeian Henry" was to take his seat. He had not long been a member before he obtained notice, and gained a victory over what might be called the aristocracy of the house; defeating a proposition for a loan office, the effect of which would have been to hide an enormous defect in the treasury. This measure occasioned the enmity of the patrician portion of the house; but gained him the friendship of the majority.

During this session Mr. Henry introduced several resolutions in opposition to the stamp act, which was to go into operation a few months after. After his death, among his papers was found one sealed and endorsed:—"Inclosed, are the resolutions of the Virginia assembly, in 1765, concerning the stamp act. *Let my executors open this paper.*" And on the same paper was the following.

"Resolved, That the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, who can only know what taxes the people are able to bear, and the easiest mode of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, and without which the ancient constitution cannot subsist.

"Resolved, That his majesty's liege people of this most ancient colony, have uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own assembly in the article of their taxes and internal police, and that the same hath never been forfeited, or any other way given up, but hath been constantly recognised by the king and people of Great Britain.

"Resolved, therefore, That the general assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom.

"On the back of the paper containing those resolutions, is the following endorsement, which is also in the handwriting of Mr. Henry himself. 'The within resolutions passed the house of burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the stamp act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess, a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and

the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book\* wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable.—Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation.

"Reader! whoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere, practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others.—P. HENRY."

Mr. Henry here claims more than is his due. These resolutions did not "form the first opposition to the stamp act." What was the motive of Mr. Henry for informing his executors that the resolutions were written on the blank leaf of an old law book? He seems anxious to impress the belief that the revolution was mostly the work of himself. "The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed."—"This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours." Principles, nearly the same, had been avowed by a former legislature. Every man will judge for himself, in the language of congress, "whether any, and if any, how much," the exertions of Mr. Henry in 1765, caused or accelerated the revolution. From his just claims we certainly have no wish to withdraw the smallest item; but the attempt to make him the principal cause and support of the revolution is futile.

He was re-elected for many years to the house of burgesses. In 1769 he began to plead at the bar of the general court. Here he had competitors, not surpassing him in eloquence, but much his superiors in legal knowledge.

In 1774 he was appointed one of the seven members of the first congress. Here he shone as an orator, but entirely failed with the pen. He was appointed on a committee to prepare an address to the

\*Judge Tyler says, "an old Coke upon Littleton."

king. The draught made by him was so awkwardly done, that it was recommitted, and Mr. Dickinson added to the committee, who made a new draught, which was adopted.

On his return to Virginia he was asked by his neighbours who was the greatest man in congress. He replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of S. Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information, and sound judgment, col. Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

In the spring of 1775, Mr. Henry introduced, in the convention of Virginia, sundry resolutions of a bold nature, declaring the necessity of arming and embodying the militia, and appointing a committee to prepare a plan for that purpose. His resolutions, though opposed by some of the first patriots, were adopted.

In April, Mr. Henry, then in his native county, to which he had some time before removed, having learned that lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, had clandestinely removed from Williamsburg a quantity of public powder, collected a detachment of armed men, put himself at their head, marched to Williamsburg, and demanded, and obtained indemnification for the powder. This produced a proclamation from the governor, warning his majesty's good subjects not to aid *a certain Patrick Henry*. The proclamation however produced nothing.

After having attended for some time the second congress, he was called home, by being appointed one of the colonels of two regiments that had been ordered to be raised. William Woodford was appointed the colonel of the second regiment. The troops rendezvoused near Williamsburg. The next spring Henry resigned his commission, principally on account of a dispute with the other colonel, who was unwilling to act under orders from Henry, and because the convention did not support Henry in his rank of commander in chief of the forces of Virginia. Judging from the address of the officers under him when he resigned, he was by them greatly beloved and respected.

He was soon after elected a member of the Virginia convention. This convention, in May, 1776, passed resolutions, recommending to the members in congress from Virginia, to use their exertions for having the colonies pronounced Free and Independent. The same conven-

tion formed the constitution of that state, which, with little alteration, still continues; and Patrick Henry was elected the first governor, having 60 of 106 votes. He took possession of the *palace*, formerly the residence of the royal governor, in Williamsburg; for the furnishing of which the legislature voted one thousand pounds in addition to the furniture then in the house.

During the first year of Mr. Henry's being governor, it is said a project was formed by some members of the legislature to make him dictator. If so, however, there is no evidence that he sanctioned such a plan. In 1778 a plot was formed for displacing general Washington from the command of the American army. An anonymous letter was written to Mr. Henry, the object of which was to engage him in the plot. His conduct on this occasion was generous and magnanimous. He sent the letter to Washington, who soon discovered who was the "Philadelphia Friend" mentioned in the letter to Mr. Henry. Mr. Wirt has published the answer of Washington, leaving a part in asterisks. We think it is now time that the whole letter should be published, for the sake of historic truth. Whether the motives of Dr. Rush were pure, in the part he took towards displacing Washington, or were such as Washington supposed them, every man may form his own opinion. Mr. Henry continued governor as long as the constitution permitted—three years. His first wife died in 1775, leaving him the father of six children; his father, about the year 1770; his uncle, Patrick, while he was governor. In 1777 he married, or to use the strange language of Mr. Wirt, he *inter-married with* Dorothea, daughter of N. W. Dandridge; and, having sold his estate in Hanover, moved to the county of Patrick, a county named in honour of himself, where he had purchased eight or ten thousand acres of valuable land.

In 1780 he was elected a member of the house of delegates, where he continued till 1784, when he was again elected governor, and so continued two years. He then declined a re-election, on account of the inadequacy of his salary. He was appointed one of the seven Virginia members, who were to meet in convention in Philadelphia, to revise the federal constitution, but was too poor to be able to accept of the appointment. He moved to Prince Edward County for the purpose of practising law, and to extricate himself from debt. From this coun-



ate, ry he was elected a member of the Con-  
nti- vention which was to accept or reject the  
the new Federal Constitution. Of the part  
tes. taken by Mr. Henry in this Convention,  
ner. Mr. Wirt has given us a very full account.  
r, in Though Mr. Robertson, who perhaps is  
ich inferior to no stenographer in the United  
nds States, has given the substance of the  
the speeches there made, it is universally ac-  
knowledged by those who heard Henry,  
ry's that but a very inadequate idea of his elo-  
was quence can be formed from those reports.

He was a member of the legislature  
sla- that first met after the sitting of the Con-  
ow- vention; and had sufficient influence to  
ne- prevent the appointment of Mr. Madison  
was to the U. S. Senate, who was one of the  
ng- candidates of the party in favour of the  
can new constitution. He also used his en-  
ten deavours for the calling of another na-  
was tional convention, to amend the defective  
uct parts of the constitution; and one of his  
ag- political enemies, then a writer in the  
sh- public papers, asserts that he recommend-  
the ed Virginia's withdrawing from the  
the Union should another convention not be  
ub- called.—After this session of the legisla-  
ing ture of Virginia Mr. Henry withdrew  
ow from public life.

We have heard assigned as a great, if  
ere not the principal cause of Mr. Henry's  
dis- retiring about this time from public life,  
as the virulence of certain writers, under the  
an signature of DECUS, who attacked his  
ry public and private reputation. The first  
on- number of Decius was published in the  
His Virginia Independent Chronicle, January  
the 5th, 1789; Henry being then a member  
out of the House of Delegates. The numbers  
mile of Decius, Philo-Decius, Junius Brutus  
ed, and others, were extended to about fifty,  
Mr. and continued above six months. The ob-  
ject of Decius appears to have been to  
convince the public that the opposition of  
Henry to the adoption of the Federal  
Constitution arose principally from inter-  
ested motives; some of his near rela-  
tions, and several of his friends, being in-  
debted to the British; which debts, it  
was expected, must be paid, were the  
constitution adopted: that he was envious  
of the superior talents and learning of se-  
veral of those who were in favour of the  
constitution; that he was a crafty dema-  
agogue, anxious only for his own interest:  
that he had borrowed money to purchase  
public securities, and tendered payment  
when continental money was reduced in  
value almost to nothing, &c. &c.

Whether Mr. Wirt was ignorant of  
these publications, causing a great and  
general excitement at the time, or has de-  
signedly passed them without notice, we

pretend not to know. The latter fact may  
be presumed probable. However judi-  
cious he may consider silence in this case,  
to us it appears to partake of an unjustifi-  
able partiality. The writings of Decius  
were, when published, attributed to sever-  
al gentlemen of political eminence who  
strongly supported the new constitution.  
It is highly probable that in the violence  
of party feeling, from misinformation or  
other causes, charges may have been ex-  
hibited against Henry, or a colouring giv-  
en to his character, which facts and truth  
would not allow. We cannot however  
deem it justifiable in a biographer entirely  
to omit a notice of such charges having  
been made. May it never be forgotten  
that Washington had many enemies:  
equally immortal we hope will be the  
names of his principal enemies. Henry,  
like Washington, might perhaps, after  
the closest scrutiny, escape stainless from  
trial: but let not the trial be declined.

Mr. Wirt might acknowledge the possi-  
bility of Henry's being biassed against  
the new constitution by motives corrupt  
in themselves, but not in him, unless he  
knew the corruption. Henry might have  
opposed the constitution partly on ac-  
count of his relations being in debt to the  
British, yet be unconscious that any such  
motive governed him. That he offered to  
pay Mr. Greenhow \$1000, borrowed mo-  
ney, in a depreciated currency, might be  
allowed: perhaps some one, the previous  
day, might have compelled Henry to re-  
ceive thrice that sum in payment of a  
debt. With respect to his being vain, ar-  
rogant, avaricious, &c. such charges will  
even remain a matter of opinion.

The language of Decius, though vigo-  
rous, is not remarkable for purity; nor  
his sentiments, at all times, for delicacy.  
Of his poetical powers we here give a  
specimen.

A man whose judgment knows no partial choice,  
But nobly varies with the public voice:  
In youth the same, in age unalter'd still,  
The faithful echo of the public will.  
Sometimes on this, sometimes on that side fixt,  
And, when the pop'lar breath divides, then right  
betwixt.

Thus always right, whene'er he speaks alone  
In canting, whining, hypocritic tone,  
The little mutes admiring stand aloof,  
And catch the notes forth-issuing to the roof.  
At ev'ry sigh, at ev'ry pause, they feel  
The tickling nonsense through their senses steal.  
Beneath his music's influencing sway  
All opposition quickly dies away;  
And when he rises but an octave higher,  
Ev'n treaties\* swoon and with a groan expire;

\* Alluding, we presume, to his plea that the  
British, having violated the treaty of 1783, by  
retaining certain negroes and military posts, i

While common justice, fearful of delay,  
Droops down her head, and silent sneaks away.  
Immortal man, how shall the muse proclaim  
Thy deeds in praises worthy of their fame?  
From those which valour and her feats bestow  
Henry of France was call'd the Great, we know;  
Hence, mighty statesman, take thy equal due,  
H—the *Arch* from hence we surname you.

Speaking of Henry's opposition to the constitution, and giving in some measure the qualities of the man in public and in private, Decius says:—"All the horrors of a gloomy imagination have been employed to affright us; and all the powers of mimicry have been called together to laugh us out of our senses. The finest features have been tortured into deformities, and the most trifling things in nature have been wrought up to the merest monsters in the world." [The truth of this, any one, who reads Mr. Henry's speeches in the debates of the Virginia Convention, will acknowledge.]—"But not one word, in all the severity against usurpation, about that power which intrudes itself through the channel of popular deceit and low cunning; and which is more to be dreaded than any other kind. For it is more difficult to become a tyrant in the splendid garments of royalty, than to act the despot under the disguise of *republican rags*: and a man may impose himself on the world by way of buffoon, who cannot represent the majesty of a king.

"Were I to draw the picture of a tyrant for this country, it should be very different from that which some others have sketched out. He should be a man in every instance calculated to soothe, and not to threaten the populace; affecting an entire ignorance and *poorness of capacity*, and not assuming the superiority of the illumined—a man whose plainness of manner and meanness of address first should move our compassion, then steal upon our hearts; betray our judgment, and finally run away with the whole of the human composition.—Such a man, if such a one there be, will act the tyrant of this deluded people."

It is ever the fate of exalted men to have enemies. Whether or not there were just grounds for all the accusations of Decius, is doubtful. The probability is, that there was some foundation for them; but, in the heat of party spirit, they were far too highly coloured.

About sixty pages of the ninth section of the *Life of Henry* are occupied by Mr.

was not obligatory on us: consequently Americans indebted to the British were not bound to pay.

Wirt in giving a relation of a cause of great moment, in which the first legal talents of the state were engaged; and in which Henry, more than any other, acquitted himself to the admiration or astonishment of the court, and of the auditors; among whom were almost all of the members of the two houses of the legislature. This was the famous case of the British debts. To give an analysis would be foreign to our purpose. In this case Henry spoke three days in succession.

Mr. Wirt has given us several anecdotes of Henry's success in the pathetic, and in the comic; so as to induce the jury to bring in a verdict in opposition to both law and evidence. One of these we will insert.

"The case of John Hook, to which my correspondent alludes, is worthy of insertion. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New-London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent,\* he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance: again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet; where was the man, he said, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man?—*There* he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge. He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours of his eloquence—the

\* Judge Stewart.



audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river—"but, hark, what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory—they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"

The whole audience were convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out, for relief, into the yard also. "*Jemmy Steptoe*," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook; "wait till Billy Cowan gets up: he'll show him the la'." Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*: it was the cry of *tar and feathers*: from the application of which, it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

A gentleman of Prince Edward county relates this case a little differently. He says Mr. Henry represented Hook going about, and inquiring of every one he met (at the same time most ludicrously imitating the looks, manner, and accent of the Scotchman)—"*Ha' ye no seen no wheer, or dinna ye see my wee pair o' piped ousen?*" Hook had a just claim to indemnification; but who can withstand a verdict by acclamation, or a coat of tar and feathers?—The gentleman just mentioned recollects having seen, when a boy, Mr. Henry and the present Chief Justice of the United States, in some case not remembered, pleading at the bar of the House of Delegates. The pleas being finished, Mr. Marshall took under his arm a number of law books to which he had been referring, and left the bar, without ceremony: Mr. Henry made a profound

bow, which was returned by every member's rising and making his obeisance to the orator and their *ci-devant* governor.

In 1794 he quitted the practice of the law and retired to the scenes of domestic enjoyment, in which he delighted, and to which he was calculated to give a zest. By judicious purchases of land, and by his practice, he had now freed himself from debt and become affluent.

In the Virginia convention Henry had opposed the granting of the treaty-making power to the President and Senate, without the concurrence of the House of Representatives. Those who had advocated the adoption of the constitution supported this feature of it: but, some of them, at the time of Jay's treaty, insisted on the concurrence of the House of Representatives. Mr. Henry here very justly accused them of inconsistency. His advocating generally at this time the proceedings of the general government, so far as he in any measure interested himself, did not lessen the confidence in him of the legislature of the state; for, in 1796, he was again elected Governor of the state. He however declined acceptance. He was offered an embassy to Spain during the prior administration of Gen. Washington; and an embassy to France in the latter; both of which he declined; and it was reported that, on Mr. Jefferson's resignation of the office of Secretary of State, that department of the government was offered him.

In 1797, Mr. Wirt informs us, his health began to decline; though we are not informed what were his complaints. In 1798 the legislature passed sundry resolutions, condemning as unconstitutional the alien and sedition acts. In the spring of 1799, Henry offered himself a candidate for the House of Delegates, with the express intention of supporting those acts; which he considered constitutional, just, and proper; and to deny the right of any state legislature to pronounce unconstitutional any act of the federal government. He was elected by a commanding majority; but, before the legislature met, "the disease, which had been preying upon him for two years, now hastened to its crisis; and on the sixth day of June, 1799, this friend of liberty and of man was no more."

These few words contain all that Mr. Wirt has deemed proper to inform us respecting the last sickness and dying scene of this great man. The most interesting part of the life of an illustrious man is its close. We are anxious to know what was his disorder; its operation; its effects

on the mind of the patient : his conversation when about to quit his hold on life ; his faith, his hopes, his fears. Surely Mr. Wirt might have gained ample information on this subject. The omission must occasion much disappointment to every reader.

A resolution was offered in the House of Delegates, the session succeeding, for procuring a marble bust of the departed statesman, to be placed in one of the niches of the house. It was laid on the table, and never again called.

In his conclusion, consisting of about thirty pages, Mr. Wirt gives a description of the person of Henry, a delineation of his moral qualities and intellectual possessions and acquisitions ; and endeavours to refute certain charges at different times brought against him, of egotism, excessive love of money and of fame : and concludes with saying—"In a word, he was one of those *perfect* prodigies of nature, of whom very few have been produced—since the foundations of the earth were laid ; and of him may it be said, as truly as of any one—that ever existed,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It now remains for us to take notice of the style of Mr. Wirt ; far the greater part of which is such as is suited to the subject, the perspicuous and correct style of narration : though for great refinement or great elegance we look without being gratified. His attempts to dazzle have generally the effect of confusing. The *limæ labor et mora* are frequently discoverable ; the *ars celare artem* seldom. He appears by no means a veteran with the pen ; and often mistakes the toy-shop for the mint. To prove the correctness of our suggestions, it will be necessary to make many extracts from the work. This will not be done with a disposition to cavil, but to exhibit blemishes, many of them the effects of carelessness, the exposure of which may have a beneficial effect on young writers, by inducing them to exercise more care in composition ; the constant habit of which will ere long enable them to write with equal facility and purity.

Of the want of a table of contents we have already complained. This omitted, on the margin of every page ought to have been given the year of our Lord, or the year of the man's life.

We do not recollect ever to have read a work so erroneous in punctuation as this life. Some have asserted that no rules can be given in this respect ; and

that every writer may make his pauses as best suits his own ear. Punctuation, however, is of great importance ; and almost as reducible to rules as is grammar or rhetoric. Let us take a few examples of Mr. Wirt's bad punctuation, of which almost every page affords many instances.

"It was produced by an incident of feeling, which however it affected the author at the time, might now, be thought light and trivial by the reader ; and he shall not therefore, be detained by the recital of it."—"He had never seen him ; and was of course, compelled to rely wholly on the information of others." Page 1st of the Preface.

Here the comma after *which* is omitted ; and improperly inserted after *now*. If inserted after *therefore*, it ought also to precede it. If inserted after *of course*, it ought to precede those words.

"One of these will probably, be pronounced the most interesting passage of the work. He owes to the same gentleman too, the fullest, &c. From Judge Roan, the author has received, &c.—The *vigour* and *elegance* with which that gentleman writes, *has*, &c. Mr. Jefferson too, has exercised, &c. and were sometimes all contradicted, &c.—The first, respects the Indians—Relying as they did, upon human memory merely, &c. Other causes too, have contributed—"

The improper punctuation in the above is readily seen. Where grammar and the ear so clearly show the path, it is surprising a man can so deviate. Let it not be considered hypercritical to notice these errors. Let us not be told,

Commas and points he sets exactly right ;  
And 'twere a sin to rob him of his mite.

Gross deficiencies in this respect are always indicative of deficiencies in the higher qualities of a good style.

Of an erroneous collocation of the parts of a sentence, of the dismemberment of what should be united, and of the injudicious combination, of what ought to be separate sentences, into one,—the instances are numerous. They will readily occur to the critical reader : our limits will not allow the introduction of examples.

We shall now notice a few instances of tautology, bad grammar, the improper use of words, colloquial barbarisms and provincialisms, inelegancies and impurities.

"*Light and trivial*."—Page 5, Pref.

"The author had hoped to have had."—7. Read—had hoped to have ; or, hoped to have had.

"Col. Meredith had been *raised*."—8—This word may be applied to grain or cat-



le; no English writer applies it to the education of children.

"The widow had intermarried with Judge Winston."—8—The widow had married Judge Winston.

"Had been raised in the same neighbourhood, and *finally* married."—8—Here there is no *intermarrying with*.

"Vigour and elegance *has* frequently."—9.

"*Pretty* extended sketch."—10.

"From the year 1765 down to the close."—10.

"Not only to the dates, but to the facts *themselves*."—10.

"Strange mistakes in *facts*."—11—There may be mistakes in a *statement* of facts; but how could Mr. W. correct a mistake in a fact?

"The courts which he attends keep him *perpetually* and exclusively occupied through *ten months* of the year."—12.

"The necessity *he was under*."—12—This separation of the preposition from the noun is avoided by all writers aspiring to elegance. In common conversation it is less objectionable, though here it ought to be avoided. In low comedy it is justifiable.

"For some reason *or other*."—14.

"In point of *personal* character were among the most respectable."—Page 1st of the work. Of what use here is *personal*?

"And lived long a life of integrity."—Perhaps a misprint for—lived a long life.

"In the mathematics."—4—Why here *the*? Is it not equally proper to say—the ethics, in the statistics?

"*Daring* and *intrepidity*."—6.

"Such as very rarely appear—*on this* earth."—7.

"No remarkable beauty *or* [nor] strength of expression."—7.

"Marked his *future* [subsequent] character."—7.

"Habits, *whose* spell."—Excepting in poetry, or personification, *whose* should never be applied to the neuter gender. Some of the best writers, however, violate this rule of grammar.

"Perhaps he flattered himself that he *could* be able to profit, &c."—12.—It is impossible to afford rules, at all times applicable, for the right use of *shall* and *will*, and of *would* and *could*. The correct English scholar is never at a loss which to employ: and his ear immediately takes umbrage when either of these words is improperly used. In Maryland and farther south, in many cases they are by the vulgar used indiscriminately.—"I

*will* be twenty years old to-morrow."—"I thought I *would* have testimony enough." This common error in the southern states is the use of *will* and *would*, for *shall* and *should*.

"Ruin was *behind* him; poverty, debt, want and famine, before."—p. 14.—Had he escaped from ruin, or was ruin pursuing him? Was he driving poverty and famine before him, or was he in pursuit of them?

"As if his cup of misery were not already full *enough*."—p. 14.—Omit *enough*.

"Thus supported, he was able to *bear up under* the heaviest pressure."—p. 14.—*Bear* only.

"Nature and grounds of the dispute."—p. 19.

"This war of words was *kept up*."—p. 21.—Continued. Kept up, bear up under, &c. such verbs used with what are called prepositions, are avoided, in almost all cases possible, by writers aiming at a dignity of style beyond the vulgar.

"Utterly null and void."—p. 22. This may be the language of the law.—If null, it *must* be *utterly* so; and of course void.

"The clergy had much the *best* of the argument."—p. 22.—The *better*.

"Thus far the clergy *sailed before* the wind."—p. 22.

"*Bold* and *commanding*."—p. 25.

"For he *painted* to the heart with a force that almost *petrified* it."—p. 26.

"All their *senses listening* and *riveted* upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant."—p. 26. How the sense of *smelling* could *listen*, or that of *sight* be *riveted* to catch a *strain*, it is difficult to understand.

"Neither with a feeble *or* [nor] hesitating hand."—p. 23.

"His *mind* was disposed to *speak forth* his sentiments."—p. 29.

"Nor any *very* insuperable horror."—p. 29.—He is so *very invincible* that nothing but a *very mortal* wound can kill him.

Beginning a sentence, as in page 29, with the words, *not that*, is highly erroneous.

"The character of his argument, proves indeed, [such the punctuation, as frequently:] that he was a *bold* and *intrepid* enquirer."—p. 29.

"*Equally* inconsistent, *both* with."—p. 30.

"*Expressly* for the *very* purpose."—p. 34.

"The *most entire* and *perfect* equality."—p. 35. *Perfect* and *entire* here means the same—neither can be compared.

"Nor did the people, *on their part*, desert him."—p. 36.

"A suit which had suffered very considerably in the service."—p. 39.

"Deep and perfect silence."—p. 40.

"To the levying [of] a revenue."—p. 41.

"The presses—seemed rather disposed to have looked out for topics."—p. 42. Disposed to look, or search, for topics.

"His mind itself, was of a very fine order."—p. 47.

"Continued and unremitting."—p. 47.

"Never vehement, rapid or abrupt."—p. 47.

"Manners and address."—p. 47. The latter is certainly included in the former.

"He [George Wythe] was perfectly familiar with the authors of Greece and Rome."—p. 47. A much longer life than ever, that of Mr. Wythe would be necessary for acquiring a perfect familiarity with all of them. Mr. Wythe was well acquainted with many of them.

"Openly, avowedly, and above board."—p. 48.

"No man was ever more entirely destitute of art."—p. 48.

"The port and carriage of his head."

"His genius had that native affinity, which combined them [the beauties of an author] without an effort."—p. 40.

"Vicious and depraved pronunciation."—p. 54.

"Work out its purposes."—p. 54.—Accomplish, gain, effect—any thing, but work out.

"Bold and daring."—p. 60.

"A cool and clear accuracy of thinking, and, an elaborate exactness and nicety in the deduction of thought."—p. 72. Cool, clear, accurate, elaborate, exact and nice thinking, and deduction of thought.

"Towards whom every American he art will bow."—p. 105.

"In which, he merely echod back the consciousness of every other heart"—p. 106.

"Swell and expand."—p. 106.

"Called down from the height."—108.

"His performance will not be the worse for having been taught to fly."—p. 111. Performance taught to fly."

"The spirit and flame of his genius."—p. 111.

"Resisted them with all their influence and abilities."—p. 117. One of the above italicised words is sufficient.

"Purchaser thereof."—p. 128. Thereof, for of it; whereof, for of which; whereupon, for on which; hereupon, for on this; are words that may still be proper in the long since of the bar; but have long since been excluded from elegant composition.

"The transactions which were passing in the metropolis, circulated through the country."—p. 135.

"That habitual deference and subjection, should be dissolved and dissipated."—p. 137.

"To make of this circumstance all the advantage."—p. 137. Take all the advantage.

"Col. S. Meredith, who had theretofore commanded."—p. 140.

"He left behind him a message."—p. 151. Surely he could not leave it before him, unless he went backwards.

"Subvert the regal government wholly and entirely."—p. 160.

"As is proven."—p. 164. At the appearance of this horrible word, used by Scotch lawyers, and by a few in the middle states, but by no English writer, and by no correct English scholar; we cannot forbear the expression of our astonishment. To tote, for to carry, would not be so barbarous. Mr. W. uses the word several times; and sometimes the English word proved. Why he should have loven this word, or what has moven him to its adoption, we know not.

"He possessed pretty nearly as much experience as Washington."—p. 177. The truth is that he possessed pretty nearly, about not half a quarter so much. Of what use is pretty here? Mr. W. frequently has the word.

Pretty muddy walking to-day—She is a pretty ugly woman—are expressions pretty nearly as justifiable and elegant.

"At the head of a banditti."—p. 217. Banditti is the Italian plural; the singular bandito; the English singular bandit.

"Was read a second and third time."—p. 221. Bills having three readings Mr. W. should have said the second time.

In page 226 the wrong tense is several times used. "His wife had died;"—"his uncle had died, &c. instead of his wife died, &c.

"Seemed to have been pretty nearly paralized."—p. 231.

"All its faculties weak, disordered and exhausted."—p. 232. Exhausted is sufficient.

"Humanity and civilization gradually superinduced upon the Indian character."—p. 240.

"Equally the same benefit."—p. 245.

"Some form of worship, or other."—p. 244.

"Such an one."—p. 263.

"The Roman energy and the attic w of George Mason was there."—p. 263.

"Parts of one entire whole."—p. 270.

"Uncoupled and let loose to range the whole field."—p. 270.

"Day after day, from morning till night the galleries were continually filled."—p. 293.



"Wanton profusion and prodigality of that attic feast."—p. 294.

"Every mode—every species—was seen."—p. 294.

"Ingenuous and candid."—p. 314.

"It were an useless waste."—p. 242.

"His temper unclouded and serene."—p. 378.

"Ingenuous and unaffected."—p. 378.

"Patient and tender forbearance and kind indulgence."—p. 380.

"A simple, pure, economical and chaste administration."—p. 382.

"They contended that they were simply the friends of good order and government."—p. 382. That they only were, &c.

"A form so faint and shadowy."—p. 383.

"The rival parties observed every advance made by the other."—p. 389. By each other.

"So many stratagems to gain him over."—p. 389.

"Offensive measures which was intended."—p. 392.

"That those scenes were about to be acted over again in his own country."—p. 392.

That similar scenes were about to be acted in his own country. A man may eat two similar dumplings, but not one twice.

"A preacher, asked the people aloud, 'why they thus followed Mr. Henry about?'—p. 393. Asked the people why they followed, &c.—or, asked the people, 'why do you thus follow Mr. Henry?'"

"He never possessed that patient drudgery."—p. 405.

"Mr. Henry on his part, was so delighted."—p. 410.

"But for the bold spirit of Mr. Henry, the people would," &c.—p. 419.

"Thereafter," for afterwards.—p. 419.

"So far from it that he stemmed the current."—p. 419.

"The beaten paths and roads of thought."—p. 422.

While perusing the volume we noted some of the errors, in which the work is far from being deficient: and some of these we have here extracted. To notice all the similar inaccuracies, would swell this review to a pamphlet.

We shall now notice some of Mr. Wirt's rhetorical, and frequently romantic strains—or rather strainings. His labour to shine often occurs; but in handling his rhetorical tools he is sometimes as awkward as would be a blacksmith in making a watch.

By turning to our extract relating to the

Parson's cause, the reader may observe the sentence beginning with—"For now were those wonderful faculties, &c. The fire of his eloquence worked in him a mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of himself; and, as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviae* [*exuviae*] of the clown seemed to shed themselves," &c.—The mind by rolling, glowed. *Exuviae* means what is already shed.

Referring to the popularity of Mr. Henry among the plebeian part of the house of burgesses, Mr. Wirt says: "They regarded him as a sturdy and wide-spreading oak, beneath [in] whose cool and refreshing shade they might take refuge from those beams of aristocracy, that had played upon them so long with rather an unpleasant heat."

Instances of such hunting for such inappropriate figures abound.

Mr. Henry was not apt to notice a provocation, unless gross, "but when he did notice it, better were it for the man [*who offered it*, understood] never to have been born, than to fall into the hands of such an adversary. One lash of his scourge was infamy for life; his look of anger or contempt, was almost death."

In page 85 Mr. W. compares the subsiding of contention after the repeal of the stamp act, to a volcano. This simile is not in strained terms, and is appropriate. We wish we could say so of all.—"The rumbling of the volcano was still audible, and the smoke of the crater continually ascended, mingled not unfrequently with those flames and masses of ignited matter, which announced a new and more terrible explosion."

From the description of Henry's first speech in Congress, one might suppose that a god, or at least a demi-god, was addressing that illustrious body. "Rising as he advanced with the grandeur of his subject, and glowing at length with all the majesty and expectation of the occasion, his speech seemed more than that of mortal man."—"Even those who had heard him, in all his glory, in the house of burgesses of Virginia, were astonished."—"His imagination coruscating with a magnificence and a variety, which struck even that assembly with amazement and awe."

We cannot forbear a smile in observing Mr. Wirt's determination to prove the heroism of Henry. With "five thousand men at least in arms," he marched against lord Dunmore, his aids-de-camp, and perhaps fifty others, to retake a quantity of powder, or obtain indemnification. Some of the patriots wished him to desist—"It

was in vain. He was inflexibly resolved to effect the purpose of his expedition, or *perish in the attempt.*"

If lord Dunmore issues a proclamation, "the governor thunders his anathema:" If Mr. Henry obtains great influence, "he *rushes like a comet* to the head of affairs." If Tarleton approaches the temporary seat of government, he "*rushes like a thunder-bolt* into the village." If Henry expresses indignation toward an adversary at the bar, it is "like a *stroke of lightning*," and his opponent "shrinks from his *withering look, pale and breathless.*"—In such extravagance of expression Mr. W. appears to take great delight. Is he not aware that, with such, grown people are seldom gratified?

Mr. Wirt's mode of describing persons, manners, or events, generally partakes of the flowery; which is sometimes carried to such excess as to claim close kindred with the ludicrous. He abounds with adjectives. Describing the eloquence of Col. Innis, he says: "It was a short but most bold and terrible assault—a *vehement, impetuous and overwhelming burst*—a magnificent *meteor*, which shot majestically across the heavens, *from pole to pole, and straight was seen no more.*"

The long and repeated descriptions of Mr. Henry's eloquence, his manners, and the qualities of his mind, which occupy a very large part of the volume, become tiresome. The dictionary appears to have been thoroughly ransacked for all the words that could be applied to eloquence. "In *mild* persuasion he was as *soft* and *gentle* as the zephyr of spring; while, in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the *troubled* Baltic, was not more awfully sublime."—"His eyes—at one time *piercing* and *terrible* as those of Mars, and then again as *soft* and *tender* as those of pity herself."

Since Horace compared the eloquence of Pindar to a river; *Monte decurrens*, &c. the comparison has been frequently used, as it is by Mr. Wirt. But, in page 295, we have a similitude of studied extension, from the rivulet to the ocean.—"His eloquence was poured from inexhaustible fountains, and assumed every variety of hue and form and motion, which could delight or persuade, instruct or astonish. Sometimes it was the limpid rivulet, sparkling down the mountain's side, and winding its silver course between margins of moss—then gradually swelling to a bolder stream, it roared in the headlong cataract, and spread its rainbows to the sun—now, it flowed on in tranquil majesty, like a *river of the west*, reflecting

from its polished surface, forest and cliff and sky—anon, it was the angry ocean, chafed by the tempest, hanging its billows, with deafening clamours, in the cracking shrouds, or hurling them in sublime defiance, at the storm that frowned above."

Shakspeare speaks of the winds taking

— the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds:  
but never dreamed of *cracking* shrouds, nor of hurling billows in sublime defiance at a *frowning* storm. Methinks the storm must have more than frowned.

To support the language of such laboured attempts on the sublime, so frequent with Mr. Wirt, there ought to be some originality of sentiment or imagery. Few such are to be found.

In his anxiety to exalt Henry, Mr. W. would lead the reader to suppose that the revolution was begun, continued, and concluded principally by the instrumentality of the orator of Virginia,

*Cuncta supercilio moventis,*

"who, by his powers of speech, roused the *whole* American people, from north to south; put the revolution in motion, and bore it upon his shoulders, as Atlas is said to do [to have done] the heavens—who moved, not merely the populace, the *rocks and stones* of the field, but, "by the summit took the mountain oak, and made HIM stoop to the plain."—"It was he ALONE, who by his *single power* moved the mighty mass of stagnant water," [referring to the revolution] "and changed the silent *lake* into a roaring *torrent.*"

Virginia was not backward; gratitude and honour are due to Mr. Henry for his early and intrepid services; but Fanueil Hall was unquestionably the cradle of the revolution. Years before Mr. Henry was in public life, effectual resistance was begun in Boston to British tyranny: when James Otis, probably not less an orator than Henry, was the boast of Massachusetts, as was the latter of Virginia.

To conclude:—Notwithstanding the omissions and imperfections of this work; it will have great effect in making more generally known the talents, services, and character of the great orator of Virginia. It is not a work, however, that will enhance the literary reputation of its author. Mr. Wirt, with most readers, had acquired a large share of *belles-lettres* estimation by his British Spy; in which there is much less of the swelling and of the romantic than are here exhibited. Having advanced so much farther in life, it was reasonable to suppose that most of the



exuvia of the sophomore would, long ere this, have been shed: instead of which, his taste seems to be more vitiated; he still mistaking too often the tawdry for the beautiful, and the bombastic for the sublime.

We are sensible that in the freedom of

our remarks on this work we shall give offence to some of Mr. Wirt's friends. To this we must submit; satisfying ourselves with a hope that our animadversions may have some tendency to bring into disrepute the too prevalent taste, especially in Virginia, for inflated composition. P.

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**ART. 4.** *A View of the cultivation of Fruit trees, and the management of orchards and cider; with accurate descriptions of the most estimable varieties of native and foreign apples, pears, peaches, plums, and cherries, cultivated in the middle States of America; illustrated by cuts of two hundred kinds of fruits of the natural size; intended to explain some of the errors which exist relative to the origin, popular names, and character of many of our fruits; to identify them by accurate descriptions of their properties, and correct delineations of the full size and natural formation of each variety; and to exhibit a system of practice adapted to our climate, in the successive stages of a nursery, orchard, and cider establishment. By Wm. Coxe, Esq. of Burlington, New-Jersey. Philadelphia. M. Carey & Son. 1817. 8vo. pp. 253.*

**T**HE work before us addresses itself to the agricultural interest of the United States, and consequently to a great portion of our countrymen. We take much pleasure in announcing it to the public, and feel highly gratified in the opportunity of recommending to our farmers the perusal of a valuable practical work on the cultivation of fruit trees, by one of our own countrymen, whose time, attention, and means, appear to have been sedulously devoted to this branch of agriculture. Indeed we have ever since the commencement of our labours, endeavoured to mark the progress of agriculture in our country, and to direct the attention of our readers and correspondents to subjects connected with the farming interest. This must always be a paramount consideration, from the extent of our country and the agricultural habits of our people. As long as the products of the soil are more than sufficient for our own consumption, and our surplus of bread-stuffs goes to supply the necessities of other nations, whose crops are not sufficient for their wants,—so long shall we continue essentially independent. Nor shall we ever be reduced to the mere necessities of life while agriculture continues to be the chief employment of our population. But completely to unshackle us from foreign influence and dependence, demands the encouragement and support of domestic manufactures, whereby the labour bestowed in converting the raw material to its several uses, is reserved to our own people. This observation applies more especially to the conversion of cotton and wool into the various fabricks, and articles of clothing

usually manufactured from them. It is less than fifty years since the cotton plant was a stranger to our soil, and at the present time its product is exported in vast quantities. While cotton has become a staple with our southern planters, wool is probable to become a staple in the north. Indeed the prediction of chancellor Livingston is already about to be verified, that we should become great exporters of wool. These are indications of the prosperity of our country, although the raw material is sold, exported, and returned manufactured, burthened with a foreign duty and bounty to foreign artisans. But these things will not long remain so; they are in a state of progressive alteration. So vast a portion of the superficies of our country is subjected to the will of the husbandman, that its products are as various as its soil, climate, and exposure. While some of the states supply cotton, wool, and flax for clothing; others raise abundant crops of the cerealia, both for man and domestic animals. These are wheat, rye, barley, rice, Indian corn, and oats. Sugar and tobacco, prime articles in other parts of our country, may be ranked among the luxuries of life, as well as the vine which begins to flourish in Indiana. These are only some of the principal productions of our country, which embraces the extremes of heat and cold, of moisture and dryness, and which offers situations, high or low, mountainous or level, suitable to the cultivation of almost every vegetable which the surface of the earth affords. Hence, in addition to the many other articles now cultivated, time and improvement in the arts of agriculture will intro-

duce many more. We may anticipate the cultivation in Georgia and Louisiana of the Nopal or prickly pear (*cactus opuntia*) for the purpose of rearing the cochineal insect (*coccus cacti*) to obtain its scarlet dye. While this shall take place in the south, the wild-oats of the lakes (*zizania aquatica*) shall become the bread-corn of the north. The southern regions which already produce fine oranges, and some other tropical fruits, will hereafter give a place to the olive, date, and fig. These, and other fruits, which our country may, and does produce, are of much importance to the farmer. With the increase of our population, and the improved cultivation of the country, every good farm will contain a portion of fruit trees, and some soils may be found peculiarly adapted to certain fruits. Hence the best method of cultivating such fruits will be a great desideratum. The work under consideration offers to our view this most desirable information, as relates to apples, pears, peaches, plums, and cherries.

The whole work of Mr. Coxe is concise; its directions are short, simple, and practical. The style is plain and unassuming, and commends itself to the understanding and interest of the reader. It is divided into thirty parts or chapters, none of which are diffuse or tedious in detail. But though we give the work our general approbation, we cannot, without injustice to the public, forbear some strictures, which we reserve, to be applied where they are merited.

The best part of the work before us is on the cultivation of the apple; to which our author appears to have been particularly devoted. In his first chapter, he states the north and south limits to which its culture may be confined. "It has long been the opinion," he says, "of accurate judges, that the middle states possess a climate eminently favourable to the production of the finer liquor and table apples: it will probably be found, that the Mohawk river in New-York, and the James river in Virginia, are the limits of that district of country which produces apples of the due degree of richness and flavour for both purposes. It will not be denied, that apples grow well in the interior and elevated parts of the southern states, as well as in warm and favourable exposures in the northern and eastern states; but it is not recollected, that any one variety of general reputation has been produced beyond the limits here assigned for the fine apple country."

The great variety of apples is supposed

to have proceeded from the crab apple, (the *pyrus malus*), by cultivation. Our author has given us handsome cuts of one hundred varieties, together with some account of each; and also 33 others, of which no plates are furnished. Mr. Coxe has seen or reared all of them, and is therefore well qualified to judge of a proper selection, which may shorten the labour and expense of those who follow him in rearing apple orchards. After 172 pages on apples, he concludes the subject by recommending "a selection of apples, ripening in succession, for the orchard of an admirer of fine fruit," dividing them into table apples, and cider apples, and giving them the names by which he has described and figured them in other parts of the work.

#### Table Apples.

1. Junating, ripens in June and July.
2. Princes Harvest, July.
3. Bough, July.
4. Summer Queen, July and August.
5. Early Pearmain, July and August.
6. Summer Rose, July and August.
7. Coddling, August and September.
8. Maidens' Blush, September.
9. Hagloe Crab, table and cider, September.
10. Catline, September.
11. Romanite, or Rambo, September and October.
12. Fall Pippin, October.
13. Doctor Apple, October.
14. Wine, October and November.
15. Late Pearmain, October and November.
16. Burlington Greening, October and November.
17. Bellflower, October and November.
18. Newark Pippin, November.
19. Pennock, November.
20. Michael Henry, November.
21. Spitzemberg, November.
22. Newton Pippin, November.
23. Priestly, November.
24. Pomme d'Apis, or Lady Apple, December.
25. Carthouse, December.
26. Tewksbury Winter Blush, December.

#### Cider Apples.

1. Hewes's Crab.
2. House, or Greyhouse.
3. Winesap.
4. Harrison.
5. Styre.
6. Roanes' White Crab.
7. Gloucester White.
8. Redstreak.
9. Campfield.
10. American Pippin.
11. Golden Rennet.
12. Hagloe Crab.
13. Cooper's Russeting.
14. Ruckman's Pearmain.

The many varieties of apples found in the United States have been supposed to have originated with the aborigines of America, but Mr. Coxe, we believe, correctly decides to the contrary.

"Whether the numerous varieties of apples with which our country abounds, have proceeded from the dissemination of the seeds of apples brought here by our European ancestors, or have been produced by apples cultivated by the aborigines before the discovery of America by the Europeans, is a question about which writers have differed, and will probably continue to differ—my own impressions are favourable to the former opinion as the most correct; as founded on that principle of vegetable nature, which



establishes, that varieties have a limit to their duration; and authorises a belief that none of the Indian orchards which have been discovered in America, are more ancient than the first settlement of the Europeans on this continent."

The second chapter contains some judicious observations on the management of a nursery of fruit trees, from which we extract the following.

"When removed into the nursery, they should be planted in rows four feet asunder, and about twelve or eighteen inches apart in the rows—the soil should be rich, for the vigour of a young tree is one of its most valuable properties; no cultivation or soil will effectually overcome the want of it; trees will seldom fail, even when removed to a soil of different character from the nursery wherein they were raised, if they have the benefit of good cultivation and good soil; these will produce a correspondent effect on the growth of the tree wherever raised: when young trees have been planted two years, they will be fit for ingrafting in the ground; if the growth be vigorous, and the soil rich, this may often be done in one year, but always in the spring: this mode of ingrafting is preferable to all others for its simplicity, economy, and certainty: the earth is removed with a hoe about an inch in depth from the stocks, which are then sawed off, so as to leave the top of the stump rather below the level of the ground around it—the stocks are then split, the cions inserted in the clefts, and the earth drawn up so as to cover the tops of the stocks about one or two inches; leaving one or two buds of each cion exposed—no composition or clay is necessary in this operation, the covering of earth sufficiently protects the cions from the air and sun."

When fruit trees are ingrafted, the usual method of protecting the cions, is by clay well tempered with horse dung; but Mr. Coxe recommends for a covering, (page 19,) a kind of sticking plaister, made "of equal parts of tallow, bees'-wax, and rosin, spread on strips of linen, or paper, six inches long, and about two inches wide; one of these strips must be wrapped round each stock, so as completely to cover the fissure at the sides and in the end." He also recommends, (page 17,) care in transplanting young trees from the nursery into the orchard, so as not to injure the roots, and thereby endanger the life of the tree.

In raising a stock of trees for a nursery, our author advises never to take them from suckers, for the following reasons.

"All stocks should be raised from seeds, and never from suckers; a practice which cannot be too severely condemned: it will inevitably produce trees disposed to generate suckers, which impoverish the parent tree, and are unsightly and troublesome in grounds; and if the theory be correct, as I believe it to

be, that varieties have their respective periods of duration, after which they languish and decline; trees raised from suckers will be found to possess the defects of the parent tree, of which they are the offspring."

On the duration of particular varieties of apples, Mr. Coxe states, what is admitted by all botanists, orchardists, and gardeners, that they partake of the life of the stock from which they were originally taken, though he states (page 24) that the life of the variety may be prolonged by the influence of warmer climates.

The ninth chapter on the situation of orchards contains the following remarks.

"It is probable, that the celebrity of many orchards depends more on their exposure, and on the selection of fine varieties of fruit, than on any peculiarity of soil: as a rule for judging of the fitness of a soil for an orchard, it will generally be found safe to take that which will produce fine wheat and clover, with as much of a south, or south-east aspect, as can be had: the flavour of apples will be found, probably, to depend on the goodness of the soil and aspect combined: many orchards flourish for a few years, but decline as soon as the roots penetrate the lower strata of the earth: a cold clay, or a quicksand, are frequently the basis of light soils; such land, however improved by manure or cultivation, can never be made fit for an orchard."

Among the various practical directions given by Mr. Coxe from his ample experience, we find him advising (page 36) not to set the young tree too deep into the earth when transplanted. A covering of three inches of earth over the upper roots he thinks deep enough. If clover has been sown in a young orchard, the trees should be kept clear of grass for three feet around. White-washing apple trees is considered (page 39) highly proper and useful, as tending to cleanliness, and preserving them from vermin. Young trees should not be pruned till they are five or six years old; (p. 42); and the succession of crops that are favourable to the growth of orchards is stated, (p. 37.)

"All fallow crops are most favourable to the growth of orchards, at every early stage of their cultivation—Indian corn, potatoes and vines, are preferable to oats or barley; and these again are more favourable than winter grain: buckwheat is among the most beneficial crops for the promotion of the autumnal growth of trees—clover is by many farmers believed to be injurious to young trees; its tendency to check the growth of trees will be found, I believe, to be in proportion to the air and moisture which its greater or less vigorous growth may keep from the roots; light and heat appear as necessary to the roots as to the branches of trees—clover, while it occupies the ground,

must prevent cultivation; so far I apprehend it will be found pernicious, but probably not in a greater degree than any other luxuriant and deeply rooted species of grass, absorbing the moisture, and exhausting the strength of the soil which covers the roots of small trees."

The 13th chapter of this work is devoted to experiments on orchards, in which our author is practical and original, and we believe will be found highly useful. Mr. C. appears by these experiments to have been for 24 years past devoted to the rearing apple trees, and his knowledge may consequently be considered well founded in experience. The deductions from his experiments are well worthy of attention. The result of the second experiment is, that thinning the branches of young and vigorous trees is preferable to topping them. Constant cultivation of the soil of orchards improves them as deduced from the third experiment. From the seventh, we may conclude that stable dung is bad manure for orchards; and the eleventh and part of the first prove that the site of an old orchard is improper for a new one. After these experiments our author concludes:

"The preceding experiments were undertaken with a view to ascertain the best mode of planting and cultivating orchards. If my judgment does not deceive me, I think they will be found satisfactorily to prove the utility of cultivation to the promotion of the growth of an orchard; that by the aid of good cultivation, and the application of proper manure, orchards will flourish in any soil sufficiently dry; and that what is usually denominated the quinquennial rotation of crops, and is now practised almost universally by good farmers in the middle states, affords a degree of cultivation, sufficient to ensure the due degree of vigour and productiveness to apple trees."

The fourteenth chapter contains valuable information on the properties and management of cider; and on the concentration of cider, by frost, he observes:

"If by freezing cider, and separating the concentrated liquor from the aqueous parts, you can double its strength, you will obtain a wholesome, high flavoured, mild liquor, of the strength of Madeira wine. This experiment I made satisfactorily the last winter; I racked off two hogsheads of good, sound, well flavoured cider, into two other hogsheads, containing about eighty gallons each—these I exposed, with the bungs out, to the severest cold of January, on the north side of a building; (it is necessary that the casks should be only part full to prevent their bursting.) after a fortnight's exposure to unremitted cold, I found the cider surrounded by a mass of ice of moderate hardness—this I perforated at the end near to the bottom and drew out the concentrated liquor, about a

barrel from each hogshead; the residuum, when dissolved on the return of mild weather, was so vapid and weak, that my workmen would not accept it as a present for the use of their families, it was thrown away; one barrel of the liquor thus obtained, I mixed with other ciders to strengthen them for family use in the summer, the other, after fining, I bottled; and can truly say that it is an excellent, vinous, strong, pure liquor; free from any spiritous taste; of twice the ordinary strength of good cider, and promises with age to improve to a high degree of strength and perfection."

The cultivation of apples for cider, and of cider for vinegar, is of much importance to our country, and connected with its commerce and manufactures. In addition to the vast amount consumed in families, the supply of vinegar, as an antiscorbutic to preserve the health of our seafaring citizens, is highly necessary, and consumes a large quantity, besides what is wanted, in the manufactures of white lead, which already proceed with usefulness to the country and benefit to those concerned. By these uses of cider and vinegar we promote agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and do not encourage the conversion of the former into spirituous liquor.

An account of the trees and fruit of 133 varieties of apples is contained in the 23d chapter. So far our author appears to be original, his information being drawn from his own experience in the rearing and management of apple trees. The remainder of the work treats of pears, peaches, plums, and cherries, and contains one hundred more cuts of these fruits; but as Mr. Coxe does not appear to have devoted himself so sedulously to the rearing of these fruits, we look upon this part of the work rather as a compilation, but nevertheless containing some useful remarks. An error in relation to the rearing of pear trees is corrected.

"An erroneous practice prevails too much among our nursery men in America, of using suckers from old trees for pear stocks; trees produced from suckers are always disposed to generate suckers, which are injurious and inconvenient in fruit grounds: it is probable that the disposition to blight, may be promoted by using the suckers of old worn out varieties, instead of raising new ones from the seed, as is practised in apples."

Our author also offers "a selection of twenty varieties, ripening in succession for a private garden."

"1. Green Chissel. 2. Early Catharine. 3. Early Bergamotte. 3. Fin or d'Etè. 9. Julienne. 10. Red Bergamotte. 11. Spice. 12. Seckle. 13. Yellow Beurree. 14. Holland Green. 15. Crasanne. 16. Orange d'Hyver. 17. St. Germaine. 18. Virgou-



leuse. 19. Muscat Allemand. 20. Ambrette."

On the subject of plums we make no remarks, hoping that better information may hereafter be obtained from the ample experience of Mr. Dennison, near Albany, in the cultivation of the varieties of these fruits. We also consider that Mr. Coxe is deficient on the subject of the peach; and on the cherry, he merely gives a list of a few varieties, though his concluding remarks are very good.

"The cherry is propagated by budding and ingrafting—from its disposition to throw the out gum from wounds in the vessels of bark, the former mode is most generally adopted. The heart cherries do not succeed well on any but the black Mazard stocks, but round or duke cherries do as well on Morello stocks, which are often preferred from their being less liable to the cracks in the bark, from frost and sun on the south-west side; this injury may be almost effectually prevented by planting on the east side of board fences or buildings, or by fixing an upright board on the south-west side of each tree in open situations.

"The best stocks are raised from stones planted in the nursery. Stocks raised from suckers of old trees will always generate suckers, which are injurious and very troublesome in gardens: diseases of old or worn-out varieties are likewise perpetuated by the use of suckers for stocks."

We are not inclined to be censorious with Mr. Coxe's work, as we consider

every publication of the kind useful, and well meant; and whether original or compiled, such tracts certainly conduce to the welfare and prosperity of our country. The expression, however, (page 111) of *pale indeed*, is uncouth and should be altered. The 12th chapter, occupying part of the 44th page, on the subject of the caterpillar, is very deficient. The natural history of insects Mr. C. does not appear to be acquainted with, otherwise we might have had a very useful and valuable chapter on the subject. The whole work indeed is divested of all science, and on that account perhaps may be more acceptable to general readers, though we are not so well pleased with it ourselves. But, notwithstanding this baldness, the public will be gratified, and the practical man will reap advantage by following the directions contained in the work before us. We accordingly recommend it, and give Mr. Coxe due credit for what he has done, recommending it to others, with the hope that some one or more will take up the subject of those fruit trees, particularly that delicious Persian fruit the peach, upon which he is deficient. With the full assurance of our belief that the work will be useful to its author and the country we conclude our remarks.

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ART. 5. *Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China; comprising a correct Narrative of the public transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, and of the Journey from the North of the Peiho to the return to Canton. Interspersed with observations upon the face of the country, the polity, moral character, and manners, of the Chinese nation. Illustrated by a large map. By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy. Philadelphia, 1818. 8vo. pp. 332.*

IT is, we think, peculiar to China, that notwithstanding its immemorial existence as a civilized country, the interest attached to its history, antiquities, laws, manners, and customs—its religion and philosophy—is incalculably less impulsive than the same feeling as it respects nations comparatively new. Whence is it that this apathy derives its origin?—What are the causes of this incurious disposition of the mind toward a region whose inhabitants constitute, according to the most modest statement, a fourth part of humankind, and whose political and social institutions entitled them to the honours of civilization at a period when the rest of the world was immersed in barbarism. How is it that the records of a people whose history, commencing at an epoch when the plains

and vallies of Greece were tenanted by the naked and wandering savage, has preserved its calm but continuous course through the revolutions of time, should appeal so faintly to the spirit of liberal research?—By what process of ratiocination shall the fact be accounted for, that the vivid emotion and curiosity we experience regarding the achievements and fortunes of our species, should so totally languish and expire, when China is named as a worthy and legitimate object of moral and political investigation?—Is it the result of our own insensibility to the claims of a refined and powerful nation—this singular indifference to so large a portion of Asia and her people? Or is it in the character and genius of the Chinese themselves that we are to seek its real and proximate causes?

A few observations seem to be demanded upon this question, the decision of which will, we think, relieve the liberality or sensitiveness of polished society from the imputation either of a causeless frigidity, or deficient acuteness.

And first, let us examine the extent and variety of that historical field over which we still wander with unabated gratification, and where our eyes are unceasingly enchanted with scenes of moral magnificence and beauty, or fixed with potent, though painful, anxiety on the baleful and unhallowed triumphs of exulting crime;—a soil rich and exuberant in all that can invite and detain our delighted steps;—a theatre perpetually enlarging upon our contemplation—of which the scenery is of the utmost conceivable grandeur and diversity, where the *dramatis personæ* appear as the animated and impressive, because actual representatives of that general character of which we are the common sharers;—a stage, in fine, where the reason and the passions—the intellectual and constitutional attributes of our universal nature are embodied in forms which we recognise as kindred shapes—of surpassing glory indeed, and exhibiting in their port and demeanour a grace and loftiness to which inferior beings scarcely presume to lift the gaze of a humble veneration. But, nevertheless, performers with ourselves in the same mighty and complicated drama of an existence, which, with regard to our kind, may be denominated eternal:—the individual perishes, but the species is immortal—and while, in perusing that portion of the history of the world which is past, we meet with enough to make our hearts leap and throb with the glowing consciousness of belonging to the same species with the objects of our reverence, not only is the whole soul stirred and stimulated to a noble and magnanimous emulation with the illustrious of former ages, but, living along the line of our posterity, and observing the progress of humankind, from the first faint dawns of civilization to its present state of knowledge and refinement, we anticipate a proportionate advance by our descendants, and the brilliancy with which our enthusiasm illuminates those distant periods can scarcely be called imaginary. Our benevolence or sympathy luxuriates amid the golden promises of hope—new vistas of felicity open themselves to our perception—the ways of vice are narrowed, the paths of virtue are enlarged—and we are pleased with supposing that the proceedings of those remote ge-

nerations will be gilded by the gleams of a diviner radiance than illustrated the annals of their fathers.

Assuredly, our sensibility to the worth and achievements of ancient or modern times, is neither feeble nor transitory. The study of history is one in which we become early initiated. What are the sources whence are derived our first sterling impressions, of virtue and of vice—of justice, generosity, patriotism, valour, continence, and in general, all those qualities which may be considered as the adamantine foundations of human dignity? The fiery scorn of a wrongous or unworthy deed—the lofty disregard of self—that devotion to country which immortalized an Aristomenes and a Decius, and whose operation appears to impress on every other virtue the features of a superior attribute—the hardihood of soul that nerves the frame with steel—and that governance of the looser impulses of our nature which, in Africanus seems to have antedated the institutions of chivalry—from what pure and sacred springs has the dew arisen which wakened in our bosoms the first blossoms of these glorious feelings? Is it not to the records of Greece, "*immortal, though no more*," and the annals of her Italian offspring and successors in art and empire, that we are indebted for sentiments that triple the value of our existence? Tracing from their fountain-heads the deep and powerful streams of Greek and Roman dominion, we wind along between banks of vernal bloom and fragrance—temples, palaces, and sculptured marbles gleam through the solemn shades of the sacred groves, and gods and god-like heroes are the august society with whom we hold high converse: we become, so to speak, identified with the scenes that have taken such strong possession of our imagination—and are moved and agitated with all the fervour of an actual and strenuous participation in the lofty enterprises which gained for their promoters the palms of a deathless renown. The trophies of Thermopylæ and Marathon—of Salamis and Mycale—arise before us in all their pristine brightness, and the stern conflict of a free and enlightened nation with the armed slaves of Asia, arrays all our sympathies on the side of liberty and her champions. We accompany the Athenian people in their voluntary exile from their country—we share the indignant grief—and exult in the final triumph—of a nation that first exhibited the invincibility of a people animated by the determination to perish rather



than yield to foreign domination:—and when, from being themselves environed with all the perils of invasion, we follow the footsteps of the conquering Greeks to the plains of Ionia, and behold them plant the standards of freedom and glory on the delightful coast of the Lesser Asia—restoring to their eastern brethren the independence that had been destroyed by the successors of Cyrus—we rejoice in a victory that rescued those fair shores from the sway of the stranger and barbarian. In every period of their history, every aspect of their fate, we deeply sympathise with the fortunes of an illustrious people, and in the blaze of glory which crowned their triumphs in the fields of art and war, we lose sight of the darker spots in the sun of Grecian renown.—With unabated interest we trace the annals of Greece and Rome from the earliest dawn of their history; and the high and inviting theme continually reveals to our contemplation new and captivating exhibitions of the human character. But are our sensibilities limited within these magnificent, but contracted, confines? The emotions that ought to agitate our bosoms for the whole species, and make us anxious for the prosperity of nations separated from ourselves by the distance of half the globe—are they excited only by the exploits, wonderful and glorious and instructive as they are, of classic antiquity?—No—the feelings that had their birth in the plains of Greece and Latium were not awakened within us to be restricted within such narrow boundaries,—and, though our liveliest sympathies will ever wait round the ruins, even, of \*Hel-

\* “The latest of our bards, a personage conspicuously brilliant in the ranks of nobility, has produced impressions incomparably sweet and solemn, by summoning before our eyes the lovely skies and glorious landscapes—the august ruins, and mournfully enchanting solitudes—of modern Greece; and excited in our bosoms sensations overpoweringly exquisite by the living interest he has breathed into his compositions, and the searching pathos which distinguishes his contrast of the Greek subjects of the Ottoman with their illustrious and free ancestors. He calls forth with equal skill the deepest and lightest tones of the “*sacred shell*.” Strength, dignity, delicacy, are his, in a degree that defies competition. In the sudden and sustained excitation of powerful ambition, he is without a rival. His local scenery is correct, and glows with a soft and mellow warmth, in perfect unison with the sad themes on which he loves to dwell. Would he trust more confidently to such an imagination as he must possess, and take some grand event, upon

lenic and Roman greatness, and assemble in fond worship over the scene and sepulchre of their glory,—the curiosity—the interest they kindled within us demands an ampler range—and is not contented till it embraces a circuit wide as the world, and co-extensive with human nature. With an eager curiosity we draw aside the veil that conceals the mysteries of Egyptian lore, and as the fathers of learning and science glide before us in dim and distant review, the venerable forms appear as the abstract and intellectual representatives of a nobler race, and we acknowledge the justice of that ancient saying, which applied to the subjects of Sesostris and the Pharaohs the epithet of “*Wise*.”—Entering the boundless and splendid field of Asiatic history, our imagination is dazzled and delighted by the gorgeous brilliancy of the scene; the wonders of Nineveh—and Babylon—and Persepolis—arise, for a moment, and like exhalations of the soil, on the sites of their former grandeur—peopled with regal shapes and forms of female loveliness. Among the royal crowd we distinguish some of loftier port, and more august aspect;—the founder of the Persian empire was a hero before he was a king, and the deliverance of his country from a foreign yoke has immortalized the name of Cyrus,—the fathers of the Arsacian and Sassanian dynasties might assert the title of genius to the throne,—the Chosroes, the Bahrams, and the Sapours, contended with the Cæsars for the prize of universal empire—and the laws of Nushirwan reflect a purer lustre on the character of that energetic monarch than his proudest achievements in arms. But the fame, perhaps, of these illustrious princes is eclipsed by the renown of a female, who, during the minority of her son, governed the Assyrian empire with manly vigour. Beauty is the prescriptive right of a woman and a queen, and the obedience of the subject is quickened by the personal charms of the sovereign. Her reign was long and glorious; and though it may be doubted whether the feminine character is seen in its best and most bewitching light amid the splendours of a throne, the masculine energy displayed in so fair and fragile a form demands our admiration, while it excites our surprise, and, somewhat coldly, we subscribe our

which to concentrate the forces of his mind, we are acquainted with no name in English poetry that could descend to posterity with a lustre surpassing that of Byron.” *Critical Review*, Jan. 1815. London.

testimony to the *grandeur* of *Semiramis*!

In this rapid view of ancient history we have omitted much upon which, did our limits permit the indulgence of our wishes, we should have expatiated with pleasure.—It seems proper to observe, that in commenting upon Asia, we did not think it necessary to speak of her *people*, since in the east, the people have never been permitted to speak or think for themselves.—To resume:

The feelings with which we trace the revolutions of the ancient world, agitate us with equal liveliness while perusing the records of the modern. In the declining ages of Grecian and Roman greatness, few are the events and characters that kindle in the mind those exalting sympathies with which we regard their earlier periods. But we experience a mournful pleasure in following the path from splendour to decay—the last epochas of those celebrated states are brightened by the gleams of departing glory;—and their decline—their fall—are more illustrious than the prosperity of their conquerors. As we pursue the march of events, history loses a portion of its dignity, but its variety is increased. Slender are the materials afforded to the historian by the annals of barbarous tribes; but civilization is the parent of incident, and with the progress of refinement among the nations of the West, the narrative of their achievements assumes a proportional interest. Regions that in the times of ancient renown were the seats either of solitude or savages, become the abodes of learning and politeness;—the forests of GERMANY gradually disappear, and are replaced by a hundred cities, each including a population superior in numbers and civilization to the former inhabitants of a whole province of that vast and multifarious country. In the palace of Wien or Vienna, the name and majesty of the Western Cæsars is still supported by a succession of imperial chiefs, and in the persons of the Great Frederick, (not Prussia's Royal Machiavel,) Rodolph of Hapsburgh, and the splendid Maximilian, we discern some traces of the dignity of a Roman *Imperator*.—The smiling plains of FRANCE are cultivated by a gay and chivalric people, who to the practice of the hardier virtues which won the affections of Julian, add the exercise of those bland and fascinating qualities which sweeten "*the bitter draft of life*," and shed a grace over the sterner attributes of humanity, something like the lovely and luxuriant light of evening sleeping on the lofty and sequestered heights of the Alp or Appenine. The

*fasti* of this high-spirited and enterprising people are bright with illustrious names and exploits,—and Dagobert and Charles Martel, or the *Iron-handed*, and Pepin, and Charlemagne, and the Condés, and the Colignys, and the Montmorencys,—Henry the Fourth, and his minister Sully—the whole period, in fine, from Clovis down to the magnificent NAPOLEON—is richly-abundant in characters and actions of the most splendid and attractive nature:—ITALY, starting from her trance of centuries, and "*trimming her withered bays*," begins a new career of glory and renown;—Commerce and Learning, and War, bring their gifts to decorate the wreath that glitters round her brow;—the sceptre of the Cæsars, no longer wielded by the hands of heroes and warriors, is held in a holier, but not less ambitious grasp—the dominion of Rome over the subject earth is still vindicated by her haughty sovereigns; and the nations and kings of the West, listen with mute reverence to the decrees of a Gregory and a Julius. Venice—and Florence—and Pisa—and Genoa—and Lucca—and Amalphi—become the carriers of the world;—the *entrepôts* of trade and taste—of merchandise and the muses.—Modern Science gathers her first and freshest wreaths in a soil—a clime—consecrated by the feelings and affections and memory of ages,—and Padua—Salerno—Tarentum—and Mantua—pour forth her earliest—perhaps her most ardent—adorers. Nominally a dukedom, Apulia assumes the importance and splendour of a powerful kingdom; and her contests with the Eastern Empire exhibit the superiority of a people of freemen over a nation of slaves. The southern shores of the peninsula have been, in every age, the favourite abodes of Luxury—the delicious softness of the atmosphere is dangerous to manly virtue—and every artificial incentive is supplied by the voluptuous genius of the people,—yet even Naples is not without distinction in the list of Italian capitals, and so high was her rank, that after his conquest of Sicily, the sovereign of Apulia consented to derive his regal title from the Neapolitan territory.—SPAIN, with its kindred realm of PORTUGAL, Moorish and Christian, presents a long succession of splendid scenes and magnificent characters,—the wealth and sumptuousness of Asia is blended with the taste and elegance of Europe,—the Cross and the Crescent are mingled in a war of eight centuries—and though we may rejoice in the final restoration of that interesting



country to its rightful possessors, we can scarcely refrain from lamenting the conquest and destruction of a race to whom Spain was indebted for the introduction of the useful and decorative arts---who filled her kingdoms with cities, and spread over her plains and vallies the glow of cultivation, and the smiles of plenty---who attracted to her ports the commerce of the world, and embellished her capitals with stateliest architecture. Sad and silent are the halls of the Alhambra---the bowers of the Generaliph are no longer conscious to the breathings of royal affection---but our imagination still wanders through the splendid retreats of sovereigns and sultanas, and peoples them with shapes of imperial dignity and fascinating loveliness. With the severe and persecuting Catholic we contrast the gentle and tolerant Moslem---the sackcloth and ashes of the convent and the monastery with the simple and rational devotion of the mosque---and, with a sigh, confess that the light and lively strains that animated the labours of the Moorish peasantry are but ill exchanged for the drowsy and monotonous drone of the priestly chaunt.---Yet the history of Spain from the subversion of Grenada to our own times, is replete with interesting events---the life of the Fifth Charles united the crowns of Castile and Germany---and on the same reign the discovery of the NEW WORLD sheds an unrivalled brilliancy---while, in a later age, the FAMILY COMPACT, effected by the intrigues of Louis 14th, and which bound Spain, France, and Naples, in a powerful, and to the rest of Europe, dangerous league, furnished a model for the ambitious designs of a living and once mightier monarch.---From the Spanish Peninsula we turn our regards to ENGLAND:---in the archives of Britain every human being is deeply interested---in that island more has been accomplished for the glory of our species than in all the other regions of the globe;---for the establishment of a constitution which many esteem better adapted for permanent freedom and tranquillity than a republican government, and which is indubitably superior to all other *European* polities, she is indebted to the moral and intellectual energies of her people;---in the field, and on the ocean, her courage and prowess have been repeatedly and victoriously asserted---her sons are brave and generous, and the beauty of her daughters is rivalled only by the female charms of a kindred people. But the principal claims of England to universal admiration are

founded on her achievements in literature, science, and the arts---and the prodigious variety in which she has poured forth the most glorious talents, and her present fertility and preeminence in genius of every description, command the reverence of our own times, as they will that of posterity. In morals and metaphysics it is sufficient to mention Verulam, Hobbes, Shaftesbury, Berkley, Butler, Hume, Hartley, and Dugald Stewart;---in every province of the empire of science her triumphs are innumerable, magnificent, and immortal---Who discovered the Circulation of the Blood?---An *Englishman*.---Who introduced the Vaccine Inoculation into almost universal practice?---An *Englishman*.---Who discovered the Lymphatic System?---An *Englishman*.---To whom are we indebted for the invention of Logarithms?---Is it not to a native of Britain?---In Astronomy, what mighty and resplendent genius was it that not only dissipated the brilliant chimeras of a Descartes, and explained the true phenomena of the Celestial System, but, penetrating into the most secret recesses and *adyta* of nature, discovered the composition of Light, and traced the Tides to their origin?---Was it not the sublime intellect of an *Englishman* that realized all these illustrious exploits? And will not the last generations of mankind dwell with reverence on a name shining with such peculiar and unparalleled splendour,---a name identified with the very system of which he discovered our own world to be a member?---Yes---like the mighty Mississippi, whose waters, rising from some obscure and slender spring, widen as they pursue their course, and pour their volumes to the sea through distant regions, the stream of NEWTON'S renown will deepen and enlarge as it flows down to those remote periods---and roll in ampler and more majestic currents as it recedes from its source. And the power of Steam, as exhibited in the wonderful engine to which it has affixed its name, and which appears to promise to this country advantages without limit---its inventor, its perfecters---were they not *Englishmen*?---In Chemistry, too, names that can be placed in competition with those of Black, Priestley and Davy---where shall we find them?---Who in modern times are the invaluable writers and orators to whom, on political subjects, our latest posterity will direct their grateful and earnest gaze?---Are they natives of France---or Spain---or Italy---or Germany?---No---the illustrious Sydney---the powerful

and brilliant Erskine---the generous and all-accomplished Saville---the pathetic Grattan---the lofty and magnificent Curran---together with names that, while America has a memory, will be engraven on its tablet in letters lasting as those of her own patriots---Chatham---and Burke---and Barrè---men whom to mention is to praise---do they not shed a blaze of the purest glory on those Sister-Isles where the germ of almost every nobler attribute of human nature seems to have been deposited by Providence as in a genial and consecrated soil, watered by the blood of martyred heroes, and where the standard, erected by Freedom, still towers and shines along the rocky battlements of her hereditary home.---Among statesmen, also, the most splendid names---Wolsey, Burleigh, Thurloe, Cromwell, Raleigh, Sydney, Russell, Somers, Burke, and Chatham, with a crowd of others too numerous to bring forward---are hers:---And hers, among men of letters and in the sphere of divinity, are the laurels of Cudworth, Selden, Bentley, Sir Thomas Moore, Sherlock, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Usher, &c. Compared with the strains of the British Muses, the poetical productions of their continental rivals lose almost the whole of their attraction---Milton alone is a host---and if Shakspeare be included among the masters of English song---we may safely put the bards of Britain in competition with those of antiquity. Nor is this all---the whole period, from the age in which those supereminent individuals flourished, down to our own times, at least with the exception of about forty years, is brightened by genius inferior only to theirs---the golden chain is continued by Spenser, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and their successors, nearly to the age of Goldsmith, when English Poetry assumed a new grace and splendour---and, like the Phœnix, may be considered as reviving from the ashes of her caducity, and coming forth in all the gloss and beauty of a second youth. To Goldsmith succeeded Beattie---the "Minstrel" is a model of soft, elegant, melodious composition, and will, we think, from the truth and attractiveness of its representations, long continue to charm the lovers of nature, and captivate the votaries of a refined sensibility. From Beattie to Moore and Lord Byron, the interval is thickly strown with talents of no ordinary magnitude, and notwithstanding their defects, the productions of Southey, Lambe, Scott, Wordsworth, &c. abound with passages that make us deeply sensible of the great and diversified powers of their authors;---

of Lord Byron it seems needless to say much, after the extract we have made from an English Review, and of the capabilities of Moore we have had too recent and splendid a specimen to render it any way necessary to comment upon his writings at any length.

We have now taken a concise and rapid view of the principal regions of Europe, and the most interesting æras of their history. We had intended to enlarge the circuit of our observations, and to have carried our readers into the kingdoms and empires of Asia and Africa, but on looking back at the extent to which we have already suffered ourselves to be led in our remarks, we find it necessary to bring these observations to a conclusion,---and besides, what we have said respecting those countries whose history and intellectual cultivation we have rather glanced at than disserted upon, is, we conceive, perfectly adequate to the establishment of the main topic upon which we would insist, viz. the interest which we all take in the concerns of our species, where and when there is any thing positively redounding to their glory.

In our notices of Europe and her nations, we omitted many states whose claims on our attention are, nevertheless, fraught with considerable force---and this we were compelled to do by the limits to which we are unavoidably restricted. Of the UNITED STATES it may be remarked, that every thing great or deeply interesting in their history, is comprehended within the memory, almost, of the existing generation. Since the war of independence, they have been once, and but once, involved in actual hostilities (the rupture with France can scarcely be called a war;) and though the late contest with England was unquestionably productive of considerable temporary distress---though the commerce of the country is only now beginning to recover from the shock occasioned by that memorable event---still we are fortified by daily observation in our opinion that the great interests of the Republic have been advanced, rather than retarded, by a war which put to the test the willingness of the people to second the wishes of the government; and convinced the world of their inflexible determination to abide by their political institutions. Then, too, the manner in which the war was latterly conducted, and the unexpected achievements of the American navy, not only reflects the greatest honour upon the spirit of the people, but has at once given them a proud and lofty



standing among the nations. That station, we trust, they will maintain. Already have they solved one problem of inappreciable importance to mankind---the possibility of a republican government existing in full vigour, unimpeded in its march by the embroilments of anarchy. May they now establish another truth of nearly equal consequence---the superiority of a republican government, administered upon principles like that of the United States, over every other form, in this---that it opens a wider field for the exercise of virtues, which are, at once, the strength and ornament of humanity. We have already said, and truly, that America holds a *high standing among the nations*---yet is the most valuable, as well as splendid portion of her glory prospective. What she has hitherto done redounds to her honour, but is accepted rather as the pledge of future achievements, than as a full acquittance of her promises to the world. A career is opening to her blameless ambition, magnificent beyond all comparison---the best and brightest hopes of society are repositied in this western continent---that they may blossom in richest luxuriance, and diffuse over the globe the revivifying fragrance of their breath, must be the ardent wish of every good man. Let her never, never forget that justice and honour are the proudest plumes in the crest of Liberty---let her continue in the wilderness the lofty labours of civilization---let her arms be ever ready, as now they are, to receive with generous sympathy the oppressed and fugitive genius of the Old World---let her cherish Literature, Science, and the Arts---let her, as the best, perhaps the *only* safeguard of her freedom and prosperity, establish a system of EDUCATION that shall not leave a single citizen uninstructed in his duties as well as his rights---let her do these things, and the "*Star-spangled Banner*" may wave in pure, and unenvied triumph from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the love, the veneration of mankind, will wait upon the name of America, and the sweet chorus of her praise will rise from every land, and float on every breeze---

"Dear to the world, and grateful to the skies!"

To resume: In the wide, though hasty survey which we have taken of ancient and modern times and nations, we have been at some pains to explain the causes of that deep sensibility in their records, which would be wholly unaccountable and without foundation, were it not dependent upon principles---fortunately, and for wisest purposes,---interwoven with

the inmost springs of our being---the philanthropy that makes us rejoice in the felicity of our species, and the laudable pride which, as human beings, we feel in the capabilities of our nature, thus evinced to us in the wisdom, the genius, and achievements of the illustrious of all times and nations---and the curiosity which has its birth in those deeply-seated feelings, and which impels us to explore the most distant seas, and the remotest lands, in the hope of meeting with farther additions to the stores of our knowledge in that most important and delightful of all studies---the study of MAN. And how is it that the same feelings should not govern us with relation to *China*, and her people? A few remarks on this point will very properly precede our examination of Mr. Ellis' book.

The truth is, that we are now tolerably well disabused of those notions respecting Chinese wisdom and perfection which the interested representations of the Jesuits had succeeded in creating---and which would have been more speedily dissipated, had the policy of the sovereigns of that vast but secluded empire permitted us to become earlier acquainted with its actual state. It is true that our information concerning China is by no means equal to that which we possess respecting other Asiatic nations, more accessible to observation and certainly higher in the scale of civilization, but nevertheless our intelligence is sufficient to show that it is scarcely possible that the pretensions of any people should be more ridiculously overrated than those of this vain and unprogressing nation. Every book on China repeats the same report of the semibarbarous state of a country which was once regarded as the abode of virtue and refinement: and proves that they are still advanced but little beyond the infancy of a fixed or agricultural society. We should find it difficult to suppose a numerous people, diffused over an extensive territory, connected together by bonds of a ruder description, or more unfavourable to the interests of the nation. Their government is a despotism in its most untempered and revolting form. The whole power of the state is concentrated in the hands of the sovereign, who delegates the subordinate and provincial exercise of his supremacy to agents, dependent only on himself, and always ready to sacrifice their duties to a spirit of the lowest and most debasing mercenariness. To invade by every possible art the property of the subject, and to blind the perception of the prince---such are

the objects which in China, seem to be considered as constituting the essence of good government; and he is the best statesman whose practical skill in fraud and chicanery would in better governed countries infallibly designate him as a worthy candidate for the scaffold. Corruption and the *habît* of mendacity have, in consequence, become important features in the character of a Chinese minister or magistrate; and to such an excess has the latter vice been carried, that the whole people is infected by it, and "the most respectable persons in point of station, wealth, or influence, make no scruple in telling lies." All situations of trust, dignity, or importance, are openly purchased.--- Hear a candid and impartial observer:—

"L'amour des presens a toujours existé en la Chine. Un change de gouverneur de ville coûte plusieurs milliers d'écus, et quelque fois de vingt à trente mille. Un vice-roi, avant d'être en possession de sa place, paie de soixante a deux cent mille francs; il n'y a pas de visiteur (*inspector*) ou de vice-roy qui ne se retire avec deux ou trois millions. J'ai vu moi-même un Hopou de Quanton quitter sa place, après un an de residence, important avec lui un million de piastres, (5,400,000 liv.)"—[*De Guignes, Voyage a Pekin, Tome II. p. 434*]

The intellect of the Chinese appears to have led them on more slowly to improvement than that of almost any other nation. The use of machinery among them is very limited, and the utmost simplicity and even rudeness of construction is observable in all their machines. An intelligent writer informs us, that their naval architecture is wretched, and only superior to their skill in navigation. They keep no reckoning at sea, and have no notion whatever of geographical science. (*Barrow's China*, pp. 37, 38, 48.) The beauty of their pottery is rather the result of an extreme care in selecting the finest portions of the earth employed in its manufacture, than the effect of their skill in the manufacture itself. The brilliancy of the colours may be admired, but can any thing exceed the deformity and total want of taste exhibited in the shape and embellishments of their wares? Is it a sign of a rude or refined state of the arts, the practice so general among Chinese artisans, of performing their work at the residence of the person employing them, and not at their own dwellings?—And with respect to all the arts of taste in general, it seems to be universally admitted that the Chinese are scarcely advanced a step beyond nations notoriously barbarous—their architecture is represented as being utterly destitute of "taste, grandeur, beauty, solidity, or convenience," and the palace of the Emperor appears

to be nothing more than an immense and confused mass of gaudy and inconvenient buildings. (*Barrow*, pp. 101, 350.) A passion for theatrical entertainments is universal with the Chinese, but their dramatic compositions are of the rudest form and texture; and as they are totally ignorant of the arts of design and perspective, the scenery of their theatres, and the whole arrangement of their stage is in admirable keeping with the genius of their playwrights and the talents of their actors.

"That there is a littleness and poverty of genius," says the translator of the *Han-Kiou-Choan* in his preface, "in almost all the works of taste of the Chinese, must be acknowledged by capable judges."

Take the opinion, again, of another intelligent and candid observer, who deserves our thanks for the pains he has given himself to expose the futility of all those exaggerated and romantic ideas concerning the progress made by this half-civilized and arrogant people in the elegant, as well as the useful arts.

"Quoique les Chinois ayent une passion extraordinaire pour tous les ouvrages de peinture, et que leurs temples en soient orné, on ne peut rien voir néanmoins de plus borné et de moins regulier. Ils ne savent point mener les ombres d'un tableau, ni meler ou adoucir les couleurs.—Ils ne sont pas plus heureux dans la sculpture, et ils n'y observent ni ordre ni proportion."

M. Le Gentil. *Nouv. Voyage*, t. 11. p. 111.

"But then the Chinese are such delightful horticulturists—and the taste displayed by their rural artists gives them an indisputable title to be considered as a refined and elegant people."

Their skill in laying out gardens and pleasure-grounds, we willingly admit, but when we recollect in what an early period of civilization this art has been cultivated, and to what perfection it was carried by the ancient Persians, [*Gibbon, Hist. of Dec. and Fall, &c. Vol. IV. p. 173. London Ed. or Vol. III. p. 196, Philad. Ed.*] and the inhabitants of Peru, [*Garcil: de la Vega, Royal Commentaries, part 1. 6. VI. ch. 2.*] we positively require some more striking and exalted evidence than is afforded by this humble attainment, of their proficiency in the arts by which life is dignified and adorned, before we consent to class them among civilized communities, or place them upon the same level even with many of the nations of Asia, whose pretensions, notwithstanding the hyperbolic egotism peculiar to Orientals, are nevertheless modest and rational when compared with those of this proud and paltry people.

And the same results, as to their stand-



ing among the refined nations of the globe, would flow from an analysis of the laws, literature, and manners of the Chinese. Mr. BARROW, indeed, talks of the "*Chinese Press and its—freedom!*" (*Barrow's China*—p. 392.)—What is the meaning of all this? Surely the usual gravity of Lord Macartney's Secretary deserted him when he suffered this jest to escape from his pen; or perhaps his resentment against the Chinese for their unceremonious treatment of the first British Embassy, produced his satirical commendation of "*The Chinese Press*." Now be it known, to all to whom these presents may come, greeting—that because the Chinese carve out words and sentences on wooden blocks, and then stamp them on paper or silk—a process precisely similar to that in use with the printers of chintz and cotton—and this only on particular occasions—such as the announcement in the *Pekin Gazette*, the only paper in the Empire, of the nomination of a new governor of a province, or the disgrace and punishment of the former Viceroy—that it is on this foundation we are, and with apparent seriousness assured, that China has a press!—Could we persuade ourselves, that Mr. Barrow wrote this in sober sadness, or in any than a satirical frame of mind, we should certainly number it among the most deliberate affronts ever offered to the common sense of mankind—but it is impossible, for an instant, that we should view it in any other light than as one of those ingenious and happy strokes of wit which do, now and then, illumine the pages even of Secretaries and Divines. In the name of all that is believable and rational, let us never be again told, even as a pleasantry, of any thing so very absurd and out of nature, as the existence and liberty of the press in China.

One of the surest tests of the refinement of a nation, is to be found in the treatment experienced by the softer sex:—and could the Asiatics be once thoroughly persuaded of the *impolicy* of their conduct and deportment towards their women, we might confidently anticipate a change of character which would raise them several degrees above their present rank in the scale of civilization. As they go on now, they may and deserve to continue for ages circumscribed within the base and narrow limits of mere animalism, shut out from all those sweet and ennobling emotions which depend—not on the indulgence of a groveling sensuality, but on the cultivation of the best and finest qualities of our nature.

"The Haram's languid hours of listless ease,  
"Might well be quit for raptures sweet as these."

But of all the people of Asia, it would be difficult to select one in which the real worth of the feminine character—the mingled softness and fortitude;—the grace—the elegance—of an intellect of which, generally speaking, we know not why the strength and extent should be supposed inferior to those of the masculine sensorium,—"*the mind—the music breathing from the face*" of enlightened loveliness;—the generous delight that thrills the female heart at the glory and happiness of him who has secured its affections;—by the way, this is dangerous ground for reviewers to venture upon, and we find, on looking back about half a league, to the commencement of this sentence, that our rashness must pay the penalty of its inconclusiveness.—In no region—even of Asia—we repeat, is the value and dignity of woman so wretchedly appreciated, as in China—no where—even among Orientals—is the absence of—we will not say refinement, but—*decency* on this important point, so disgustingly evident, as among the Chinese. We have no inclination to enter into details that would only serve to shock our readers, but those who feel curious on the subject, may consult the pages of Barrow, Van Braam, De Guignes, Ellis, &c. always taking for their motto, in this interesting research, the following pithy declaration of the grave and discreet Con-fu-tze:—the philosopher certainly appears to speak from experience—and it is not improbable that the Socrates of China might be meditating on the *energy* of his Xantippe, when he indited this luminous axiom. "*It is very difficult,*" says the sage, "*to govern women and servants; for if you treat them with gentleness and familiarity, they lose all respect; if with rigour, you will have continued disturbance.*"

The history of China is scarcely more inviting than the subjects we have already touched upon, relative to the genius, civilization, and manners of her people. The Chinese have almost always been a conquered nation. At one period the Huns—at another the Tartars—have swayed the sceptre of that vast and feeble realm;—the present dynasty is Mongolian—and it seems to be the fate of China to exist in degrading vassalage beneath the dominion of foreigners. The spirit of her inhabitants is crushed by the rigour and rapacity of the rulers, and the hereditary exercise of trades and professions is fatal to the independence of intellect.

Having now, we conceive, accounted, in some measure, at least, for the little interest excited by China and her inhabitants, we proceed to the examination of Mr. Ellis' book—premising, however, that the length to which we have already extended this article, will allow us to do little more than to give an abstract of its contents.

Disputes between the Chinese authorities of Quan-tchoo-foo, (vulgarly *Canton*,) and the Chiefs of the British Factory, together with the violation of Chinese neutrality, by the seizure, during the late war, of American ships in that port by the Captain of the *Doris*, had engendered an angry spirit, on the part of the Chinese government, productive of serious obstruction to the trade at Quan-tchoo-foo, which the supercargoes were, at length, by the violence of the Viceroy, compelled to suspend altogether. On the representations of the agents to their employers, (the East-India Company,) the expediency of an embassy from the court of London to that of Peking, was suggested—to substantiate or renew the amicable relations between the two countries. The British ministry concurred in the proposition:—the company engaging to defray the costs—and

“Lord Amherst was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary, by the Prince Regent, and I was named secretary of embassy, and furnished with dormant credentials as minister plenipotentiary, to be used only in the event of the death or absence of the Ambassador. My name was also introduced into the instrument of full powers, and it was understood that in case of the absence of Mr. Elphinstone or Sir George Staunton, I was to succeed to the vacancy in the commission.”

The unsatisfactory termination of Lord Macartney's mission, together with the abrupt dismissal of the Russian Ambassador, (Count Golovkin,) in 1805, appeared to render an approximation to the Chinese mode of presentation necessary, in order to secure those important advantages which were expected to result from the present embassy.

“The ceremony, consisting of nine prostrations, though not formerly without example in Europe, was certainly repugnant to individual feeling, and to the practice of modern European courts; at the same time, viewed as an usage belonging to oriental barbarism, it could scarcely be deemed advisable to sacrifice the more important objects of the embassy to any supposed maintenance of dignity, by resisting upon such a point of etiquette, in such a scene. But as this was a question most especially dependent upon the circumstances of the moment, and the disposition of the Chinese court in other respects,

it was left by his Majesty's ministers to the discretion of the Ambassador, aided, as his judgment would be, by the opinion of Mr. Elphinstone and Sir George Staunton.”

And was the British Lion really prepared thus to crouch and bend his lordly neck before the footstool of a barbarian? Was the “*Empress of the Seas*” willing to doff her diadem, cast aside her purple, and then, in the base attitude, and with the trembling humility of a slave, falter forth her prayer for peace and pardon?—This is consistent neither with the freeborn spirit of an Englishman, nor that proud consciousness of his own value as a rational and independent being, which it is the principal function of the British constitution to nurse and foster in his bosom:—But mark the degrading influence of an ultra-commercial spirit,—the abasing effect which an exclusive devotion to traffic produces on minds subjected to its control:—In a native of Muscovy the performance of this wretched ceremony would not have been out of character—the liberal notions which we are told the present ruler of that country is endeavouring to inculcate among his subjects, are, as yet, too new to have taken any root among them,—and so much of their manners and even style of thinking, is modeled after the oriental system of prostration, that to be led into the presence of a foreign despot,—ay—even with a halter round his neck—would scarcely shock the feelings of a man who beholds in his sovereign the uncontroled, uncontrollable master of his fate, and in the presence of whose ancestors his own had been accustomed to touch the earth with their foreheads. Yet Count Golovkin refused this abject submission to the servile forms of the Chinese court, and an *Englishman* was instructed to be not too tenacious of his country's and his own honour upon a point involving such an utter forfeiture of dignity as to be scorned—even by a *Russian*! It is true, as Mr. Ellis saith very demurely in a note, that—

“Prostration was the established usage even of the last age of the Byzantine empire and it was actually complied with by several of the independent princes among the crusaders.”

But surely this is not intended to exonerate a British ministry and Ambassador from the disgrace which we conceive attaches to them for their readiness to perform, and have performed, a ceremony which, in the times alluded to by Mr. Ellis, might be submitted to without much personal degradation, by the rude nations of Europe; which was sanctioned too, in

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some measure, by the universality of its practice, and the habits and prejudices of ages, and which, after all, was performed rather as a mark of respect to the fallen majesty of the Cæsars, than yielded to as a sign of inferiority. But that an Ambassador from a nation maintaining so lofty a rank as Britain should be willing to fall down on the earth before an oriental despot, is something so revolting to all our notions even of mere *respectability*, that we think no advantages likely to accrue from so base a compliance, could, for an instant, be considered as balancing the attending disgrace.

Three vessels---the *Alceste*, the *Lyra*, and the General Hewitt; the first a ship of the line, having on board the Ambassador and suite, the second a brig, and the third a ship, belonging to the East India Company, conveying the more bulky articles of the stores and presents,---were employed to transport the Embassy\* to its destination. They sailed from England the 8th February, 1816, and on the 9th July following anchored in the port of Quang-tchoo-foo. About a month was consumed at this place in disputes as to the reception of the Embassy, and the mode of presentation. During this period, Lord Amherst seems to have been convinced of the impolicy of submitting to the ceremony of prostration, and his determination on this point, after the refusal of the Mandarins deputed to confer with him to perform the same mark of reverence to the portrait of the Prince-Regent, was commu-

nicated to the latter, his Lordship, at the same time, declaring his wish to evince his veneration for the Emperor by every testimony of respect not inconsistent with the dignity of his own sovereign.--- This part of the affair we shall take the liberty of cutting short at once; of all tedious and frivolous things, *ceremony*, we think, is the most frivolous and tedious. The business of the Embassy may be despatched in ten words. Notwithstanding his refusal to comply with the Tartar forms, the British Embassy was permitted to disembark, and barges were provided to convey his Lordship and suite up the River Pei-ho to Peking. Repeated and not unfrequently rude were the attempts made by the Chinese officers to procure the Ambassador's unqualified consent to the ceremonial---but in vain. If a Chinese of equal rank with himself would perform it before the portrait of his Britannic Majesty, or the Regent, he was not unwilling to comply---or if the "*Son of Heaven*" would issue a public edict, rendering it imperative upon any Ambassador that might be hereafter sent from the "*Celestial Empire*" to England to perform the "*Kotou*" before the British sovereign, he would not hesitate to conform with the Chinese custom---otherwise he must continue to withhold his compliance.

This accommodating spirit, however, was little calculated to make the desired impression on Chinese arrogance. Yet the inflexible resolution of Lord Amherst seemed at length to have had a salutary effect, and it was insinuated to him that the Emperor would be contented with his paying to the Imperial Presence only such tokens of reverence as he would show to the greatest of European monarchs. Notwithstanding this apparent yielding, the government of China was secretly resolved not to abate an *iota* of its extravagant claims. It was hoped that in the course of the journey to court, the Ambassador might be seduced into compliance, and things went on tolerably well till the Embassy reached the suburbs of Peking, where another attempt was made to persuade his Lordship to comply with the original wishes of the Emperor; upon his refusal, the conductors appeared to give up the point, and Lord Amherst and his suite were conveyed in the night to Yuen-min-yuen, a palace a few miles to the north of Peking, where the Emperor then resided. The whole party arrived shortly after day-break, but no part of the baggage; yet

\* Right Honourable Lord Amherst, Ambassador Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary, and first member in the commission. Honourable Mr. Amherst, Page to the Ambassador. Sir George Staunton, second member in the commission. Henry Ellis, Esq. third member of the commission. Henry Hayne, Esq. acting Secretary of Embassy, and private Secretary to the Ambassador. F. Hastings Toone, Esq. J. F. Davis, Esq. Thomas Manning, Esq. Rev. Robert Morrison, Chinese Secretaries. Rev. John Griffith, Chaplain. Clark Abel, Esq. Physician to the Ambassador. Dr. Alexander Pearson, Physician to the factory. William Havell, Esq. Artist. Lieut. J. Cooke, Royal Marines, commanding the Ambassador's Guard. Lieut. Charles Somerset, attached to the Guard. Mr. James Marrige, Superintendent of presents, Accountant and Comptroller. Mr. Zachariah Poole, Assistant to Mr. Abel. Dr. James Lyon was also attached to the Embassy, and without salary promised his medical assistance. Mr. Charles Abbot, Mr. W. B. Martin, Midshipmen of the *Alceste*. Servants, Musicians, Guards.



at this early hour, and with an utter disregard to the state of the harassed Ambassador, it was rudely endeavoured to force his Lordship into the Emperor's presence, in the hope that, oppressed with fatigue, and confused by the indecent hurry of the transaction, he might be precipitated into a submission which it was vain to expect from him in moments of tranquillity. His Lordship, however, firmly refused, and pleaded illness and the non-arrival of his credentials, &c. as circumstances which he trusted the Emperor would consider a sufficient apology. His Majesty relinquished his demand, and appeared by the attentions paid to the Ambassador, to continue favourably disposed—but in a few hours the capricious despot underwent a revolution of opinion, quite *à la Chinois*, and in his rage against his Lordship for not instantly obeying his summons, ordered the Embassy to be conveyed back to Quang-tehoo-foo, without granting the expected audience, or listening to the respectful remonstrances of Lord Amherst. During his return, all the marks of deference and distinction which attended his journey to the north were withheld, and every measure adopted that was calculated to impress the people with the idea that the Embassy was dismissed in disgrace.

Of China it is not in our power to say that Mr. Ellis has enabled us to form any new or higher ideas than we previously entertained. During the period generally known by the appellation of the Dark Ages, this unimproving country was probably quite as polished as at the present day, nor, unless some signal revolution in the national character should occur, do we suppose that a lapse of another thousand years will produce any beneficial change in her people or government. She is stationary in every thing—Religion—Laws—Literature—Manners, &c. Mr. Ellis has described what he saw—well;—but then he saw so little, there was so little to see—we except the series of beautiful landscapes which amused the return of the Embassy, and a few towns and temples—and then such an alarming portion of his book is consecrated to the discussion of prostration, and bowing and kneeling, and other equally momentous concerns—that we began to be in some apprehension for our nerves in wading through his complacent lucubrations on those engaging topics. Of the people he has scarcely any thing to tell us—except that in *this* town they seem to be in better case than in *that*, and that the in-

habitants of the south are a little fatter than their fellow slaves of the north:—In the name of common sense, we would ask, who cares about *Chous* and *Chinchaes*, and *Ngan-chatszes*—or takes any interest in mandarins with red buttons—and other gentlemen of the same dignified class, “looking like over-eating cooks or housekeepers,” in buttons of clear blue?—And the trouble he is so good as to take in instructing us in such delectable mysteries as “*Ching-wang-chae*, middle deputed person from the king, *Tso-wang-chae*, left hand deputed person; and *Yew-wang-chae*, right hand deputed person—” has an air of singular kindness about it—and abundantly testifies his anxiety for the improvement of our taste in matters of *bienseance*.

It would be unjust to part with Mr. Ellis without giving him an opportunity to speak for himself. The general style of his book is certainly heavy and roundabout, but his descriptions have occasionally a warmth and animation we could wish to meet with more generally—Take his view of Pekin, on the return from Yuen-min-yuen:—

“We had a good view of the walls of Pekin on our return; like those of Tong-chow, they are built of brick, with a foundation of stone; they are of considerable thickness, the body of them being of mud, so that the masonry may be considered a facing; there is not, however, sufficient strength at the top to allow of guns of large calibre being mounted in the embrasures. At all the gates, and at certain intervals, there are towers of immense height, with four ranges of embrasures, intended for cannon: I saw none actually mounted, but in their stead there were some imitations in wood. Besides the tower, a wooden building of several stories marked the gateways; one of these buildings was highly decorated, the projecting roofs, diminishing in size according to their height, were covered with green and yellow tiles, that had a very brilliant effect under the rays of the sun. A wet ditch skirted the part of the walls round which we were carried. Pekin is situated in a plain; its lofty walls, with their numerous bastions and stupendous towers, certainly give it an imposing appearance, not unworthy the capital of a great empire. On the side near Hai-teen we crossed a large common, wholly uncultivated; a remarkable circumstance so near Pekin. There are large tracts of ground covered with the nelumbium, or water-lily, near the walls, which, from the luxuriant vegetation of this plant, are extremely grateful to the eye. The Tartarean mountains, with their blue and immeasurable summits, are the finest objects in the vicinity of Pekin; to many of the party the streets of Pekin might be the great points of attraction, but to myself a visit to this stupendous range



would be a source of much higher gratification."

The following, we think, is a lively and even vigorous sketch of a scene in the province of Kiang-nan:—

"The morning view at Tee-kiang reminded me very much of the Turkish towns in Asia Minor; like them it stretches some distance up the hills, which commands it. If we had reason to be dissatisfied with the lifeless level of the provinces of Che-lee and Shan-tung, we are amply indemnified by the beautiful variety of the banks of the Yang-tse-kean mountain, hill, valley, stream and woods, which present themselves to the eye under the most picturesque combinations; the climate is delightful, and if mere beauty of scenery could remove ennui, ours would be a pleasant journey: but this only pleases the eye for a moment, and leaves the mind unsatisfied. At the distance of thirty lees we opened the main branch of the river, passing the village of Tsou-shah-chou. The river afterwards wound so much, that its course went nearly round the compass; some of the boats followed a small branch, shortening the distance, but with less water.

"I have often endeavoured to express the impression made by beautiful scenery, and have never been able to satisfy myself; indeed I should be disposed to doubt the possibility of doing so where there are no moral feelings connected with the scene. We have this day been passing through a beautiful country, the lesser features as yesterday, but the general effect heightened by a nearer approach to the more distant mountains, of an elevation and form imposing and varied. It strikes me that the landscape paintings of different nations would form a good criterion of their notions of picturesque scenery, as the artist will probably select those subjects most generally agreeable; thus Chinese paintings represent precipitous hills, with boats sailing near them, trees of the most vivid autumnal tints, under combinations that might seem unnatural to European eyes, which are perfectly correspondent to the banks of the Yang-tse-kean."

We shall close our quotation with the description of Nankin, the ancient seat of government: The concluding reflections harmonise so exactly with the opinion we expressed in the commencement of this article, that we extract it with a feeling of no inconsiderable satisfaction,

"Three gentlemen of the embassy and myself succeeded in passing completely through the uninhabited part of the city of Nankin, and reaching the gateway visible from the Lion hill; our object was to have penetrated through the streets to the Porcelain Tower, apparently distant two miles; to this, however, the soldiers who accompanied us, and who, from the willingness in allowing us to proceed thus far, were entitled to consideration, made so many objections that we desisted, and contented ourselves with pro-

ceeding to a temple on a neighbouring hill, from which we had a very complete view of the city. We observed a triple wall, not however, completely surrounding the city. The gateway which we had just quitted would seem to have belonged to the second wall, that in this place had entirely disappeared. The inhabited part of the city of Nankin is situated towards the angle of the mountains, and even within its precincts contains many gardens. I observed four principal streets intersected at right angles by smaller; through one of the larger a narrow canal flows, crossed at intervals by bridges of a single arch; the streets were not spacious, but had an appearance of unusual cleanliness. Another gateway, and the Porcelain Tower itself, are the only buildings of sufficient height to fix the eye. Our elevated position at the entrance of the temple attracted the notice of the inhabitants, and we perceived a tide of population flowing from the city towards us. We at this moment ascertained that the distance either from the gateway or the temple hill to the streets was scarcely a quarter of a mile, so that if we had at once proceeded to the streets we might have effected our object before the crowd collected; as it was, we were obliged to make all haste in using our eyes before we were overwhelmed. Unfortunately we had not brought a telescope with us, which deprived us of the advantage that we otherwise should have derived from our proximity to the Porcelain Tower.

"This building has been described by so many authors in all languages, that it would be equally useless and unpleasant both to myself and to those who may chance to toil through these pages to make extracts. My own observation only extends thus far, that it is octagonal, of nine stories; of considerable height in proportion to its base, with a ball at the very summit, said to be gold, but probably only gilt, resting immediately upon a pinnacle with several rings round it. The colour is white, and the cornices appear plain. Its Chinese name is Lew-lee Paou-ta or Paoling-tzu, and is said to have occupied nineteen years in building, and to have cost four hundred thousand taels, or eight hundred thousand pounds of money. The date answers to A. D. 1411. I should suppose, judging from Lintsing tower, that the facing is probably white tile, to which the title of porcelain has been given, either by Chinese vanity or European exaggeration. The temple near which we stood is remarkable for two colossal dragons winding round the pillars, mentioned, I believe, by old travellers.

"I was much pleased with the whole scene; the area under our view could not be less than thirty miles, throughout diversified with groves, houses, cultivation, and hills; this expanse might be said to be enclosed within the exterior wall, and formed an irregular polygon. The horizon was bounded by mountains and the waters of the Yang-tse-kiang. Our gratification was not a little

heightened by the thought that we were the first Europeans in their national dresses who had been so near this city for more than a century. The crowd from hundreds was now swelling to thousands, and we were compelled, reluctantly, to abandon the prospect that had just opened of our accomplishing the chief purpose of our excursion. After a fruitless attempt to visit two large temples near our position, to one of which a tower of five stories was attached, we turned our faces homewards, still having great reason to be satisfied with our achievement. The distance from the outer gateway to that standing by itself is four miles, giving six for the distance to the tower, which is situated close to, but outside of the city wall. The architecture of this second gate was the same as that of the other cities we had seen; but it stands so much alone, without the least trace of wall near it, that some doubt may be entertained whether it be not some triumphal monument. The whole space through which we passed from gate to gate was crossed by paved roads; one of which, leading from the outer gate, bore marks of having been a street; it is, however, extremely improbable that the whole area was ever built upon, yet we may readily imagine that it was crowded with villas, and that princes and nobles enjoyed the fine climate of this neighbourhood in luxurious indolence, where at present the peasants at long intervals, working in their small gardens, are the only remains of population. The pavement here, as I have observed elsewhere, remains the record of former greatness.

"In viewing this city, striking from its situation and extent, and important from its having been the capital of an immense empire, I felt most forcibly the deficiency of interest in every thing relating to China, from the whole being unconnected with classical or chivalrous recollections. Here are no temples, once decorated, and still bearing marks of the genius of

Phidias and Praxiteles; no sites of forums once filled with the eloquence of Cicero or Demosthenes; no plains once stained with the sacred blood of patriots and heroes; no, it is antiquity without dignity or veneration, and continuous civilisation without generosity or refinement."

Words more decisively in unison with the sentiments we have expressed on the subject of Chinese vanity, and its total want of foundation, could not, we suppose, be easily selected.—No—there is nothing illustrious lingering round even the unfathomable but irreverend antiquity of China. During the ages through which she has groped along her dull and groveling course, a hundred empires have flourished and decayed---and the prosperity—the fall even—of each has been brightened by the visits of glory;—but where, throughout the revolutions of this debased and arrogant country, shall we look for a trace of those sublime energies of heart or mind which shed an immortal splendour on the last struggles of a perishing people?—No ray of heroism glimmers round her wan and sickly brow; other nations have sprung at once into renown, like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter; but China seems, always, to have been as destitute of the grace and vigour of youth, as now she is deficient in the majesty and venerableness of age.—There she slumbers, like a drowsy and emasculate Mammoth, amid the fragrant airs and balms of Asia—and so will she continue to slumber, till Invasion, from the East or the West shall enter her realms, and with fire and sword, purge away the gross and stagnant humours that clog her distempered frame.

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ART. 6. *Mandeville, A Tale of the Seventeenth Century, in England.* By William Godwin. New-York, W. B. Gilley, and C. Wiley & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 434.

WE have been disappointed in this work. From the author of Caleb Williams, of St. Leon, of Fleetwood, and we may add of the Political Justice, we expected profounder, more consistent and juster views of life and character than are exhibited to us in these volumes.

To illustrate some moral theory and to inculcate some practical lesson, have ever been the ostensible objects of Mr. Godwin's endeavours—and though he may have been, at times, mistaken in his

aim, his motives have never been liable to impeachment. The very source of his errors was akin to virtue. His sense of the wisdom and benevolence of God, and his observation of the misery and perversity of man, led him to seek for the causes of so strange a contradiction. The infinite intelligence and infinite will, he knew to be immutable—it must, therefore, he argued, be the ignorance and aberrations of creatures of limited faculties, but of boundless desires, that had



wrought so 'dire a defeat' of the designs of heaven. He assumed as a postulate, that man, like every other created being, is perfect in his kind—that he is fully fitted for the sphere allotted to him in the scale of existence;—and from his capacities and propensities he inferred the rank he was destined to occupy—a rank congenial with the one, yet proportionate to the other. Having thus established the perfectability of man, he asserted the broad axiom, that whatever obstructs his advances to perfection, must be repugnant to the decrees of the Deity. The chief impediments to this progress, he conceived to be the mounds by which tyranny and superstition had circumvalled the precincts of reason, and in attempting to prostrate these barriers he would have shaken the social edifice to its very base. Mr. Godwin has perceived the fallacy of many of the doctrines which he inculcated in his *Inquiry concerning Political Justice*—and on the other hand, the world has come to acknowledge the truth of many positions in that admirable essay, the premature promulgation of which drew down upon the author a torrent of obloquy.

But our present concern is not with Mr. Godwin's political speculations; nor have we time to take the survey we had intended of those of his works which have a greater affinity to the production under review, and which are no less characteristic of his genius than his ethical tractates.

In the composition of *Mandeville*, Mr. Godwin has not lost sight of his favourite design—on the contrary he avows it to have been his special object in writing this tale, to educe an important moral inference. He has undertaken to show that the character and destinies of men are, in a great degree, decided by the influence of early impressions; which impressions are derived as well from accidental circumstances as from precept and example.

*Mandeville* is made the narrator of his own history. He was born in Ireland in the year 1638. His father was an officer in the garrison of Charlemont, under Lord Caulfield. In the year 1641, the discontents which had long prevailed in the country, broke out into rebellion. The capture of Charlemont was the concerted signal of insurrection. Sir Phelim O'Neile, a native chieftain, and one of the conspirators, by a base perfidy obtained possession of this fortress, within the walls of which he had been admitted with his train, as a friend and

as a guest of its noble commander. Lord Caulfield and his garrison were marched as prisoners to Kinnard, the seat of Sir Phelim in the county of Tyrone. Here they were for some time treated with humanity and even attention. But Sir Phelim's good fortune was not of long continuance, and his affected magnanimity was not proof against the desire of revenge for mortifying reverses. He wreaked his spite for a repulse before Lisnegarvy upon the captives he had made at Charlemont. Lord Caulfield, his wife and children, and the families of several of his officers, were confined in the same house—the house of O'Neile. All these he devoted to death. The father and mother of *Mandeville* perished in this massacre.

At the time when this atrocity was committed, our hero was little more than three years old. Young as he was, he ever retained a fearful recollection of some of the circumstances of this bloody scene. Of all those who had been marked as victims, he alone escaped.

"My preservation was owing," says he, "to the fidelity and courage of an Irish woman-servant, to whose charge I had been committed. Her mistress and family she could not save; but me she caught in her arms with a resolution that nothing could subdue. 'What have you there?' said one of the murderers; 'that child is an English child.' 'By the Virgin,' replied the woman, 'it is my own flesh and blood; would you go for to confound this dear little jewel, as true a Catholic as ever was born'd, with the carcasses of heretics?' 'Let the child speak,' answered the ruffian, 'he is old enough; who do you belong to?' 'To me! to me!' shrieked the woman in an agony of terror. 'Speak!' repeated the assassin, and lifted over me the instrument of death. I hid my face in my nurse's bosom. I did not comprehend the meaning of the question, but I felt that the faithful creature who embraced me, was my protector. 'To Judy,' said I; 'Judy is my mammy.' 'Begone,' said the murderer sternly, drawing back his skein, 'and mix no more with this dunghill of Protestant dogs.'"

"Judith carried me away, with the intention of retiring with me to her native village, and bringing me up as her own child. On any other occasion this might easily have been done, but not now. The insurgents, who had begun, as I have said, with vows of moderation, and a resolution to avoid as much as possible the imbruing their hands in blood, having once overstepped this limit, and dipped their hands in one murder after another, felt that there was no retreat; and avowed their determination not to leave one Briton, man, woman or child, alive in the districts where their power was supreme. Judith was questioned about me again and



again, in different places through which she passed; and all her self-command, fervour, and quick turns of ingenuity, were scarcely sufficient to preserve me from the hostile sword. Convinced but too fully of the imminent dangers that hung over my life, she turned her steps in the direction of Dublin.

"At length, at the town of Kells, it was her fortune to fall in with the reverend Hilkiab Bradford, who had for several preceding years been chaplain to the garrison in which I was born. He immediately knew her. He suspected the meaning of her expedition, and felt that he had some recollection of my own features. Judith showed the sincerest transports of joy in meeting him, and thought that all her troubles would now be at an end. She was however mistaken in her calculations. Hilkiab, who was a man of the utmost integrity and purity of heart, willingly took me under his protection, but insisted on an immediate and irrevocable separation between me and my faithful preserver. The reverend clergyman was imbued with all the prejudices that belong to the most straight-laced of the members of his sacred profession. His continual theme was that the church of Rome was no other than the spiritual Babylon, prophesied of in the book of Revelations; and the text of scripture on which he was ever most prone to descant, was, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not her plagues." He was fully convinced that a Papist was more especially an object of the hatred of the Almighty Creator, than either a Heathen or a Mahometan. And, if such were the sentiments familiar to his youth, and in which he had been too fatally confirmed by the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Treason, and the diabolical crime of the infatuated Ravallac, it may easily be supposed how much strength this opinion gained in him, by the dreadful scenes with which he was at this moment surrounded.

Fearful was the contention between Judith and the reverend Hilkiab, as to the destiny to which I was now to be consigned. The exertions of this uninstructed matron were not less strenuous than those of the woman whose the living child really was, when she pleaded before Solomon. She, who had shielded me again and again from the daggers, already dropping with gore, of her savage countrymen, thought foul scorn to be baffled by an unarmed heretical priest. She had congratulated herself on her success, when she had escaped from the lines of the rebel Irish, into a town that was at this moment filled with English, fugitives and others. But she found herself further from the purpose of her affectionate heart here than before. My life, indeed, was now in safety. In that thought she truly rejoiced. But was it to be endured that she, who had nursed and fed me from her own breast from the hour of my birth, and who had just brought me hither unhurt through a thousand hair-

breadth escapes, should now be thrust out from me with contumely, as one whose touch henceforth would be contamination and pestilence to me? She raved; she entreated. "And was not it myself that saved him? And has not he owed his life to me times without number? And am not I ten times his mother? Jewel, dear, you have no mother; you have no father; suddenly, fearfully, they have been taken from you; there is nobody now in all the world that can do for you but Judy. Mr. Bradford, you cannot be so cruel; you are a priest, though you are not a Roman; I have always thought you a good man. Who shall take care of the poor helpless wretch, if I am put away from him, who am his natural fosterer? You do not mean to be the death of him! Kill me, cut me to pieces, but do not ye, do not ye, be so barbarous as to put me away from him, and leave me alive. My child! my child! my child!"

It will easily be imagined, that I was moved to the utmost degree with the agonies of my nurse, and that I joined my anguish, my tears, my cries, my entreaties, to hers. But this was a portentous moment, in which all human emotions, except within a certain definite limit, were utterly extinguished. Bigotry was lord paramount on every side, and strode along triumphant, unhearing, and cased in triple adamant, over the ruins of every feeling of the heart. Had the contention been only between Judith and the reverend divine who claimed to take me under his protection, without doubt, her more energetic spirit and her more muscular limbs, would have borne off the prize. But in the street of Kells, she was wholly surrounded with British—with creatures who had just, through every degree of hardship and misery, escaped with life, who had each one left behind a husband, a wife, or a child, the prey of this bloody pursuit, and to whom it was agony to see among them, for a moment, a being of the race of their destroyers. The more clamorous the unhappy woman showed herself, the more importunately she forced her entreaties and her shrieks upon their hearing, by so much the more inexorably were they resolved to expel her. Was a woman of this accursed, savage, Irish, Popish brood, to be supposed to have any feelings, or any feelings entitled to the sympathy and favour of a Protestant heart? They repelled her with every degree of contumely; and, when at length she sunk senseless under the protracted contest, they flung her out of the town, like some loathsome load of contamination, too pestilential for wholesome British senses to endure."

By his reverend protector Mandeville was conveyed to England, and consigned to the care of his paternal uncle.

"I resided constantly under the roof of this uncle for the next following eight or nine years of my life; and it is therefore necessary that I should here describe the most remarkable features of this residence. I did

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not immediately see and feel these particulars in such a manner as to have enabled me to describe them, if I had been early removed from the observation of them: but they insensibly incorporated themselves as it were with the substance of my mind; and my character, such as it was afterwards displayed, owed much of its peculiarity to the impressions I here received."

He proceeds to describe his uncle's habitation and the surrounding country. The mansion was old, spacious, sea-girt, sea-beaten, and dilapidated. Only one wing of it was tenanted by human beings,—the rest of the edifice being abandoned to owls and bitterns. The court yard was overgrown with rank grass, intermingled with alder trees, nettles and briars. But to give any adequate idea of the infelicities of the situation in which our hero found himself when his dawning faculties began to develop themselves, and when he first took cognizance of his condition, we must have recourse to his own description of it.

"The dwelling which I have thus described was surrounded on three sides by the sea; it was only by the north-west that I could reach what I may call my native country. The whole situation was eminently insalubrious. Though the rock on which our habitation was placed was, for the most part, of a perpendicular acclivity, yet we had to the west a long bank of sand, and in different directions various portions of bog and marshy ground, sending up an endless succession of vapours, I had almost said steams, whose effect holds unmitigated war with healthful animal life. The tide also threw up vast quantities of sargassos and weeds, the corruption of which was supposed to contribute eminently to the same effect. For a great part of the year we were further involved in thick fogs and mists, to such a degree as often to render the use of candles necessary even at noonday.

"The open country, which, as I have said, lay to the north-west of us, consisted for the most part of an immense extent of barren heath, the surface of which was broken and enequal, and was scarcely intersected with here and there the track of a rough, sandy, and incommodious road. Its only variety was produced by long stripes of grass of an unequal breadth, mingled with the sand of the soil, and occasionally adorned with the plant called heath, and with fern. A tree was hardly to be found for miles. Such was the character of the firm ground, which of course a wanderer like myself, avoiding as carefully as might be a deviation into quaggy and treacherous paths, selected for his rambles. The hut of the labourer was rarely to be found; the chief sign of animal life was a few scattered flocks of sheep, with each of them its shepherd's boy and his dog; and the nearest market town was at a distance of seventeen miles. Over

this heath, as I grew a little older, I delighted to extend my peregrinations; and though the atmosphere was for the greater part of the year thick, hazy and depressing, yet the desolateness of the scene, the wideness of its extent, and even the monotonous uniformity of its character, favourable to meditation and endless reverie, did not fail to be the source to me of many cherished and darling sensations."

But all this external dreariness and inhospitality was but faintly typical of the interior desolation. Audley Mandeville, the unenviable occupant and master of this forlorn domain, was the lineal representative of an honourable and opulent family, and proprietor of four or five magnificent and delightful seats in different counties of England. But he found, in this lonely ruin, and the sterile waste which girdled it, a seclusion and a scenery, which corresponded with the solitude and devastation of his own soul.

Audley Mandeville from the hour of his birth was the object of his father's persecution. He came into the world before his time, and was only reared by the tender solicitude of his mother. In every respect he was his father's counterpart, and the very reverse of his wishes. In body Audley was delicate, in mind elegant, in his feelings sensitive, and fastidious in his taste. His father, who had twice circumnavigated the globe with Sir Francis Drake, was a Hercules in stature and in strength, a sailor in his manners, physically inured to hardships, and mentally impassible. Incapable of estimating intellectual endowments, he looked with contempt upon his puny progeny. This sentiment, which he evinced by every possible indication, he suffered to grow, at last, into absolute and invincible abhorrence.

The unhappy object of this unnatural antipathy shrunk with trepidation and anguish from the presence of so cruel a parent. A complete alienation was thus effected between them.

From paternal tyranny and hatred, Audley found a refuge and a solace in the society of his mother. In this society a female cousin shared. Amelia Montfort was the offspring of a marriage to which her mother's family had never been reconciled. She was, at this time, an orphan, and dependent. Parity of ages and a similarity of tastes rendered her and Audley almost inseparable companions. Proximity is justly regarded as the proximate cause of love. It is not singular that an intimacy such as we have described should have given birth to this passion. The faculty of investing

the beloved object with every imaginable perfection, is common to all true lovers. Audley Mandeville, from the mere circumstance of juxta-position, in the very budding time of life, when the shoots of desire burst forth spontaneously, and the tendrils of the soul strive to attach themselves to the nearest support, had fixed his affections on Amelia Montfort—from that moment, and apparently for that single reason, Amelia Montfort became all the world to him. His fancy endowed her with every charm which could render her amiable in his estimation—in her all his hopes centred—and with hers, in idea, his very being became blended.

A fondness so exclusive could not fail to be remarked. No sooner was the Commodore apprized of Audley's *penchant*, than his pride took fire at the suggestion of such a shocking degradation as would result from his opulent heir's allying himself to a poor relation. He soon called Audley to account for his audacity, in presuming to think for himself in a matter so nearly concerning the dignity of the family, as a matrimonial connexion. To the rough, dictatorial and sarcastic expostulation of his imperious and obdurate father, Audley replied in a harangue which love and romance conspired to embolden. They parted in mutual exasperation. But the Commodore resolved to effect by stratagem what he despaired of accomplishing by force. He framed a pretext for sending Audley to London, and as soon as he had put him *hors de combat*, prepared a plan for disposing of Amelia. By entreaty and deceit he inveigled this innocent, passive, generous girl, into wedlock with a led captain belonging to his household—who was himself deluded by similar practices to become a party to a plot which he would have detested. The scheme was consummated—and the event duly announced to Audley by his father's agent in London.

A communication so incredible, so dreadful, plunged Audley into a state of stupefaction. When he recovered his faculties, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and stopped not till he reached Mandeville House. He rushed into the hall—he marked no salutations—he asked only for Amelia. No one answered his inquiries—he penetrated into her apartment—it was vacant, and it was evident that it had not been recently occupied. He called for his father, but the intrepid commodore dared not to approach him.

Audley's feelings now overpowered his frame; he sunk under the weight of his

misery. In the night he was seized with a fever, and in the morning he was raving with delirium. In his madness he cried out for his Amelia—to all that was told him by his attendants in regard to her, he paid no heed. He fancied her in the hands of ruffians, who had torn her from his embrace.

"The Commodore was inexpressibly astonished with the incredulity of his son, and thought it became him to put an end to it.—For this purpose he caused a letter to be written by Amelia herself, announcing the event. Its contents were as follow:

"Audley, I am married. It is for your sake I have done this. Nothing but the consideration of your welfare, could have prevailed with me. If I had not complied, your ruin would have been inevitable. I have removed the only obstacle that could turn you aside from that career of honour and virtue, for which nature designed you. Do not be angry with me. The act by which I have sealed our separation, was not the act of infidelity or indifference. Forgive it! But, above all, be happy, my love! Be happy!"

"This letter was speedily conveyed to the young man's hands; and it effected in him an entire revolution. He gazed upon it earnestly. He studied it intently, as if his whole soul were riveted upon its contents. In the hand-writing he could not be mistaken. His knowledge of it was as intimate, as his acquaintance with the features and voice of the writer. It was that evidence, which alone could convince him of the reality of his calamity.

"All his agitation was now past. No more of violence, or raving, or impatience, was ever again discovered in Audley. The tears at first rolled in streams down his cheeks; but not a muscle of his face was moved. He remained the statue of despair. No smile from that day ever lighted his countenance; no accident ever raised up his head, or prompted him to look upon the heavens, or with a direct view to behold the sun or the stars. Narrow as had been the scene of his education, in this one event he had lost every thing. The society of Amelia, the being for ever united to her, was the only boon in the globe of the living world that he had ever desired. And now all things were the same to him,—except that he had a preference for looking on desolation. All within him was a blank; and he was best pleased, or rather least chagrined, when all without was a blank too. There never perhaps was an example of a human being so completely destroyed at once. He was the shadow of a man only."

The Commodore did not long survive the completion of his work.

"Amelia died in childbed of her first child, and the infant did not survive her. Thus every thing was wound up with Audley at once. He was left uncontrolled, the master of himself and of an ample fortune, with no

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other disadvantage, than that he totally wanted the spirit to enjoy the one, or to use the other. This was the state of mind in my unfortunate kinsman, which solves the riddle that occurred, and shows why, being the lineal representative of an opulent family, and proprietor of four or five splendid and delicious mansions in different counties of England, he was induced to choose the most uninviting of them all, and to live in it in so obscure and unlordly a style."

Audley had always shown as much affection as it was consistent with his nature to exhibit towards his younger brother, the father of our hero, and he now received the Rev. Mr. Bradford and his charge with kindness. He moreover retained that gentleman as tutor for his nephew, and assigned him apartments in his house.

Under the nurture of this silent and sullen misanthrope, and under the admonition of the fanatical Hilkiah, in a secluded fastness amidst the stagnation of nature, Mandeville formed his first conceptions of humanity, of religion, and of the material world. We should, however, give but an imperfect idea of the process by which the character of Mandeville was fashioned, were we to keep in the back ground so important an agent in the operation as the Rev. Mr. Bradford.

"It is now necessary that I should introduce my reader to a more intimate acquaintance with the reverend Hilkiah Bradford, the instructor of my youth. His figure was tall and emaciated; his complexion was a yellowish brown, without the least tincture of vermillion, and was furrowed with the cares of study, and the still more earnest cares of devotion; his clothes were of the cut that was worn about forty years before; and his head was always decorated with a small velvet skull cap, which set close to the shape, and beyond which the hair, though itself kept short, protruded above, below, and all around. His gait was saintly and solemn. He conformed himself not at all to the celebrated maxim of Plato, of "sacrificing to the Graces." He went on directly to the great end of his calling, his duty to his Heavenly Father, without ever condescending to think how his manner might impress, favourably or unfavourably, his fellow mortals, mere "earth and worms." He was, as I find it expressed by an eminent historian,\* speaking of an individual who seems to have had a striking resemblance to my tutor, "a person cynical and hirsute, shiftless in the world, yet absolutely free from covetousness, and I dare say from pride." Like that person also, he seemed to have a peculiar voca-

tion for, and delight in, the instruction of youth. In this occupation he laid aside that bluntness that accompanied him upon other occasions; and if he was not critically persuasive, yet there was something so unequivocally zealous and affectionate in his manner, as answered all the purposes of persuasion.

"He was familiarly conversant with the Greek and Latin languages, and with poetry; yet he did not disdain to commence with me, in the first rudiments of infant learning, and gradually and gently led me on, from the knowledge of the alphabet, and the union of two letters in a syllable, to an acquaintance with many of the sweetest and the sublimest monuments of ancient lore. In these respects I found myself most fortunate under his guidance—yet I must own, that he did not receive exactly the same sensations from Ovid and Virgil, that I did. He had a clear apprehension of their grammatical construction; but he was not electrified, as I often was, with their beauties. The parts in which he most seemed to delight, were those, in which these poets bore the most resemblance to certain passages of sacred writ; so that, as Mr. Bradford persuaded himself to believe, they must have had some undiscovered access to the fountains of inspired wisdom.—He found the Mosaic account of the creation, in the commencement of the *Metamorphoses*, and the universal deluge in Deucalion's flood. But, above all, he was struck with the profoundest admiration, in reading the *Pollio* of Virgil; he saw in it clearly a translation of the inspired raptures of the prophet Isaiah, foretelling the coming of the Messiah; and he exclaimed as he went on with a delight, a thousand times repeated, and never to be controlled, "Almost thou persuadest me that thou art a Christian!"

"The gloominess of my character might have made me an unpleasing or unpromising pupil to many instructors, but not so to the reverend Hilkiah. In the premature gravity of my features, he read a vocation to the crown of martyrdom, if such should be the fortune of the Protestant church in our time, as to demand of its faithful adherents the sealing their sincerity with their blood: and, as my tutor regarded light laughter, and merriment, and the frolics of youth, as indications of the sons of Belial and heirs of destruction, he hailed with proportionable delight my inflexible seriousness, as the token of a happier destination. Nor did I fail to entertain a regard for my preceptor, fully correspondent to that by which he was animated towards me. I saw the singleness and simplicity of his heart; I felt his entire innocence of those tricks, and that hollow and hypocritical personation of an assumed part, which, with young persons of any discernment, so early introduces an opposition of interests and a trial of skill, between the master and scholar, which shall prove himself the most successful deceiver. My preceptor never treated me like a child; he considered me as a joint candidate with himself,

\* Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. II. col. 671.

for the approbation of the Almighty in a future state ; and this habit of thinking is calculated, probably, beyond any other, (when sincerely cultivated,) to level all distinctions between the rich and the poor, the young and the old, and to introduce a practical equality among the individuals of the human race.

" This just and upright man had all his passions subdued under the control of his understanding : there was but one subject, that, whenever it occurred, inflamed his blood and made his eyes sparkle with primitive and apostolic fury ; and that was, the corruption of evangelical truth, and the grand apostacy foretold to us in the Scriptures. In a word, the spring, and main movement of his religious zeal, lay in this proposition ; " that the Pope is Antichrist." I was well prepared to be a ready hearer of this doctrine : for, had not my father and my mother fallen untimely victims under the daggers of Irish Catholics ? He was, if I may so express myself, the more like one possessed, in speaking on this topic, for he claimed to be collaterally descended from John Bradford, the famous martyr in the reign of Queen Mary—a man who, in the flower of his life, defied all the torments of fire, for the sake of Jesus, and who scorned to purchase the clemency of his persecutors, by an engagement, in the smallest degree, to remit his exertions to convert his fellow creatures from the errors of Popery."

Mr. Bradford took especial care to fill the soul of his pupil with a holy abhorrence of all the abominations of the church of Rome, the enormity of which he daily set forth. On this oracle Mandeville fixed his faith. With his uncle his only intercourse was a formal visit on a Sunday, in which perhaps not a word was interchanged.

Mandeville had a sister ; and after he had been nearly eight years under his uncle's roof, this sister came to spend a few days beneath it. She was one year younger than Mandeville,—and when compared with the inmates of the mansion, with whom he had been so long almost exclusively conversant, might well appear to him, without possessing preternatural endowments, a being of another world. He could hardly refrain from adoring her—she became to him, almost what Amelia had been to Audley. He had neither father, nor mother, nor brother—Henrietta supplied to him the place of all.

But Henrietta soon returned to the friends by whom she had been protected and reared—and shortly after Mr. Bradford sickened and died. Audley Mandeville now summoned energy enough to send his nephew to Winchester school. On his journey thither, our hero paid a

visit to his sister, and became more indissolubly united to her.

At Winchester, in the year 1650, when Mandeville was entered there, party ran high. The boys were generally royalists. Among his school-fellows Mandeville soon marked one as pre-eminent in general consideration. The name of this youth, who combined every advantage of person, with every excellence of mind and heart, was Clifford. At first, Mandeville was content to admire him with the rest,—but Mandeville had none of those talents himself by which Clifford won the esteem and good-will of his companions ; and he soon began to underrate accomplishments which he could not attain, and to repine at a reputation which he could not rival. There was also in the school, a boy by the name of Mallison, of some wit and of infinite malice, who affected to be a partisan of Clifford's. Clifford was descended from a noble but impoverished family, and cherished and avowed the utmost contempt for riches. What is more singular, he had the address to render the doctrine popular, that wealth is a disgrace, as the arts by which it is acquired are mean. A position of this kind was particularly annoying to the heir of the house of Mandeville. At any rate, from various causes Mandeville came to hate Clifford with a cordial hatred. He felt his superiority, he felt bound to act in some degree in reference to his estimate of his actions,—he felt in short, that the presence or even the idea of Clifford, was a source of inexpressible uneasiness and mortification to him.—There was yet another lad whom we must bring forward—his name was Waller. His father Sir William was a famous parliamentary general. To Waller, Mandeville attached himself, because he was in every respect the reverse of Clifford. Deformed and disgusting in his person, his person was still an index of his mind. Waller had in his possession a set of caricatures of King Charles and his adherents, which he left in Mandeville's room—it was found by Mallison. Mandeville and Waller were both arraigned before the prefects of the school, a puerile tribunal, to answer to a charge of the *crimen læsæ majestatis*. Waller, who was first interrogated, acknowledged that he had seen the offensive prints, but alleged that Mandeville had exhibited them to him. Mandeville, in the haughtiness of conscious truth, simply answered, that the book was not his, and that he had never seen it. The judges inclined to believe Waller. The accused were ordered to



withdraw. When together in private, Waller threw himself on Mandeville's generosity to forgive his prevarication, and by glozing words, actually prevailed on him, tacitly to father the falsehood which he had uttered. Mandeville was disgraced, and was indignant at it. He fell into a fever and recovered—and was more enraged with Clifford than ever, because he was less pleased with himself.

From Winchester Mandeville went to Oxford. Here he became acquainted with a distant relation of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. For him he conceived a partiality founded principally upon his bodily infirmities, which in a little while terminated his life. Mandeville sedulously attended him in his extreme illness, and in the course of this attention became acquainted with Sir Anthony. The body of the deceased was removed to Sir Anthony's seat at Winbourne, whither Mandeville escorted it. During his sojourn here, he was commissioned by Sir Anthony to communicate with Col. John Penruddock, in regard to a project of deposing the Protector and setting up the King. On this mission, with proper credentials, Mandeville set out. He was received by Col. Penruddock in the most flattering manner, and was entered as a volunteer in his corps. Sir Anthony had recommended him as a fit person for confidential secretary to the commander in chief, Sir Joseph Wagstaff, and Col. Penruddock sanctioned the expectation that the recommendation would be effectual; but Sir Joseph had not the same faith in the loyalty of Sir Anthony, and he conceived his present overture a contrivance to fathom his counsels. He, therefore, on the proposition's coming before him, replied, that he had already provided himself with a Secretary. The person on whom his choice had fallen, proved to be Clifford. A rencontre so unexpected, and a triumph so signal, although without competition, pierced Mandeville to his heart's core. Full of present rage and shame, and reckless of consequences, he abruptly left the camp and returned to Oxford.

An adventure which had resulted in so acute a disappointment, he did not divulge. He now contracted an intimacy with a young man of the name of Lisle, who on a minor scale was as much of a misanthropist as himself. One day in passing through the street he chanced to catch a glimpse of Mallison. From this malevolent jester he instinctively recoiled.

He turned a corner, and endeavoured to shut him out of his mind as effectually as he had excluded him from his sight. This meeting, however casual, was attended with memorable consequences to Mandeville. In a few days he observed the demeanour of all his acquaintances changed towards him. Even Lisle avoided him;—from Lisle he felt entitled to demand an explanation. He received it: It was reported that he had been sent to Sir Joseph Wagstaff with a recommendation from Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, and would probably have been appointed his secretary, had not Clifford happily come forward, related the story of the pictures, and proved his disloyalty—that after this exposure he had precipitately *deserted* the troop in which he had enlisted, and secretly withdrawn himself from the cause which he had feigned to espouse.

The unmollified recapitulation of a story in which truth and falsehood were so intricately interwoven, and which was calculated to affix so indelible a stigma on his honour, once more drove Mandeville mad. He sallied forth from his college, and the next morning was found by a woodman, in a pit, in the forest of Shotover. He was conveyed to a receptacle of lunatics at Cowley. His name being ascertained from papers found upon him, his friends were made acquainted with his situation. In this place, and in a state of perfect derangement, he remained for several weeks. But Henrietta attended him, and her presence at last called him to recollection. During his convalescence this beloved sister continued to cheer and sustain him, and became more than ever the object of his idolatry. It was not thought necessary to inform his uncle of his illness.

When he was sufficiently reinstated in health, he accompanied Henrietta to Beau lieu, and renewed his intercourse with the family of Lord Montagu. It was, by degrees, disclosed to him that Clifford, the Clifford whom he had resolved for ever to abhor, was the lover, the favoured, the accepted lover of Henrietta. He received this intelligence with the spirit of a man—he even made an effort to meet Clifford with composure. They met—but the indomitable spirit of Mandeville again rebelled. He revolted from an incipient intelligence, which he found he could never reciprocate. He made a precipitate retreat, and immured himself, for three weeks, at a farm-house in Franklin. In this time he became discontented with himself, and with his situ-

ation, and returned to Beaulieu. He saw Henrietta again, but nothing was said of Clifford.

At this time, Mandeville received a summons to the house of his uncle. A pettifogging, overreaching attorney, named Holloway, by an audacious procedure, had thrust himself into the company, and, in a measure, into the confidence of Audley Mandeville. The letter to our hero was from the steward. He immediately fulfilled its suggestions. On his arrival at Mandeville Hall, he found Mr. Holloway already assuming the air of a master—but Audley was in an extreme condition, and rather than interrupt the tranquillity of his last hours, our hero acquiesced in a testamentary disposition of his property, by which Holloway was left residuary legatee, and guardian of his sister. Henrietta was not permitted to marry without Holloway's consent.

Mandeville now took up his residence with a Derbyshire farmer. During his continuance in this abode, he had the pleasure of learning that Clifford had become a papist. It was a source of ineffable satisfaction, that his rival had turned apostate. Mallison was the nephew of Holloway, and by his arts became, in despite of prepossessions, the confident of Mandeville. Mallison had even the presumption to aspire to the hand of Henrietta, and Mandeville, though he did not directly abet, stupidly promoted the opportunities of his audacity.

After many a vicissitude and struggle, the fates of Clifford and Henrietta seemed about to be united; such, however, was Mandeville's abhorrence of this match, that he was willing to sacrifice every prospect he had in life to defeat the connexion. Henrietta was, for a moment, weak enough to be willing to give up all her hopes of happiness, to realize the chimeras of a maniac. But the extravagance of his anticipations no abandonment could equal.

The friends of Henrietta and of Clifford now counselled their union. Through Holloway and Mallison, Mandeville was informed of the resolution which had been adopted. He determined to render this resolution abortive. He hired a set of desperados to assist him, and waylaid his sister on a ride to Sir Thomas Fanshaw's, in a carriage of Lord Montagu's, and in company with his daughters. Clifford and the sons of Lord Montagu, who had just parted from these ladies, came to their rescue. In the battle which ensued, Mandeville received a cut from Clifford "full across (his) eye and left

cheek." In the very onset Clifford had announced himself as Henrietta's husband. The marriage had taken place. This annunciation for ever rung in Mandeville's ear,—and on the scar which he had received in this conflict, he unceasingly glowered.

Here breaks off the narration. We regret that our limits have not permitted us to enter more fully into the details of a life, the events of which are supposed to be sufficient to produce a character like Mandeville's, as far as those details are furnished to us. We regret still more that the story is left incomplete and unsatisfactory. No clue is offered to assist us in conjecturing how Mandeville was induced so faithfully to rehearse a history in which he figures to so little advantage himself, and which, from the ill humour that he manifests, to the very last, towards the world, he can hardly be suspected of intending to convert to the benefit of others. We cannot believe any other than a penitent mind capable of viewing with irretorted eye the perspective of its experience, of reflecting with unflattering fidelity the picture of its vices and its weaknesses; and deeply must that soul have been imbued with divine grace, profoundly penetrated with shame and with humility, that could unequivocally confess, even to itself, such 'damning truths' as Mandeville has babbled without reserve in the public ear. And yet Mandeville parts from us not only without intimating repentance for crimes which he affects not to palliate, but confirming himself in obduracy.

That such a character as Mandeville's might exist, we do not deny—but that one possessing such a character should draw his own portrait, at full length, for vulgar gaze, is impossible. The pride, the overweening pride and exaggerated self-estimation of Mandeville must effectually have restrained him from divulging the inmost secrets of his breast, to those whom he deemed unworthy of his converse on occasions the most indifferent. A great mind hoards its griefs—a wounded spirit scorns sympathy—true 'bitterness of soul' does not

—Unpack itself with oaths,  
And fall to cursing like a very drab.

Whether the circumstances of Mandeville's lot were calculated to produce a character of that extraordinary and peculiar cast which is imputed to him, is questionable. The effect of external pressure upon mind, as upon matter, is to create a resistance in the direction of that pres-



sure—this resistance may indeed be overcome, but it requires not only violence, but perseverance, to destroy the elasticity either of body or of spirit. Powerful as were the influences exerted upon Mandeville's disposition by the associations of his boyhood—the unvindictive moroseness of his uncle, the stern kindnesses of Hilkiah, and the libellous landscape that environed their cheerless abode,—they seem not to have been of sufficient endurance to rupture the fibre, and destroy the recoil of his nature. His early removal to Winchester school broke the spell which was fastening upon him. Inadequate causes are assigned for subsequent effects,—his antipathy to Clifford, if not unnatural in its origin, was preposterous in its extent; his attachments were still more absurd and unaccountable than his dislikes; his conduct in the case of Waller was so contemptible as almost to eradicate all our regard for him; in his mission from Sir Anthony Cooper he acted like a dunce—his exactions from Henrietta were unreasonable and cruel—his surrender of himself to Halloway and Mallison was most mean and unmanly—his conspiracy against his sister's happiness was detestable, devilish.

Mr. Godwin, we presume, intended to hold up Mandeville as an example to deter from the indulgence of a morbid sensibility, by showing its folly and the misery which results from it. Every man of acute feeling gives way, at times, to such sombre imaginations as were perpetually haunting Mandeville. Each one of us is disposed, in his fits of gloom or of *ennui*, to regard himself as born under a singularly unfavourable conjunction of the stars; he sees or fancies something peculiarly malignant in his fate; other men have their adversities, but his transcend them in intenseness of infelicity; it is his hardship ever to have his fairest prospects blasted at the promised moment of fruition, to have his wisest schemes frustrated and his best actions misinterpreted; and, withal, he is so agonizingly susceptible of mental suffering, that what would be only a thumb-screw to another, is the wheel to him! Almost every one in seasons of despondency, whether brought on by disappointment or dyspepsy, conjures up such wretched fancies as these—but none but a hypochondriac habitually entertains them. It is degrading for a man to sink under real calamities, it is pitiful to become a prey to imaginary evils. Audley Mandeville succumbed to a heavy blow—our hero's distresses were but fillips. Audley, had

he possessed common vigour, would have risen from the fall, but he determined to lie where he had been prostrated. One favourite hope was cut off, one avenue to happiness perhaps for ever shut against him; in mere despite he severed himself from the world, and barred up every portal of enjoyment. As well might a deaf man think to avenge himself for the loss of hearing, by depriving himself of sight. But if the conduct of Audley was weak and criminal, what shall we term that of his nephew? Mandeville was the author of his own sufferings. Nature and fortune had been liberal to him of their boons; and though his childhood was not free from sorrows and restraints, his adolescence presented him with a sufficient opportunity of exercising his natural inclinations, and with the means of gratifying his reasonable desires. Under these auspices he elected to be miserable. He commenced Arab and was dealt with as an Arab. The proffered hand of friendship he rejected. That selfishness which was the ruling principle of his life, to which he would have sacrificed the happiness of a sister, and which was destined to prove the bane of his own peace, discovered itself in the school-boy envy which was the source of his indelible animosity towards Clifford. He deserved all the misfortunes which so base a passion entailed on him.

Mandeville was no hero, save in his own estimation. He possessed none of those qualities which win love, or which command respect. If he was remarkable among his fellows, it was only for his infirmities. His continual and vociferous complaints are less indicative of the poignancy of his pains, than of his impatience under infliction. Yet such is his insufferable self-conceit, that he arrogates to himself a superiority over the generality of his species on the very score of his incapacity to undergo the common incidents of human life. This is not an unparalleled assumption, impudent and ridiculous as it may seem. There is many a man ignorant and irreverent enough to attempt to insert himself in the scroll of greatness, not on the ground of his strength, but of his debility—not that he has done and suffered much in a good cause, but that he is utterly unfitted for exertion or endurance under any exigency. To such heroes we can only say—“Prick me Bullcalf, till he roar again.”

As the character of Mandeville is alleged to have received its bent from the condition and concomitants of his childish years, we feel inclined to revert to the



circumstances which attended this ominous period ; and we are sorry that our limits will not allow us to give them a full consideration. In returning to this interesting age, with a view to its pleasures and its vexations, to its difficulties and its means of surmounting them, we are struck with the truth of our author's remark.

"All those persons who have produced practical treatises on the art of education, have been men. The books are always written by those who are the professors of teaching, never by the subjects. Every author indeed was once a boy ; but he seems to abjure the recollection of what he was, when he puts on the manly gown, and to have no consideration and forbearance for that state through which every man has passed, but to which no man shall return."

We are compelled to refrain from tracing the course of discipline to which Mandeville was subjected in his boyish days, and which contributed to such pernicious results. We shall make a single extract in regard to a single particular.—From a part we can sometimes form an idea of a whole. He whose experience has been in any degree analogous to that of Mandeville in the respect we allude to, will be at no loss to comprehend its tenor in every other point ; and his experience must have been very different from ours, who does not recognize in the following relation something that he has felt or thought before.

"One of Hilkiah's whims was, that in order to subdue the carnal pride of an unregenerate nature, it was good for me to be called occasionally to the exercise of those vulgar offices, which in the houses of people of family are ordinarily reserved for menials. Why should not I brush my own clothes, or black my own shoes ? The Saviour of the world condescended to wash his disciples' feet ; and the pope (though this was no recommendation to my preceptor) has his anniversary, when he observes the same ceremony to this day. To the evangelical motives for this discipline, Hilkiah added others drawn from the stores of philosophy. Nothing could be more precarious than the favours of fortune ; and, if I might some day fall into the situation of being obliged to subsist by the exertions of my own industry, why should I not now, in the pliant years of youth, anticipate this necessity ? I was a man, before I was a gentleman ; it was good therefore, that I should not be wholly ignorant of the true condition of man on this sublunary stage, that I should be somewhat acquainted with his plain and genuine state, and not only with the refinements of artificial society. We lived in the midst of the confusions of a civil war ; who could tell at what point all this violence might terminate ? As the presbyterian had subdued the episcopalian, and

the independent the presbyterian, might not the fifth monarchy-man finally get the start of all, and level the proud fortunes of the noble and the gentleman with the dust ? Was it not good to be prepared for these changes ? The most enviable character that could fall to the lot of man, was independence ; this was the goal, however mistakingly pursued, which men aspired to, when they sought after wealth, and "joined house to house, and field to field," with insatiable greediness. But the man of true independence is he that suffices to himself, and stands in no need of another. And this doctrine my preceptor illustrated by the known story of Diogenes, who, when he was told that Menas, his slave, had turned runaway, exclaimed, "Aha ! can Menas do without Diogenes, and cannot Diogenes do without Menas ?"

"It may seem but a childish tale ; but I cannot express with what loathings I was seized, when I was called upon to put in practice this lesson of humility. I remember an occasion when it was necessary to remove some logs of wood from one side of the farm yard, the only creditable and well arranged appendage to our mansion, to another side. This appeared to my preceptor a desirable opportunity for the practical illustration of his lessons. I was yet a mere urchin ; and the task assigned me was considerably apportioned to my strength.—After all, this was certainly an injudicious mode of enforcing moral truth. An accountable and voluntary being cannot be made better, but by enlightening his understanding. Morality has nothing to do, but with actions chosen by their performers. Where there is absolute command on one side, and unconditional submission on the other, a useful result as to external circumstances may be achieved ; but there cannot be a particle of good moral sense implanted by what is thus done under the bare influence of authority.

"No doubt I was a proud creature ; and, as I have already said, I never was a boy. As I did not appear born to feel the hard hand of necessity, I expected to bend only to my own will, and to consult my own judgment, in every thing I did. I understood something of the importance of lessons, and I willingly complied in whatever related to that point. I was desirous of possessing all the advantages of education, and all the information that falls to the lot of an ingenuous youth, destined to fill an honourable station in life. And lessons, a progress to be made in languages or in science, possess all the character of a system of mechanism, and accordingly are as readily submitted to, as the order of our meals, or the putting on of our clothes. It is principally where the caprice of him who has authority shows itself, where the wand of command is exhibited in abrupt nakedness, that the heart of the proud one revolts. Whatever proceeds in unvaried uniformity, or in stated and regular progression, we subscribe to without a murmur. What is thus prescribed, we acknowledge to be intended for our benefit ; and the reason



of the thing having once been known, or supposed to be known, we continue to act upon that reason, without insisting that it should be submitted to an examination perpetually to be repeated. But when Mr. Bradford, no longer seated in the chair of the pedagogue, issued his imperious mandates of Go there, or Do this, whenever what he required related not to my abstract advantage, but to the common usefulness of life, my spirit refused to submit; I felt convinced that I was treated in a manner unbecoming and unjust; and, my neck never having been bowed to the condition of a slave, my whole soul revolted at the usurpation. Hilkiab saw something, but imperfectly, of the state of my mind on these occasions; but, instead of modifying and adapting his proceedings to my tone of feeling, he took the contrary course. He held it for "stuff of the conscience," that he should subdue my refractoriness, and bring down a stubbornness of soul, so opposite, as he imagined, to the temper of a true Christian. Alas, good man, he little understood the tendency and nature of the task he had undertaken! My pride was not perhaps so great, that it would not have yielded to severe calamity, or to ferocious and unmitigated tyranny; I cannot tell. But there was no power that could be exercised by Hilkiab, who was a man substantially of a gentle temper, and under the roof of my nearest relation, that had any chance of rendering him victorious in this contest. I submitted indeed outwardly, for my nature did not prompt me to scenes of violence; but I retained the principle of rebellion entire, shut up in the chamber of my thoughts. If at any time I manifested tardiness, (and how could it be otherwise, when the soul was averse?) this called down from my preceptor a bitterness of remark, or a dryness of irony, that filled my bosom with tumults, and was calculated to make me understand something of the temper of a fiend. Hilkiab, as I have said, felt disposed to multiply his experiments in proportion as he found me restive. And it grieves me to confess, that this ill-contrived and senseless proceeding at length drove me into a rooted aversion of heart from this good man, to whose industry and care, I owed so much, and the purity and zeal of whose intentions entitled him still more to my regard. It was Hilkiab, that first made me acquainted with the unsavouriness of an embittered soul. From time to time he filled all my thoughts with malignity. I can scarcely describe the frame of my temper towards him. I would not have hurt him; but I muttered harsh resentment against him in sounds scarcely articulate; and I came to regard him as my evil genius, poisoning my cup of life, thwarting

my most innocent sallies, watching with jaundiced eye for faults in me which my heart did not recognise, and blasting that sweet complacency, in which a virtuous mind is delighted to plunge itself and to play.

"I know there are rugged and brutal natures, who would interrupt me here, and cry out, that there is an easy remedy for all this. The boy whose thoughts are here described, was too much indulged; an effusion of wholesome severity would soon have dispersed these clouds of the mind, and have caused him to know, that there was nothing but ground for congratulation, where he found so much occasion for complaint. And let these brutal natures go on in the exercise of their favourite discipline! There will always be crosses and opposition, and mortifications enough in the march of human life, from the very principles upon which society is built, and from the impatience our imperfect nature is too apt to conceive, of the imputed untowardness, and absurd judgments, of those that are placed under our control. But let those of happier spirit know, that this imperious discipline is not the wholesome element of the expanding mind, and that the attempt to correct the mistaken judgments of the young by violent and summary dealing, can never be the true method of fostering a generous nature; in a word, that to make the child a forlorn and pitiable slave, can never be the way to make the man worthy of freedom, and capable of drawing the noblest use from it."

Mr. Godwin has given credit to our countryman C. B. Brown for the hint of this novel, which he derived from his *Wieland*. We should never have detected the plagiarism; or, if we had, should never have thought of censuring Mr. Godwin for borrowing a thought from one who had borrowed his style from him. Of the merits of Mr. Brown we hope to find some opportunity to speak at large. He is well entitled to the praise which Mr. Godwin has bestowed, in terming him a man "certainly of distinguished genius."

We have neither leisure nor disposition to point out the verbal errors and grammatical inaccuracies of which Mr. Godwin has been guilty in this performance. He is generally an incorrect, though an eloquent writer. Our juvenile readers must beware that the glitter of his periods, his piquancy of epithet and gorgeousness of expression, do not blind them to his faults.

E.

ART. 7. *Rob Roy*; by the author of "*Waverly*," "*Guy Mannering*," and "*The Antiquary*." New-York. Kirk & Mercein. James Eastburn & Co. Philadelphia. M. Thomas. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 591.

**D**EFERRED expectation has at last been gratified, and we have been permitted to regale ourselves with the perusal of *Rob Roy*. After the time appointed for its appearance had gone by without bringing the promised gratification, with what eager impatience did the city renew her daily inquiries, and how were the doors of the publishers thronged as soon as the anticipated pleasure was known to be lying in boards upon their stalls! What is it in the productions of this writer that has so charmed the world, and that, spreading its influence over every description of readers, has given society a fine impulse, and filled every hand with garlands to heap upon his temples, the moment he shall step forth from the shade that conceals him? We feel, indeed, that a superior nature has descended near us, but, while he remains enveloped in his cloud we shall not know how to choose an appropriate offering, nor with what peculiar rites to testify our homage. When he departs, however, the veil will doubtless dissipate, and we shall catch a glance of his immortal visage, and hear the rattling of his polished quiver.

— — — — — Sic orsus Apollo,  
Mortales medio aspectus sermone reliquit.

Agnovere Deum proceres divinaque tela  
Dardanidæ, pharetramque fugâ sensere sonantem.  
*Virg. Æ. lib. 9th. ver. 656.*

The concealment of an author's name, when sending forth his first production to the world, is an every day occurrence; but when effort, after effort, has been crowned with applause, and the anticipation of yet further offerings from the same hand, is hailed with delight, the continued suppression of the name for which so many honours wait, argues a strength of resolution in resisting the enticement of self-complacency, or a peculiarity in the mode of gratifying it, very rarely to be found. But whether it be that the author of *Waverly* is prone to hoard his praises in secret, or that he is too proud to be flattered, or that, with a self-denial unusual with the prosperous in any undertaking, he would try the experiment how far talent can be rewarded for its own sake—whatever may be his motive for concealment—certain it is that no writer of this, or any former age, has more reason to be satisfied with his reception by the public. His works are so familiar to the reading world, and

their merits have been so often as well as so ably discussed, that an elaborate analysis of them at this time would be superfluous. We shall only, therefore, on this occasion, briefly recount such of their qualities as we conceive to be characteristic, and hasten to the consideration of *Rob Roy*. In the first place, then, we think the productions of this very admirable writer are distinguished from all other works that bear the name of novels, inasmuch as we do not find in them any particular passion, proposed to be unfolded, and on which the story is to hinge, nor any particular system of opinions to be attacked or defended, with a series of incidents invented to illustrate their nature and exhibit their tendencies. Doubtless a variety of passions are brought into exercise, in the course of the several performances, and the practical results of many modes of thinking and many systems of opinion are exhibited, furnishing a variety of instructive lessons in human nature, as well as numerous and accurate tests of divers principles of conduct; but these occur by the way, in the progress of the narrative, and do not constitute the specific objects of the writer in undertaking his task. The works of our author are styled historical novels,—and so are Miss Porter's, for example. But the resemblance is found in little else than the name. For, without considering the immeasurable distance between the talents of the two writers, Miss Porter has uniformly selected a hero and a heroine for her scenes, who are swayed by some master passion or principle, which it is her main design to exalt, and round these prominent personages all the others move in subordinate spheres. All the incidents introduced into her plots are designed to contribute principally to the interest to be excited toward her leading characters; and when their individual fortunes are decided, the scene closes—the chain of events has come to an end—the machine has completely run down. But in the series of works under survey, no hero, strictly speaking, is chosen; the fate of no single individual is proposed as the leading object of the narration, to whose weal or woe every thing that takes place is to be conducive, and who is to be conveyed along on the current of events, and extricated from his difficulties for the express purpose of bringing him to some prede-



terminated and stipulated end. The persons, from whose names these books either derive their titles, or, who are spoken of, in common parlance, as the heroes, are in fact rather spectators than actors, in the technical use of language; they are invented characters, of little or no necessity to the progress of the action, but introduced for the purpose of enabling the writer to relate, with ease and propriety, what was transacted in the region where the scene is laid. So slight is their intrinsic connexion with the scenes into which they are conducted, that the action could as well proceed without them as with them; for, at whatever period either of them might be removed, it would merely be omitting to speak of one, who, when he first made his appearance, only came among a number of people already engaged in an important enterprise. The work was begun, the actors were fervent at their labour, before he arrived, and he mixes with them that he may gratify the feelings excited by the new circumstances in which he finds himself, and relieve that irksomeness which would be the consequence of inactivity in a place where all are busy. No—*Waverly* is not the hero, nor Morton, nor young Osbaldistone, but Scotland. The situation of the country—its manners, customs,—its religious and political opinions,—the fierce contests of its sects and clans, and all the varying accidents of its civil and social condition, form the subjects on which this writer has exercised his fine talents, and around which he has caused the light of his genius to stream. His object is to furnish a supplement to the history of Scotland—and a supplement he has furnished more delightful in the perusal than the general record, and at least as profitable to the reader. If invention has come in, on any occasion, with a number of feigned incidents, it has been for the purpose of giving symmetry to the work, and more fully illustrating the internal, domestic condition of the people. Those incidents, moreover, are all of a kind so level with probability—so near akin in their nature and complexion to the authenticated truth, as to leave the reader without excuse if he fail of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the Caledonian character; and the whole work claims the attentive examination of all who are curious to know how other times and other people differ from their own, or whose business it is to estimate the influence of opinion upon a nation's welfare.

There is an advantage in the perusal of works like "*Waverly*," not found in ordi-

nary history, however ably written. History for the most part relates only the affairs of government—the acts and the policy of the few who bear the rule, and how full soever may be its record of public transactions, and how profound soever may be the sagacity with which it traces the connexion between events affecting the condition of the state; still, it can convey little more than a general idea, leaving the mind occupied with vague impressions of the extent, population, wealth and grandeur of the nation, without giving any definite conceptions of the domestic condition of the families and individuals of which the great community is composed. But in works like "*Waverly*" we see how the public acts affect the private citizen—we learn how the members of the community think and feel and act toward each other and toward their government; in the perusal of them, we insensibly identify ourselves with the people of whom we read—we sympathise with them,—with them we rise against the smiting of the tyrant, or rally round the standard of loyalty and independence—and are enabled accurately to judge of governments by the only useful test, the happiness or misery of the people, not the extent and splendour of the sovereignty. Which of the accounts of our own war of independence is half so well calculated to give the present generation, and posterity, adequate conceptions of the state of things, at that great juncture—of the peculiar character of those "times that tried men's souls"—as would be a narrative constructed on the plan of "*Old Mortality*," one of the "*Tales of my Landlord*?" In such a work, the writer would not give us mere dry details of what befel, in that epoch of grand excitement; but, earnestly contemplating the sublime posture which the American world then exhibited, inhaling the influences of the period, and catching the temper of the people, what warm and breathing pictures would his rapid pencil execute of the actors in that day of decisive conflict! What a gallery would he furnish of the portraits of our American fathers! Unfolding, with impartial fidelity, the grievances of which the colonies complained; and tracing, with a just discernment of the character of the colonists, as well as of their political institutions and civil habits—the effects produced upon the mind of the country, from the beginning of remonstrance to the coming on of the memorable crisis, when the banners of independence were first uplifted and the patriot buckled on his sword, with what

clearness of delineation and power of eloquence would he bring out the grand result! If some one of our native sons—some lineal disciple of that old school of heroes, could be found, equal to such a work, the execution of it would constitute the fairest monument he could erect to his own fame, and the richest legacy he could leave his countrymen.

Another circumstance, by which the works of this admirable writer are distinguished, is a variety, both of matter and manner, almost boundless, and unequalled since the days of Shakspeare. Indeed, in the perusal of no productions, with which we are acquainted, are we so constantly reminded of the great dramatist. There is the same wonderful accuracy of observation evinced by both, in all their notices of the habits of life and modes of thinking, in every social system and every class of society upon which they touch. Both manifest the same surprising facility of identifying themselves with every description of character—of entering into men's bosoms and looking out, as it were, through the medium of the senses and perceptions of others, upon the whole scheme of things, and the varying incidents of life, so as never to forget the situations in which they have placed their personages, but always to maintain, with entire and minute propriety, the consistency of their representations; and though no writers have filled their scenes with such a number and diversity of actors, all strongly drawn and standing out in high relief, they are, at the same time, shaded with so nice a discernment of what is congruous, that each individual is preserved undeviatingly steadfast in his individuality. There is a comprehensiveness, also, in their views of men and things, and an extent in their representations, peculiar to these kindred spirits. With all their variety, there is no confusion; they take for the subject of their pens, not individuals here and there culled from the mass of the community, nor merely a single walk of life, but the whole society—all ranks and professions—a whole nation is arrayed before you, animated by all its jostling interests and warm with action. The ease and freedom of manner, the fullness of knowledge, and the fine enjoyment of the social principle, with which they represent the multifarious pursuits of peace and the comforts and cares of domestic life, are not more conspicuous than the fervour of language and the genuine martial enthusiasm with which they detail the operations of armies, and describe the onset of battle.

The dramatic talents of the author of "Waverley," are, likewise, singularly great. His dialogues are managed with a skill not surpassed by any of the great writers for the stage. The language, which he puts into the mouths of his interlocutors, is adapted, with the nicest perception of fitness, to their various characters, and all along maintains the same admirable consistency that distinguishes their conduct. Nor is it suitable merely to the general character of the actors; while, in this respect, it preserves the strictest propriety, it does not tire the reader with its sameness, but is varied, with happy facility, to suit the change of scene and the difference of occasion. It flows on, like a clear stream, hastening or delaying its current with every alteration of its bed, and visiting, in its continued course, every variety of landscape; now moving with gentle strength through the plains and vallies, reflecting from its glassy surface each bordering object, and now roughening its waters as it pours with noble energy down the declivities. The manner in which the prominent personages in these works are introduced is also in the finest style of dramatic effect; and the precision with which their persons and characters are described—the perfect definiteness of each portraiture—places the individual right before the reader's eyes, with full knowledge of his talents and propensities and principles of action, leaving no painful uncertainty in the mind as to his general conduct, or what may be expected from him in any emergency.

Among the striking beauties of our author, moreover, are his descriptions of natural scenery. So definite and complete are his pictures of this kind, that a landscape painter might fill a port-folio with sketches from his pages; and the man who should travel into Scotland to ascertain the different localities of the narrative, might take them for his guide with almost as much confidence as he would a map.

Our author has been some times charged with deficiency of skill in the construction of his plots. It should be remembered, however, that it was not his object to put forth "cunningly devised fables," filled with artificial and ingenious difficulties and marvellous extrications; his objects are of a far higher kind. He seeks to represent a people as they actually existed, in certain periods of their history; and if he can succeed in making his reader as well acquainted with their condition, character, customs, pursuits,



and manners, as if he had been an eye-witness of every fact recorded, (and he has succeeded in making his reader even better acquainted with all these things than a man of ordinary capacity could become, if left to his own observation,) he cares little about the rules of plot and episode. Shakspeare has been often railed at for the same thing, and most unmercifully reprehended for neglecting the unities, as they are called. But the unities of time and place are idle things, and in regard to unity of action, the charge is for the most part groundless. For ourselves, indeed, although we would not speak scornfully of any thing that has been advocated by erudite men, and corroborated by long time, yet we must say that we would not exchange any one of the fine scenes of Shakspeare, for which, we are indebted to his neglect of narrow rules, nor give up one of the noble excursions of his muse, for a legion of unities;—"It was my turquoise, I would not have parted with it for a wilderness of monkies."

If the author of "Waverly" had undertaken to construct stories of pure invention, with the specific purpose of analysing some particular passion—or of unfolding some particular moral principle, for the regulation of individual conduct—or of tracing, by strong saturation of cause and effect, the miserable consequences of some particular vice, to serve as warning beacons along the paths of private life—then, the charge of unskilful management of his plots might be made with more propriety, and we should feel more inclined to acquiesce in it as just. But it was not his part nor office to devise a series of incidents, and make them conclude in a well-adapted catastrophe of his own contrivance, exhibiting the consequences of every instance of good or ill conduct set forth in the narrative. His business was to give a faithful transcript of what he had seen, or read of, in the character and history of the people and country which he selected for his subject. He was obliged to speak of things as he found them, and if there does appear to be any incongruities among them, it is the fault, not of the author, but of contrariant influences acting upon the persons and events of which he treats. He could not warp recorded truth to suit the requirements of captious rules, but, taking his station on the margin of the great current of events that swept over Scotland, during the periods to which his narrative refers, he has described all that he saw, as it was born past him by the mighty lapse.

In making our remarks we have chief-

ly had in view "Waverly," "The Tales of my Landlord," (for we cannot but believe that works so much alike in all their distinguishing traits, must have been written by the same hand, notwithstanding the implied negation of this supposition in the preface to Rob Roy,) and "Rob Roy;" though, if some qualification be made on account of the nominal subjects, and heroes of the stories, they will apply in all other respects to "Guy Mannering," and "The Antiquary."

In regard to "Rob Roy," the celebrated outlaw of that name gives title to the work, and is the principal actor in the story, though young Francis Osbaldistone appears to be the hero, according to the common mode of estimating a technical hero; inasmuch as all that is done, though he achieves but little of it comparatively, is made to operate upon his fortunes as the individual in whose ultimate fate we are to be chiefly interested.

The story is related by Osbaldistone in person, after he has arrived at an advanced age, to Will Tresham, who, though considerably younger than himself, was the friend and companion of the latter part of his life.

Osbaldistone, the narrator, is the son of an eminent merchant of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, and Will Tresham is the son of the other partner of the house. The narrative commences with the return of young Osbaldistone, at the age of 20 years, to London from Bordeaux, where he had been living in the counting-house of a wealthy correspondent of the firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham, by the name of Dubourg, for the purpose of being initiated into all the arcanæ of trade and commercial negotiation, in order that he might be prepared to enter as a partner into the house in London. But it seems that the young gentleman had but little inclination to engage in the toils and cares of commerce; and having written to his father an elaborate letter for the purpose of softening the refusal of his father's proposal to become a partner with him in trade, which he determined to give and persevere in, he received a summons from his father to hasten home. Upon his arrival the proposal was renewed and again declined, notwithstanding the persuasions of the head-clerk, Mr. Owen, who was strongly attached to "Mr. Frank," and who backed his exhortations by golden accounts of the prosperity of the firm. His father deeply chagrined at his son's conduct, but inflexible in his purposes, determined on dismissing him from his home, and

supplying his place by one of his cousins in Northumberland. Young Osbaldistone, accordingly, in about a month after his arrival from Bourdeaux, sets out from his father's house in London, mounted on horseback, with fifty guineas in his purse, to proceed to Osbaldistone-Hall, in the north of England, the ancient seat of the family, and the actual residence of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, younger brother to the London merchant, and in whose favour, for some breach of filial duty, the father of our hero had himself been disinherited. On his journey he falls in with a traveller, like himself, on horse-back, going into Scotland, and who has on his saddle a portmanteau apparently containing something very valuable, as he constantly manifests the utmost anxiety, not only not to lose sight of it, but not even to permit the servants nor any one else at the various inns on the road so much as to touch it. The ludicrous fears of this man, whose name is Morris, and the skittish manner in which he regards his fellow-traveller, who, in order to beguile the tediousness of the journey, plays upon his timorous nature, are related with much animation, and are also connected with subsequent events of great importance. They continue their ride together a day and a half, and then put up at the sign of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington, and Bishopric of Durham. Here another person is introduced, by the name of Campbell, known as an extensive dealer in cattle, and who afterwards plays a distinguished part in the story. The manner in which he is introduced, and the description given of his appearance and character, are calculated at once to awaken the curiosity of the reader, and make him anxious to meet with him again. It will be recollected that the Osbaldistone family belonged to Northumberland. Their proximity to the confines of England had exposed their persons and possessions to the predatory inroads of the Scottish borderers, and they shared in the hostility that always existed, previous to the union, among the Northumbrians, towards their northern neighbours, and which was abundantly reciprocated on their part. The style in which the father of young Osbaldistone always spoke of the Scotch, was calculated to inspire his son with a strong dislike of their character, which was in no way mitigated by the tales he had heard in his infancy from his old Northumbrian nurse; and between them, they had impressed his youthful mind with "a sincere aversion to the northern inhabitants of Britain, as a people blood-thirsty in

time of war, treacherous during truce, interested, selfish, avaricious, and tricky in the business of peaceful life, and having few good qualities, unless there should be accounted such, a ferocity which resembled courage in martial affairs, and in commerce, a sort of wily craft which supplied the place of wisdom in the ordinary commerce of mankind." It was, then, with strong prejudices against his countrymen generally, that young Osbaldistone first saw Campbell, of whom he gives the following description:—

"There was much about him that coincided with my previous conceptions. He had the hard features and athletic form, said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow pedantic mode of expression, arising from the desire to avoid peculiarities of idiom or dialect. I could also observe the caution and shrewdness of his country in many of the observations which he made, and the answers which he returned. But I was not prepared for an air of easy self-possession and superiority, with which he seemed to predominate over the company into which he was thrown, as it were by accident. His dress was as coarse as it could be, being still decent; and, at a time when great expense was lavished upon the wardrobe, even of the lowest who pretended to the character of gentlemen, this indicated mediocrity of circumstances, if not poverty. His conversation intimated, that he was engaged in the cattle-trade, no very dignified professional pursuit. And yet, under these disadvantages, he seemed, as a matter of course, to treat the rest of the company with the cool and condescending politeness, which implies a real, or imagined superiority over those towards whom it is used. When he gave his opinion on any point, it was with that easy tone of confidence used by those superior to their society in rank or information, as if what he said could not be doubted, and was not to be questioned. Mine host and his Sunday guests, after an effort or two to support their consequence by noise and bold avowment, sunk gradually under the authority of Mr. Campbell, who thus fairly possessed himself of the lead in the conversation. I was tempted, from curiosity, to dispute the ground with him myself, confiding in my knowledge of the world, extended, as it was, by my residence abroad, and in the stores with which a tolerable education had possessed my mind. In the latter respect, he offered no competition, and it was easy to see that his natural powers had never been cultivated by education. But I found him much better acquainted than I was myself with the present state of France, the character of the duke of Orleans, who had just succeeded to the regency of that kingdom, and that of the statesmen by whom he was surrounded; and his shrewd, caustic, and somewhat satirical remarks, were those of a man who had been a close observer of the affairs of that country."

The occasion, on which Osbaldistone



first became acquainted with Campbell, was a Sunday dinner at the inn, given by the host, in compliance with the custom then prevalent in that part of the country, to such guests as happened to be with him on the Sabbath, and for which they made no recompense, except that of paying for a bottle of wine to drink his health when the meal was over.

The next morning after the dinner, the banished son of the rich London merchant, parting with his timid companion, Morris, started alone on his journey for Osbaldistone Manor, the seat of his uncle. About noon he approached the residence of his ancestors. It was situated in a romantic valley running far up among surrounding hills, and as he was descending an eminence, from which he caught a distant view of the home of his fathers, but the place of his exile, his horse was roused by the sound of a horn, and soon a party of huntsmen at a little distance swept by him. He halted his horse to let the chase pass on; and as he sat, conjecturing what sort of reception he was like to meet with in the family of his uncle, to which, he presumed the well-mounted, hale-looking young men he had just seen, belonged, "a vision that passed him interrupted his reflections." This vision was "a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle." As she brought her horse out from some broken ground, which had retarded her course, and was again putting him to his speed, he made an irregular movement, which served as an apology for the traveller to ride up to her. Though there was no cause of alarm, she rewarded the good intentions of the stranger with a smile, which encouraged him to put his horse to the same pace with hers, and keep near her. Soon, however, the shout of "whoop, dead, dead!" proclaimed that the chase was ended; and immediately after, one of the huntsmen drew near, triumphantly waving the brush of the fox, which had been the object of pursuit. To this vaunting gesture of the sportsman, the young lady replied, "I see, I see; but make no noise about it; if Phœbe," patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting." She met the huntsman as she spoke, and conversing apart with him, she seemed to be urging him to do

something, which he very ungraciously refused. "Well, well, Thornie," said she, "if you wont, I must, that's all—Sir," she continued, addressing the traveller, "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiries at you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?" The stranger, thanking her for her kind inquiries, informed her that he was the person after whom she asked. "In that case, sir," rejoined the lady, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman." After this pleasant introduction to the fair huntress and the accomplished Thornie, the latter departed to assist in coupling the hounds, while Frank and Diana proceeded together to the Hall. The conversation, which takes place between them, on the way, is animated and interesting, serving to give the young visitor some idea of his north-country cousins, and to exhibit, in a very engaging manner, the eccentric character of Miss Vernon. When arrived in the court, in front of the antiquated edifice, which had been for so many ages the dwelling-place of the race of Osbaldistone, Diana, jumping from her horse, throwing the rein to her new acquaintance, and bidding him "hold her palfrey like a duteous knight until she could send some more humble squire to relieve him of the charge, left him in admiration of her beauty, and astonishment at the over-frankness of her manners." The description of the great dining-hall, decked as it was with the various trophies of sylvan war, is so strikingly animated and picturesque, as, likewise, is the account of the tumultuous preparation for dinner, among the servants, that we cannot resist the temptation to copy them.

"We did, however, at length reach a long vaulted room, floored with stone, where a range of oaken tables, of a weight and size too massive ever to be moved aside, were already covered for dinner. This venerable apartment, which had witnessed the feasts of several generations of the Osbaldistone family, bore also evidence of their success in field-sports. Huge antlers of deer, which might have been the trophies of the hunting of Chevy Chase, were ranged around the walls, in-

terspersed with the stuffed skins of badgers, otters, martins, and other animals of chase. Amidst some remnants of old armour, which had, perhaps, served against the Scotch, hung the more valued weapons of Sylvan war, crossbows, guns of various device and construction, nets, fishing-rods, otter spears, hunting poles, with many other singular devices and engines for taking or killing game. A few old pictures, dimmed with smoke, and stained with March beer, hung on the walls, representing knights and ladies, honoured, doubtless, and renowned in their day: these frowning fearfully from huge bushes of wig and of beard; and those looking delightfully with all their might at the roses which they brandished in their hands.

"I had just time to give a glance at these matters, when about twelve blue-coated servants burst into the hall with much tumult and talk, each rather employed in directing his comrades than in discharging his own duty. Some brought blocks and billets to the fire, which roared, blazed, and ascended, half in smoke, half in flame, up a huge tunnel, with an opening wide enough to accommodate a stone-seat within its ample vault, and which was fronted, by way of chimney-piece, with a huge piece of heavy architecture, where the monsters of heraldry, embodied by the art of some Northumbrian chisel, grinned and ramped in red free-stone, now japanned by the smoke of centuries. Others of these old-fashioned serving-men bore huge smoking dishes, loaded with substantial fare; others brought in cups, flaggons, bottles, yea barrels of liquor. All tramped, kicked, plunged, shouldered, and jostled, doing as little service with as much tumult as could well be imagined. At length, while the dinner was, after various efforts, in the act of being arranged upon the board, the "clamour much of men and dogs," the cracking of whips, calculated for the intimidation of the latter, voices loud and high, steps which, impressed by the heavy-heeled boots of the period, clattered like those in the statue of the *Festin de pierre*,"\* announced the arrival of those for whose benefit the preparations were made. The hubbub among the servants rather increased than diminished as this crisis approached—some called to make haste, others to take time—some exhorted to stand out of the way, and make room for sir Hildebrand and the young squires—some to close round the table, and be in the way—some to open, some to shut a pair of folding-doors, which divided the hall from a sort of gallery, as I afterwards learned, or withdrawing room, fitted up with black wainscot. Opened the doors were at length, and in rushed curs and men—eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, my six cousins, and my uncle."

Frank had not yet seen his uncle, though it was some time since he had arrived; but the old knight soon made

amends for his apparent neglect. The account of Sir Hildebrand and his sons, the Nimrods of Northumberland, and of the style in which he introduces his nephew to his family, are in fine keeping with the description of the dining-hall and the serving up of the enormous meal.

"If sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been informed for some time, he had important avocations to allege in excuse. 'Had seen thee sooner, lad,' he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone-Hall, 'but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the hall, lad—here is thy cousin Percie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John—your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and stay, where's Rashleigh—ay, here's Rashleigh—take thy long body aside, Thornie, and let's see thy brother a bit—your cousin Rashleigh—So thy father has thought on the old hall, and old sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never—Thou art welcome, lad, and there's enough—Where's my little Die—ay, here she comes—this is my niece Die, my wife's brother's daughter—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may—and so now let's to the sirloin.'

"To gain some idea of the person who held this language, you must suppose, my dear Tresham, a man aged about sixty, in a hunting suit which had once been richly laced, but whose splendour had been tarnished by many a November and December storm. Sir Hildebrand, notwithstanding the abruptness of his present manner, had, at one period of his life, known courts and camps; had held a commission in the army which had encamped on Hounslow Heath previous to the Revolution, and, recommended perhaps by his religion, had been knighted about the same period by the unfortunate and ill-advised James II. But his dreams of further preferment, if he ever entertained any, had died away at the crisis which drove his patron from the throne, and since that period he had spent a sequestered life upon his native domains. Notwithstanding his rusticity, however, sir Hildebrand retained much of the exterior of a gentleman, and appeared among his sons as the remains of a Corinthian pillar, defaced and overgrown with moss and lichen, might have looked, if contrasted with the rough, unhewn masses of upright stones in Stonehenge, or any other druidical temple. The sons were, indeed, heavy unadorned blocks as the eye would desire to look upon. Tall, stout, and comely, all and each of the five eldest seemed to want alike the Promethean fire of intellect, and the exterior grace and manner, which, in the polished world, sometimes supplies mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good-humour and content which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in the field-sports, for which alone they

\* Now called Don Juan.



lived. The strong Gyas, and the strong Cloanthus, are not less distinguished by the poet, than the strong Percival, the strong Thorncliff, the strong John, Richard, Wilfred Osbaldistones, were by outward appearance."

Rashleigh Obaldistone, however, the youngest son of Sir Hildebrand, and Diana Vernon, formed a strong contrast to the rest of the family as well as to each other. The personal appearance of Rashleigh is thus described:—

"His appearance was not in itself prepossessing. He was of low stature, whereas all his brethren seemed to be the descendants of Anak; and, while they were handsomely formed, Rashleigh, though strong in person, was bull-necked and cross-made, and, from some early injury in his youth, had an imperfection in his gait, so much resembling an absolute halt, that many alleged that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders, the church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession who labours under any personal deformity. Others, however, ascribed this unsightly defect to a mere awkward habit, and contended, that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders.

"The features of Rashleigh were such, as, having looked upon, we in vain wish to banish from our memory, to which they recur as objects of painful curiosity, although we dwell upon them with a feeling of dislike, and even of disgust. It was not the actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. His features were, indeed, irregular, but they were by no means vulgar; and his keen dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, redeemed his face from the charge of commonplace ugliness. But there was in these eyes an expression of art and design, and, on provocation, a ferocity tempered by caution, which nature had made obvious to the most ordinary physiognomist, perhaps with the same intention that she has given the rattle to the poisonous snake. As if to compensate him for these disadvantages of exterior, Rashleigh Osbaldistone was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its tones that I ever heard, and was at no loss for language of every sort suited to so fine an organ. His first sentence of welcome was hardly ended, ere I internally agreed with Miss Vernon, that my new kinsman would make an instant conquest of a mistress whose ears alone were to judge his cause."

The character of Rashleigh, as afterwards given by Miss Vernon, and unfolded in the course of the narrative, was in perfect conformity to his personal appearance. Like hump-backed Richard he could "smile, and snail, and be a villain;" he could "turn, and turn, and still go on," and had "a tongue that could wheedle with the devil." Of Miss Vernon it is impossible to form an adequate idea, without witnessing, not mere-

ly her actions, but her manner of doing things, and listening to her conversation, as represented in the many charming dialogues she has with Frank. She was endowed with a vigorous intellect—was high-spirited and energetic—candid in her disposition almost to bluntness—frank in her manners almost to rudeness, and yet she never offended against true modesty, nor departed from enlightened discretion. She counterbalanced her want of experience in life and of intercourse with polished society, by her native good sense and the quickness of her perceptions; her heart was large, her fortitude unyielding, her principles pure, and her beauty captivating. Into a family thus composed, had Francis Osbaldistone come to pass the first part of his exile at least, and wait the further orders of his father. The most friendly intimacy soon grew up between Miss Vernon and himself, and it was not long before he began to suspect his heart of a warmer feeling toward her than mere friendship. Assisted by the admonitions of Diana, and his own observation, he put himself on his guard against Rashleigh. He had not been long at the Hall, when one morning Miss Vernon informed him that a charge of highway robbery and treason had been lodged against him at a neighbouring magistrate's, and advised him to flee into Scotland. He soon, however, convinced her that he was innocent, and by her aid and that of Rashleigh, who, by her influence, was made to exert himself in his behalf, he was, upon the testimony of the Mr. Campbell, formerly mentioned, acquitted. Not long after this affair Rashleigh left Northumberland for London, to supply the place which his cousin Francis was to have filled in the counting-house of Osbaldistone and Tresham.

While Francis was enjoying the luxury of Miss Vernon's society, and feeling his attachment to her constantly increase, he was not a little puzzled with the air of mystery that surrounded her, and which cost him many a painful moment. In the midst of his hopes and fears on the subject of his love for Diana, she one day handed him a letter from Mr. Tresham, the partner of his father, which informed him that Rashleigh, having taken the full management of the affairs of the house, during the absence of his father in Holland, had some time since left London for Scotland, with a large amount of property to take up bills of his father's in that country, and that he had not been heard of since. The letter also informed that Mr. Owen, the head-clerk formerly mentioned, had been

despatched to Glasgow to seek out Rashleigh, and exhorted him to repair thither himself immediately, to assist Owen in his researches. He instantly resolved to depart for Glasgow. Before he went, however, Miss Vernon put into his hand a packet, sealed, but without any direction, enjoining it upon him not to open the packet, unless every other resource failed, but in that event, permitting him to break the seal and make the best use he could of the contents.

Upon the arrival of young Osbaldistone in Glasgow he inquired for the mercantile house of Mac Vittie, Mac Fin and Company, agents and correspondents of his father, and was told that he would find them at church, as there was a service that morning, although it was Thursday, and they were very pious people. He accordingly determined on going to church as being the most likely place to find Mac Vittie. The meeting which he attended was held in the extensive vaults beneath the cathedral church of Glasgow. Here, while looking round in vain to discover the face of Owen, or ascertain if either of the firm of Mac Vittie, Mac Fin and Company were present, his attention was drawn by the voice of some one whispering in his ear that he was in danger in Glasgow. "And so am I," the voice continued, "Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve precisely—keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation." His attempts to discover the the whisperer were vain, and he left the place of worship without being able to conjecture who it might be. He however determined to go to the Brigg, as requested, and abide the event. He was met according to appointment, by a man "rather beneath than above the middle size, but apparently strong, thick-set, and muscular, dressed in a horseman's wrapping coat." After a short dialogue, not at all calculated to remove the apprehensions occasioned by the appearance of the stranger, young Osbaldistone follows him from the Bridge back into Glasgow, the mystery heightening at every step and with every word, until they both arrive at the doors of the prison of Glasgow. At a watchword given by the stranger, the turnkey opened the door, with many uncouth demonstrations of joy at seeing the person who ushered Osbaldistone into the prison. The mysterious stranger gave some directions to the turnkey, in Gaelic, who immediately conducted Osbaldistone through a passage of considerable intricacy, till he brought him to a small apartment, where, lying asleep on a pallet

of straw, he found his old friend Owen.

Upon his arrival at Glasgow, Owen had gone directly to Mac Vittie, Mac Fin and Company, and explaining to them, with the utmost confidence in their friendly disposition, the object of his visit to Scotland, and the nature of his difficulties, had requested of them their counsel and assistance. Instead of acting the part of honourable men, they took advantage of the occasion to press Owen for the discharge of a balance due to them, according to their books, from the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, which he was unable to pay, and being in a small degree concerned in the London house, they arrested him and threw him into jail. While Francis and his unfortunate friend were engaged in their sorrowful conference, a loud knocking was heard at the gate, and immediately after, the mysterious stranger sprang into Owen's apartment, and with signs of alarm sought a place of concealment. But finding none, he asked Osbaldistone for his pistols. "Yet, 'tis no matter," said he, "I can do without them. Whatever you see take no heed, and dinna mix your hand in another man's feud; this geer's mine, and I maun manage it as I dow—I have been as hard bested, and worse, than I am even now." So saying,—

"He stripped from his person the cumbrous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back, to concentrate his force, like a fine horse brought up to the leaping bar. I had not a moment's doubt that he meant to extricate himself from his embarrassment whatever might be the cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street; and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he would get clear through his opponents, unless they employed fatal means to stop his progress."

No harm resulted, however, to any of the parties from this interruption. The principal person who entered was Mr. Nicol Jarvie, Baillie of Glasgow, an eminent weaver, and a correspondent of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham. Having a prejudice against Mr. Jarvie, Owen had not thought fit to call upon him for assistance upon his arrival in Glasgow; but after being so sadly disappointed by Mac Vittie, he had in his confinement addressed a note to the Baillie, who now made his appearance though at a very unexpected hour. The



result of the conversation between him and Owen was, that he consented to become bail for the appearance of Owen, who was forthwith set at liberty. After he had performed this generous service, the next thing the bailie did was to ascertain who were in the room. The first whom he approached was the inexplicable guide, whom Jarvie instantly recognised, with great astonishment, to be an old acquaintance and kinsman. He was no other than Campbell; and from the course which the conversation took between him and the Bailie, it soon appeared that Campbell was no other than the renowned outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor. In the course of this prison scene, also, an observation that fell from Mr. Jarvie, put Osbaldistone in mind of the packet he had received from Diana Vernon. The time for the payment of his father's bills had expired within ten days, the period, at which he had been authorised to open the packet, if all other resources failed for discharging the debts,—and he immediately broke the seal. The undirected envelope contained a letter for Campbell, who being on the spot immediately read it. The letter was from Miss Vernon, and urged upon Campbell to undertake a task, which, though without mentioning its nature, he promised to execute, and after engaging the bailie and young Osbaldistone to meet him shortly at one of his resorts, the Clachan of Aberfoil, he departed. The next day as Osbaldistone was taking a walk in the College yard in Glasgow, and musing on recent events, he saw three men at some distance from him, earnestly engaged in conversation; they were Rashleigh, Mac Vittie, and Morris. They soon separated, and as Rashleigh was turning down an avenue, in deep reverie, Francis presented himself suddenly before him. This meeting resulted in a duel, which was broken off just as it was about to end fatally for Rashleigh, by Campbell, who sprang between them, and separating them, sent Rashleigh away, detaining Francis till his cousin was beyond his reach, and then reminding him of the Clachan of Aberfoil, and exhorting him to be punctual, took his leave. Francis returned to the bailie's, and relating the whole story of the quarrel with Rashleigh, the abrupt appearance of Campbell, and the origin of his acquaintance with him, even to the particulars of the affair at Justice Inglewood's, when he was accused of robbery and treason, deliberated with Jarvie on the most probable mode of regaining the property which Rashleigh had embezzled. The result was a determination to keep

the appointment Campbell had made, and making all necessary preparations for the enterprise, in which the bailie engaged with great zeal, early next morning, they started for the Highlands. They arrived at the place appointed late at night, fatigued and hungry. But the small inn where they purposed to put up and await the appearance of Campbell was occupied by three persons, military men of some apparent consequence, consulting upon important affairs, and they were like not to obtain lodging or refreshment. After a battle, however, between the occupants and the new-comers, in which swords were drawn, and some hard fighting took place, the quarrel was appeased, and all sat down in quiet. In the course of the evening the landlady secretly gave to Young Osbaldistone a paper, which, upon reading it, he found to be a letter from Campbell. The letter ran thus.

"For the honoured hands of Mr. F. O. a Saxon young gentleman—These."

SIR,

"There are night-hawks abroad, so that I cannot give you and my respected kinsman E. N. J. the meeting at the Clachan of Aberfoil, whilk was my purpose. I pray you to avoid unnecessary communication with those you may find there, as it may give future trouble. The person who gives you this is faithful, and may be trusted, and will guide you to a place where, God willing, I may safely give you the meeting, when I trust my kinsman and you will visit my poor house, where, in despite of my enemies, I can still promise sic cheer as any hielandman may gie his friends, and where we will drink a solemn health to a certain D. V. and look to certain affairs whilk I hope to be your aidance in; and I rest, as it wont among gentlemen, your servant to command."

R M. C.

It appeared from the conversation of the officers that they were convened for the purpose of devising some method of capturing Rob Roy, and putting down the Mac Gregors. Before the party finished their conversation after supper, an English officer with two or three files of soldiers entered. This officer having orders to arrest two persons, an old one and a young one, and the bailie and Francis answering to this description, and the suspicion being strengthened by the letter from Rob Roy found on the person of young Osbaldistone, he and his friend were taken into custody. The next day the Englishman and his small band took up their march toward the retreat of Rob Roy on the banks of Loch-Lomond. A Highlander, the same that had served as turnkey at the jail in Glasgow, had

been taken prisoner by some of Captain Thorton's band, and, upon being threatened with instant death if he did not disclose the place of Mac Gregor's concealment, had pretended to submit and undertake to act as guide, but in fact led the troops into an ambush, by which they were all cut off, or taken prisoners. This ambush was laid by Helen Mac Gregor, the wife of Rob Roy. The description of the first appearance of the heroine on the top of a rock, fronting the passage of the regular troops, and her majestic looks and demeanour are finely told, and form a striking picture. With the rest of the captured party, the Baillie and his young friend fell into the hands of Helen. Soon after this affair, another party of Highlanders arrived, of very different appearance from the party commanded by the wife of Mac Gregor, under the guidance of her two sons, Robert and James, who brought the news of their father's capture. He had been betrayed by an invitation to an interview with Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Upon hearing this, Helen became frantic with grief and rage. The messenger, however, who had gone with the invitation to Rob Roy, had been detained by him as a hostage, and was with the band just come up. Burning for vengeance, the wife of Mac Gregor ordered him to be brought before her. It was the craven Morris. The scene which followed is the most tragical in the story, and is drawn with a force of conception—a depth of passion, and an eloquence of expression, scarcely to be equalled. We copy it:—

"He fell prostrate before the female Chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and, with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul.—In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh.—He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but a little he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

"It is impossible to describe the scorn,

the loathing and contempt, with which the wife of Mac Gregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind.—But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the necks of the brave and the long-descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, batten on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

"She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterward. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognised me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me!—save me!"

"I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurled him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, above which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence."

Francis Osbaldistone was sent with a message to the leader of the forces, to which Mac Gregor was now captive, by Helen, denouncing terrible vengeance if her husband was not released. The message proved ineffectual; but, nevertheless, as the troops were crossing a deep



and narrow stream, on their way to a place of more security than the station they then occupied, where Rob was to be put to death the next morning, he persuaded the Highland trooper, behind whom he rode, to assist in disencumbering him of his bonds, and effected his escape. Great exertion was made to recapture him, but in vain. As Osbaldistone sat on his horse, where the troop had left him, when they dispersed for the recovery of their prisoner, he heard some of the horsemen, as they returned from the pursuit, ask after himself, and threaten to blow his brains out if they fell in with him, for they said he had given to Mac Gregor the knife with which he had cut the cord that bound him. Hearing this, he thought it best to make good his retreat also. As he was returning, on foot, in a cold, moon-light night, to rejoin the Mac Gregors and the Baillie, on the side of a high heathy hill he was overtaken by two persons mounted on horseback. One of the persons was Diana Vernon. She had only time to deliver to him his father's property, which Rashleigh had been compelled to give up, and to bid him farewell and be happy; which she did with the utmost tenderness of manner, and passed on. This scene is exquisitely touching, and the description of the effect produced upon Frank—the *hysterica passio* that subdued him—admirable for its truth and force.

Osbaldistone had proceeded on his way but a short time, after this interview, when the words—"a braw night, Maister Osbaldistone,—we have met at the mirk hour before now"—announced the well-known voice of Mac Gregor. During the interesting conversation that ensued until their arrival at the village of Aberfoil, Frank learned of Mac Gregor, that the letter, which Diana gave him in the blank envelope, was from the person who was her companion in her present journey, and that he had for a long time resided at Osbaldistone Hall, though unknown to all but Sir Hildebrand, Rashleigh, Miss Vernon, and himself. He also learned that the robbery of Morris was committed by Mac Gregor and Rashleigh,—that Rashleigh had turned suspicion upon him, and that it was through the influence of Diana Vernon that he had been rescued from the snare. At the Claehan, or village of Aberfoil, they found Baillie Nicol Jarvie. The good Baillie was much rejoiced to hear of the recovery of the property: and he also had the satisfaction of receiving a thousand marks from Mac Gregor, in discharge of an

old debt. Mr. Osbaldistone and the Baillie now thought about returning home; and after visiting the abode of Mac Gregor, on the romantic shore of Loch Lomond, where Helen gave to Frank a ring from Diana Vernon, as the pledge of her affection, they proceeded by water to the foot of the lake, whither their horses had been conducted by Dougal, the trusty turnkey, and were now waiting for them. Upon their arrival in Glasgow, Frank found his father there. The meeting between them was tender and affectionate; the father had forgotten his disgust, in view of the zeal and enterprise his son had so recently displayed in the recovery of his property, and his greeting was warm and fond. Owen partook in the joy. The elder Osbaldistone had just returned from Holland, with his credit renewed and extended, by the success of his speculations on the Continent; and having made a deserved return to the scoundrel house of Mac Vittie, Mac Fin and company, by closing his concerns with them for ever, and putting all his business into the hands of Nicol Jarvie, who had proved himself so honest a man and true a friend, he and Frank and Owen set out on their return to London. Their departure was hastened by the breaking out of the rebellion in behalf of the Stuart family, which had been thus suddenly brought to a head by the treachery and intrigues of Rashleigh. In the course of this contest, old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone lost his five eldest sons, Thorncliff being killed in a quarrel with a Northumbrian officer, on the first day of the muster, and the rest meeting with their deaths in the peculiar road of their vices and follies. Rashleigh he had disinherited, in favour of his nephew Francis. The old gentleman himself was taken prisoner and thrown into Newgate as a captive rebel. The account of the joyous old knight's last days is a fine specimen of the pathetic.

Upon the extinction of the family of Sir Hildebrand, the father of Francis wished him to act upon the will of his uncle, and he accordingly set off once more for Osbaldistone Hall. The will of Sir Hildebrand was lodged with Justice Inglewood; Francis therefore went first to him. The old Justice received him with great cordiality, and enabled him to enter into immediate possession of the estate.

From Justice Inglewood he learns that Diana Vernon is not married, but that she has gone, or is going to a convent,—that the person who was travelling with

her through the Highlands, when he met her and regained his father's property at her hands, was no other than her father, and, also, that her father was no other than the priest Vaughan. Diana had not yet taken the veil, for upon his arrival at the Hall, he finds her there, with her father, awaiting an expected opportunity to retire to France.

Rashleigh, who had undertaken to set aside his father's will, once more comes in to make disturbance, and procuring a warrant, through the instrumentality of a profligate attorney, causes Sir Frederick Vernon and Diana to be arrested for treason, and Francis Osbaldistone for misprision of treason. As he is taking them off in the old family coach of Osbaldistone Hall, they are rescued by Rob Roy and a small party of the Mac Gregors, who had come, by appointment, to convey Sir Frederick and his daughter to some port where they might embark for the continent. In the affray, Rob kills Rashleigh with his own hands, and with his death every thing becomes quiet.

Old Sir Frederick Vernon, not long after his retreat to France, dies, and Frank, with full consent of his father, goes to France to find Diana, whom he brings home his wife. Baillie Nicol Jarvie had before this taken "the lassock, Mattie" to wife, and he lived on prosperously to a good old age. Rob Roy continued to maintain himself on his native hills, and levy black mail, until, notwithstanding his violent life, he was gathered to his fathers at an advanced age, about the year 1736.

Such is a general outline of the story of "Rob Roy." The quotations we have made are but a very small portion of the fine passages which we might have introduced; and we have given them, rather because they helped us in the abstract of the story, than to furnish specimens of the work.

The character of Rob Roy is drawn with great strength and precision, and exhibits the finest specimen of the mountaineer that we have ever seen. Some may, perhaps, complain that Rob is not introduced earlier in the narrative. But this would be a complaint grounded on a name rather than a fact, for although he does not appear under his distinguishing appellation till very late in the story, yet, under the disguise of a less redoubtable title, in the very outset, he gives to the machine a motion, which, like the ripple over the back of Leviathan before he exhibits his scaly strength upon the surface, clearly indicates his huge propor-

tions and resistless energy. And, although the reader may grow somewhat impatient, as he proceeds in the first perusal of the work, at not meeting with the great object of his curiosity, yet when he discovers that he has been for a long time near at hand, and even in his presence, the retroactive effect augments his pleasure on the whole, and enhances his admiration of the singular individual who can thus elude knowledge, and yet be constantly leaving the most formidable tokens of his proximity.

Rashleigh appears most like a pure invention of any character in the whole piece. He is not the offspring of circumstances—not produced by the influences of the times—nor does he derive any of his qualities from his parentage, or from his private relations and individual pursuits. He is a sort of abstraction of great, but bad qualities. Richly endowed with talents, of singular energy of will, of the most restless disposition, and acting upon principles wholly selfish, the chief use of his introduction is to connect Rob Roy with the rest of the personages of the story, and furnish him with ample opportunity to act. If it were not for Rashleigh and his doings, Rob would have little occasion for the display of some of the most admirable traits of his character—his fidelity—his generosity—his astonishing presence of mind—his boldness in devising schemes, and his celerity in executing them—his never-slumbering circumspection—his magnanimity and his honour. The portrait of the Mac Gregor is painted in such strong colours—is made up of such broad masses of light and shade—that it requires the deep and dark ground of Rashleigh's character to give it proper relief and enable it to produce the most striking effect.

Baillie Nicol Jarvie is a most amusing, honest, downright, upright, loquacious, valiant weaver, residing in the Salt-Market, Glasgow. He is of great importance to the progress of the story, and his character is happily conceived and well sustained.

As for Andrew Fainservice, though he stands a striking proof of the author's versatile talents, extensive range of observation, and skill in character, yet we cannot but consider him an excrescence upon the story, which he neither aids nor ornaments. He is a sort of receptacle which the author has prepared for the purpose of collecting in it all the meanest traits of the Lowland Scotch character.

The character of Diana Vernon is of the most fascinating kind. Her wit and



her wisdom—her frankness and her dignity—her intrepidity—her generosity—her filial piety—her hard fate in being doomed either to marry a man whom she scorns, or be shut up in a convent, when she was so fitted to enjoy and ornament society; and, added to all, her personal beauty, render her, in our estimation, one of the most interesting and delicious females upon record.

Helen Mac Gregor is a bold, rude fragment sketched with great spirit; she is a fit wife for Rob Roy, acting most heroically and speaking most eloquently.

Of Francis Osbaldistone, we have only room to say, that we were happy to find his many merits and his love rewarded by the possession of Diana Vernon: of the other persons, though there are several among them that have contributed much to our pleasure, we have not room

to speak at all. There are many phrases, in the course of the work, taken from Shakspeare, not on account of poverty, but for the sake of ornament, and of manifesting the author's attachment to the old bard: knowing his own opulence, he was not afraid to borrow.

Thus have we endeavoured to give some account (how inadequate it is, we are conscious) of the last as well as of the preceding works of the author of *Waverley*. If we have spoken, almost without qualification, in their praise, it was because we were, almost without exception, pleased with what they contained; and if we could be instrumental in extending the popularity of these works, we should congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune, and regard it as an indication of the prevalence of a correct, discerning taste in the public.

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ART. 3. *Plan of the Society for the promotion of Industry; with the first Report of the Board of Managers, and the names of the Subscribers to the Institution.* New-York. Printed for the Society, 1816. By J. Seymour.

*Proposed Constitution of the "New-York Society for the prevention of Pauperism." Report, &c.*

There is no country in the world where plans for the improvement of the condition of society meet so little obstruction as in this. With us, errors derive no veneration from their antiquity, and prejudice acquires, comparatively speaking, but little authority from custom.

We are yet a "recent people,"—to use the language of Mr. Burke—we have "not yet hardened into the bone of manhood;" we have not a little of the enthusiasm of youth—we have a great deal of its activity and enterprise;—and we have not a single mark about us of the timidity, the decrepitude, or the decay of age. There are yet among us not a few who were born in an age so much ruder than this, that we should hardly believe it could have been so near us, but for the living evidences of the fact—born under political and religious institutions which they had no power to alter—when the means of education were small, and the ability to employ them was partial and occasional—when the principal employment of the labourer was in the tillage of fields recently cleared, and in subduing the forests which skirted them; when that of the soldier was in hunting down the savages who inhabited those forests; when science and learning were considered as having hardly any thing to do with society at large; when the knowledge of medicine was little more than the knowledge of the names of remedies and diseases; and when justices of the peace were almost identified with justice itself.

The change which has since taken place has been extraordinary; we think, unparalleled. Our armies and our ships have presented more than one spectacle to the polished warriors of Europe not less surprising than that which met the eyes of Fitz-James, when the followers of Rhoderick Dhu rose, at his signal, from the brake and copse wood that a moment before seemed the only tenants of the broken and barren declivity which they occupied. Our learned pro-

fessions are not wanting in talent, and there are men, in every one of them, whom we should not be afraid to commit to the hazard of a contest with the ablest of whom we have heard in the United Kingdoms. Our administration of justice, in its higher departments, is without a stain; and our judicial benches are occupied by men, whose superiors are not now to be found in Westminster-Hall.

But what we most delight in is the condition of our society, which presents a most uncommon union of qualities not easily kept together—simplicity and refinement. We have not the pomp and splendour of aristocracy, but we are without its effeminacy, its licensed voluptuousness, and its unfeeling oppression. Wealth with us is not without its power, but it has not yet enrolled or pensioned its classes of sycophants and parasites. There are no artificial bars or obstructions to turn talent aside from the path of distinction—and though honour and favour are not always exactly apportioned to virtue, yet we think that there is no country where it is so sure to find friends, and so secure of its reward. Now we think it manifest that this state of things indicates a great degree of excitement and activity in the public mind, and is itself at once the prosperous and auspicious result of that activity. We have exhibited all the zeal which marks a reformation, and all the spirit which characterizes a revolution, without the bigotry of the one, or the violence of the other. We have not been afraid to trust our most important interests to the practical result of our own theories; but we have not disregarded the lights of experience, or the authority of precedent. Our public and our social character has been perhaps as much distinguished by the sobriety and discretion which belong to age, as by the impulse and generosity which swell the veins, and expand the bosom of youth. Our fathers were placed in a state of things entirely new; we, their children,

caught from them the spirit which they caught from the times; and it was not to be expected under these circumstances that the march of society would be much obstructed by attachments to institutions because they were old. But this circumstance was not the chief security for the continuance of reformation and prosperity. In our judgment that security depended (leaving out of view the general diffusion of knowledge, without which nothing could be done) upon the substantial independence of every member of the community. We have no monopolies but those which are the incentives and the rewards of genius—prementure presents no obstacles to change of property, and provides no establishments for indolent or surfeited wealth—we have no artificial systems by which hosts of officers, incumbents, and labourers, acquire a claim to the profits of unmeaning fiction, and useless labour—we suffer no embarrassment from prescriptive rights which in their origin are little else than barren forms, but in the progress of society, and with the increase of population, become engines of dreadful oppression. The tendency of all these things is to accumulate unnecessary power and artificial servility. Throughout nearly all Europe they have become incorporated almost with the very being of society. Nothing could have delivered and preserved us from their servitude but a revolution, and the simple condition of society in which it found us.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, and the valuable use we have made of them, there remains much room for reformation. The magnitude of the work we have had to accomplish has necessarily been the cause that many parts of it remain unfinished. After forming the structure of our general and state governments, it became necessary to provide a system of laws. A great many of those existing, required immediate amendment—many needed the test of experiment—and there were many which, though obviously susceptible of improvement, it was thought necessary to adopt and retain as they were until there should be leisure for their modification.

Among those whose policy must then have been regarded as most doubtful, and of which the mischiefs have since been felt to be extensive and ruinous, are those concerning the poor. The most important parts of the mistaken system in relation to this important class of the community, were established in England during the reign of Elizabeth. In this State we have adopted almost literally the provisions of the British statutes; and we believe they have been treated with similar respect by the greatest part of the states in the union. The proper place for the reformation of the abuses to which they have led, are, we well know, the legislative chambers from which they have acquired their authority. Nevertheless it must be recollected, that however powerful may be the influence of the laws upon the state of society: the state of society in its turn has a paramount control over the laws. The extent and duration of the abuses of which we complain, present perhaps the greatest obstacle to a merely legislative remedy; and there seems but very little reason to hope that any remedy will be provided until private benevolence shall present an unquestionable experiment of some better plan for the relief of the poor than that which is established by law. It was not solely to indulge an inclination, which we confess amounts almost to a passion, to dwell upon the darling theme of our country's

history and its actual condition, that we have detained our readers with a generality of remark which may seem to have but little connexion with the subject under investigation—but it was for the purpose of showing that there never was any people whose institutions and character presented so few impediments to patriotism and philanthropy. Let this subject be considered in all its bearings; and in particular let it be remembered how few persons there are among us in so humble a condition as not to feel a strong interest in the discussion of every topic which concerns the general welfare; and we are persuaded, there will not be many who will be inclined to interpose the cowardly objection that it is not now the time, or that it is now too late to reform, as a plea, either for procrastination, or despondency. Now, is almost always the accepted time; it is at this moment emphatically so. The attention of the Legislature has been lately invited to this subject by the Chief Magistrate of our state;—that of the community, and particularly of our own city, has been recently intrusted by some of our most respectable citizens. Now is the time to decide what substitute, if any, shall be provided for our present cumbrous system of public charity. And most assuredly there are very few questions in which the community has so great an interest. If the expense of supporting paupers, taking one with another, be not much less than the wages of common labour, and if every tenth person be a pauper—as was the case in our city the last winter—how formidable is that deduction from the annual product of the labour of the community, which is occasioned by pauperism? In estimating this amount we must consider the indolence, and consequent unproductiveness of the poor; and their charge upon the labour of others—and we must not forget how great a proportion of the whole population is to be rejected from the class of productive labourers, in the sense in which we are now considering that description of persons, on account of infancy, age, disease, indolence, the nature of their occupation, and their wealth.

In 1814 was formed the interesting Society whose first Report furnishes the occasion of these remarks. Their institution for the promotion of industry, has perhaps acquired more reputation than any other Charity—still we hardly know whether to rejoice or lament that its merits are so little known. Considering the comparatively scanty patronage which it has received, we should regard a just public sense of its excellence as the deepest reproach to the Community. The ladies who first published "*The plan of the Society*," are we believe entitled to the exclusive honour of its origin, and we doubt not it will prove an imperishable monument of their praise. To them, and to their companions, whose untiring benevolence has assisted in carrying this plan into successful practice; is secured a richer reward than any which human applause can bestow, in the good they have already done, and in that which they may be well assured will be the result of their efforts.

We shall now give a brief account of the nature of this plan for the relief of the poor, by the promotion of industry—and shall afterward submit a few reasons for the opinion that it embraces the only salutary principles upon which extensive relief can ever be furnished to the indigent.

The first and the most important point is, to ascertain who are to be the objects of the charity of this Society. These are, all those persons who are willing to work, "*who cannot go to service or*

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otherwise earn a comfortable living, and who do not lead disorderly lives. It appears by one of the able and excellent Reports subjoined to the Constitution, that the construction put upon the clause respecting those "who cannot otherwise earn a comfortable living" furnishes a most salutary restriction of it; and we should have been pleased to have seen its words incorporated in that article of the constitution which we are considering. The construction we allude to, is expressed in terms less vague than those of the constitution, and is this, that the person applying for employment must be one who "cannot procure work elsewhere." That the vicious may not be discouraged from reformation, for want of the means of subsistence, and that the Society may be enabled to substitute the salutary influences of industry, for the temptations and the depravity of idleness, a seasonable opportunity to return to habits of virtue and industry, is to be allowed to all, except those whose profligacy would make them offensive to others, or would furnish too strong an improbability of their amendment.

It will be taken for granted that all the persons employed by the Society, and all intended to be the immediate objects of its bounty, except the children who are allowed under certain circumstances to accompany their parents, are females.

The Society having decided what persons shall be entitled to the benefits of their institution, goes on to appoint the mode in which these benefits shall be dispensed, or, in other words, the rules and regulations for the employment, government, and support of the poor who are in their service.

These regulations all show an uncommon degree of that good sense which adapts itself immediately to the business-concerns of life—but we have not time to notice any but the principal. The officers of the Society, whose services are gratuitous, are four Directresses, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and forty Managers. The 2nd. 3rd. and 4th. Directresses are to attend the House of Industry, (each of them a week in succession) one hour every morning. Their principal duty is to see what kind of employment is immediately needed, what kind of work is most profitable; to direct what purchases shall be made, and to keep memoranda of the conduct of the persons employed. The board of the Society meets once a month, and elects 12 of the managers for the ensuing month, eight of whom are to act as such in the house; two, to form a purchasing, and two an investigating Committee.

Four managers attend at a time. One manager superintends the knitting and sewing; keeps an account with each of the labourers, in which the articles they receive are charged when put out, and credited, when returned. It is her business also to see that the work is properly done, and to admonish the careless and unfaithful, or even punish them by reasonable deductions.

That it may be in her power to detect deficiencies that escape first examination, she is to furnish slips of paper, with numbers, of which she is to keep a register, and which are to be attached, by the persons who receive them, to their work when it is returned. The 2nd. manager has charge of the sales, fixes the prices of the articles; receives orders, attends to their execution; keeps an account of all moneys received, and collects all debts. The 3d. manager reads a chapter in the Bible every morning—superintends the spinners, carders, and winders as much as the first does; those who sew and knit attend to all applicants.

The fourth manager reads the rules, when ne-

cessary, inspects the diligence of the seamstresses and knitters; has charge of all payments, and keeps an account of them. The purchasing committee attend, two days in the week, to consult with the visiting Directress, and receive and execute her directions for purchases. The name of the investigating Committee explains their duties—it is their business to ascertain the circumstances and character of all applicants who are unknown to any member of the Board. The duties of the Secretary and Treasurer will also be sufficiently understood by their name.

A house is provided, with apartments appropriated to the varieties of work—where a great majority of those who are employed by the Society are assembled:—nevertheless, women who can furnish respectable recommendations, from housekeepers for whom they have laboured, are permitted to take work to their homes.

The Constitution, also, provides for the education in sewing, knitting, reading, and writing, of the children of those who are employed in the House of Industry. This idea probably was first suggested for the sake of saving fuel to their parents during the time they should be from home. We are entirely convinced that there is no ground for regret that this part of the plan has not been carried into effect; because we think it is not desirable to unite objects, which are so entirely distinct, in themselves considered, as labour and education. It will, doubtless, be perceived that the duties of the different officers of the Society, in some particulars, trespass on each other—that they might be considerably simplified—and rendered less laborious. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to see that the plan of the Society is not the creature of fanciful or romantic benevolence; that it indicates great practical good sense; that it leaves very little room for retrenchment, and scarcely any for addition.

There are a few persons, who are fond of indulging the theory that charity should confine its aid, if not its compassions to the absolute helplessness of age, (denying it to that of infancy on account of its encouragement,) to population and to the bed of disease. But it should be remembered that we have been told that we shall always have the poor with us, and that no deafness to their petitions can exterminate them, or confine their number within these narrow limits. That charity, which has no tendency to multiply its objects, never can be wrong. There never can be any regulations, or any policy respecting the poor, which will put an end to the fascinations of pleasure, or the seductions of passion;—the prospect of future distress cannot always be successfully interposed between the mind and the present attraction—good fortune and ease, particularly when acting upon the excitableness of youth, will sometimes produce improvidence—and the delusions of hope will continue to be, with minds not sufficiently balanced, an overmatch for the warnings of experience. But there are other inevitable causes of pauperism, which are not attributable to the fault of the poor. The principle of natural proportion between supply and demand, when applied to labour, is by no means so even in its operations as has been supposed. The transfers of property and capital, and consequently of employment, are often more easy than that of labour—the shiftings of fortune break up the connexions of business, and put an end to the influence of patronage—the failure of crops, the pressure of public calamity, the changes in foreign politics, and the opening and closing of foreign markets, diminish, and for a time, destroy the means of individual subsistence:—and besides



all this, there is an endless variety of individual misfortunes, and of domestic afflictions, which necessarily leave a large interval for charity to occupy, between a recovery from their visitation, and a return of the usual means of subsistence.

The question then recurs, "how shall we provide for the poor?" There are a great many *preventives* of pauperism ably enumerated in the report accompanying the constitution of the New-York Society for its prevention. The most important of those proposed in that report are, Savings Banks, Sunday Schools, the establishment of places of worship in the outer parts of the city, and the diminution of licensed shops for retailing spirituous liquors.

We are rejoiced that such men as Mr. Griscom, the chairman of the committee, who drafted that respectable report, have pledged their exertions for putting those preventives to the test of the fullest experiment. It is of the highest importance, however, that it should be understood that the prevention of pauperism is distinct from its relief; *and that the relief of the poor naturally forms a separate and sufficiently extensive department of social charity.* We do not perceive that they have any connexion whatever, in practice, except so far as the use or abuse of the means for the prevention of pauperism, may affect the inquiry as to the proper objects of relief.

The grand point in all schemes for the relief of the poor, or at least, that which it has been most difficult to attain, is so to regulate charity as that it shall not *multiply* its objects. To make it sufficiently *extensive*, and yet to prevent this common result, would leave scarcely any thing to be accomplished, except to devise the mode in which the relief administered would have the best moral effect. The most prolific source of our pauperism, next to intemperance, is in our judgment, to be found in our poor-laws. The prominent features of these laws are two. First they offer a *certain relief*, a sure asylum, a comfortable support, to all persons who belong to the state, or *who entered it through the city of New-York*, that is to say, did not come from some other state, and who are in indigent and necessitous circumstances. Second, the effect of setting apart a fund for public alms, and of establishing fixed and legal claims on it, is, to abolish the natural relation between those who give and those who receive, to give the character of jealous inquisitors to those who distribute, and of hungry insolent claimants to those who eat the bread of charity. We shall now endeavour to show that in neither of these respects, does there exist any resemblance between the plan of the Society for the Promotion of Industry, and the provisions of the poor-laws. It will be seen at once that the effect of those laws is to throw away all the salutary restraints upon improvidence, idleness, and vice, which are comprised in the apprehensions, and in all the uncertain images of want, of disgrace, and of starvation—and to throw wide open the doors of the alms-house, as an ultimate refuge to those who are too abandoned to find elsewhere either shelter or employment.

This monstrous result is the necessary effect of a certain provision for every individual who is, in the language of the statute, "in such indigent circumstances as to require relief," and to whom such allowance is to be made "as his necessities shall require." It is not practicable for the Justice or Justices who are to decide upon these circumstances and necessities, to inquire much farther than is necessary to ascertain the place of settlement of the pauper, and his actual indigence. It will never be considered a part of his official

duty to furnish the applicant with incentives to industry, or to direct him to the means of employment. Another evil of these laws, and which is partly the result of the one just mentioned is, to produce an overgrown, glutted population, and to cause a most unequal distribution of the burdens of pauperism. Any person may go where he pleases to gain a legal settlement, and if he afterward becomes a pauper he must be supported by the town where he has that settlement.

The constitution of the Society for the Promotion of Industry avoids, as far as is consistent with the desirable extent of its charity, both these evils. It holds out no certain expectation of maintenance. That which is afforded, is to depend upon the character and ability, as well as the circumstances of the individual. It will not do to object that the minutest investigations cannot elude deception, for if this objection be admitted at all, it must abolish all obligations of charity until we can "look upon the heart" bare, as it is before its Maker.

There is no great danger that societies, like that for the promotion of industry, will ultimately tend to produce an excessive population, because they promise no certain support to the poor—because their charity depends upon character—and because the amount of it can always be graduated by the demand for labour.

Again, it cannot be charged upon the institution we are considering, that it tends to diminish the appropriate moral influences of charity. There is not the espionage of a police, or the cruelty of task-masters on one side, nor is there, on the other, the impudence of legal claims, or the jealousy of incroachment. There is a friendly and personal intercourse between those who give and those who receive; and there is nothing to obstruct the kindest affections that can exist between the indigent and their benefactors.

It is an important and necessary result of the principles of this society, and one which it is very important to notice, *that the wages which it pays are not so high as their current rate.* Were it not for this, it would be impossible to keep within the rule, that none are to be employed who can find work elsewhere. This regulation is also very important in another point of view which we shall notice in considering the main objection against the society.

This objection, and it is the most popular and the most philosophical that can be urged, is in substance this, that the only tendency of the society is, to create artificial channels for labour which would otherwise be more profitably employed, and nearly as well paid. We have not time to enter at large upon this extensive topic; but we would suggest in reply the following considerations. In the first place, this society tends to *increase the demand for labour*, and thus circulates wealth; because many purchases are made at the house of industry which would not be made elsewhere,—not because the articles are useless, for they are mostly of a substantial nature, but because the purchasers could do without them. Second, there are many persons who have left one service, and expect soon to be engaged in another, who would employ the interval in a house of industry, if there were one, and in idleness if there were not. Third, public and private calamities in all their varieties, of which we have before spoken, are constantly driving many from the service or employment to which they have been wonted, and compelling them to seek other, for the whole or perhaps only a part of their means of subsistence. Suppose there does exist a demand for the labour of these persons; man



will be discouraged from inquiring where it is, and all will find a more convenient and certain relief in a public institution. Fourth, a great many employers depending on immediate sales, are obliged in times of general depression to dismiss their labourers; then it is that the house of industry comes in, and divides the pressure between such gloomy periods and those which are more prosperous. Fifth, this diversion of labour from its natural channels, which is so much complained of, is more than compensated by the new character which it assumes, and the new school which it is placed in. Lastly, there cannot be much danger of such a forced diversion of labour so long as the wages paid by the society are less than those paid elsewhere.

We hope none will be disinclined to establish societies similar to this, on the ground of their heavy demand on the time of their officers. A very great portion of the business of the society might be transacted without loss to the poor by persons paid for that purpose.

It will naturally be asked what is to become of those objects of charity not provided for by this institution. They would diminish, as rapidly as prudence would admit, and ultimately abolish all other institutions whatever, for the relief of poverty or distress, except the hospital, the asylum for

orphan children, and one for the aged who are without the means of support. The whole system of our poor-laws should as soon as possible be blotted from the statute book. Societies "for the promotion of industry" should be incorporated and munificently endowed; their officers should all be chosen by their members; and all services immediately affecting the character of the poor, or concerning their personal treatment, should be performed gratuitously.

We regret the want of time to show the success of the Society for the Promotion of Industry. Compared with their means, it has exceeded the most sanguine expectation. A statement of their accounts would show that their system finds one of its highest recommendations in its economy. We cannot conclude without recommending this society, and the plan of its institution to the most liberal patronage of individuals and of the public authorities, and we will not believe that it needs any other security for the support of either, than an acquaintance with its merits. It must depend upon the good sense and the liberality of the community to decide whether the society shall remain in its present reduced and embarrassed circumstances, or whether a fair and full experiment shall be made of the simplest and best institution that ever was contrived for the relief of the poor. R.

## ART. 9. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*Economical History of the Fishes sold in the Markets of the city of New-York. By Dr. Samuel Akerly.*

FOR MARCH, 1812.

### 1. APODAL FISHES

*Anguilla vulgaris*, Mitchill. Common Eel.

### 2. JUGULAR FISHES.

*Gadus morhua*. Common Cod.

*Gadus aglefinus*. The Haddock.

*Gadus tomcodus*. The Tomcod or Frost fish.

*Blennius ciliatus*. Mitch. Fringed Blenny.

### THORACIC FISHES.

*Labrus auritus*. Mitch. Pond Fish.

*Labrus appendix*. Mitch. Do.

*Perca Mitchilli*. Striped Bass or Rock fish.

*Bodianus flavescens*. Mitch. Yellow Perch.

*Bodianus rufus*. Mitch. Red Perch.

*Pleuronectes planus*. New-York Flat fish.

*Scomber vernalis*. Spring Mackerel.

### 4. ABDOMINAL FISHES.

*Salmo salar*. Common Salmon.

*Salmo fontinalis*. Mitch. Trout.

*Salmo eperlanus*. Mitch. Smelt.

*Esox lucius*. Mitch. Pickerel.

*Clupea alosa*. New-York Shad.

### CARTILAGINOUS.

*Raja*. Ray or Skate.

### APODAL FISHES.

*Common Eel*. The markets in March were abundantly supplied with the common Eel. They were brought in great quantities in baskets, barrels, or other vehicles, and if the weather was favourable, their torpidity was followed by a return of suspended animation. They were taken as in the preceding months by spears thrust in the mud, where they were known to retire. The stalls were kept supplied by skinning and cleaning them

as fast as the demand required. They were also sold prepared as stated in the preceding months, slit open partially, dried and tied up in bundles of two or three pounds. They would probably average six or seven cents per pound by retail from the stalls. The method of making a baked eel pye like chicken or bird pye, was mentioned in January. During the present month I purchased some eels for the purpose of making such a pye, but the cook by mistake made a pot-pye of them, and to the disappointment of all who ate them, they were found to afford, in this way, a savoury and substantial meal.

### 2. JUGULAR FISHES.

*The common Cod and Haddock*.—These fish continued to be exposed in great plenty, and found a ready sale at four cents per pound from the stalls just out of the pickle: Also *sounds and tongues* at eight cents. Pickled Codfish were offered by fishermen from Block Island at three cents the pound, or three dollars per hundred by the barrel.

There was an additional supply of fish in March beyond the months of January and February. In the early part of the month Long-Island sound was cleared of ice, and the fishing-smacks from the eastward had free access to New-York, and the numbers arriving with fresh Cod, reduced the price to four cents per pound. They are yet poor, though somewhat improved since last month. Dried Cod continued at five cents.

*Tom Cods, or Frost fish*, declined this month, though they were several times seen in market, in small bunches and in small quantities.

*The Fringed Blenny*.—My figure of this

fish is contained in the first plate of Dr. Mitchell's Memoir on the fishes of New-York, as published with the transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York. This fish appeared in market in March, taken off Sandy Hook with the Cod fish. It boils like the fresh cod, and tastes pretty much like it.

#### THORACIC FISHES.

*The Pond Fish*, including both the *Labrus auritus*, and *Labrus appendix*, were offered in bunches. These fresh water fish were not in great plenty. They only served to increase the variety, and afford a choice for an excellent pan fish.

*Striped Bass or Rock Fish*. A plentiful supply of striped Bass was continued through March, and the weather was so fine during part of the month, that they were exposed alive on the fish stalls. They were in good order and well flavoured, certainly better than in the two preceding months, and rather cheaper.

*Yellow and Red Perch*. These fresh water fish are only fit for the pan or a chowder. They came from New-Jersey and Long Island, taken in the fresh water streams, or when they mingle with the salt water. They were offered in bunches, or those of the larger sizes singly, averaging about twelve and a half cents per pound. They are the *bodianus flavescens* and the *bodianus rufus* of the New-York fishes,

*New-York Flat-Fish*.—We have seen this fish, the *pleuronectes planus*, in January and February, in market in small numbers. But with the disappearance of ice and the approach of spring they have increased, and in March the stalls were well filled with them, cheap, fresh, and good. They are only used as a pan fish.

*Spring Mackerel*.—Pickled Mackerel were in less demand in March, on account of the quantities of fresh fish which the markets afforded. This fish will not be in season till after the run of shad. It is the *scomber vernalis* of the New-York fish.

#### 4. ABDOMINAL FISHES.

*Common Salmon*.—The *salmo salar*, or common salmon, continued to be offered in a pickled state at 10 and 12 cents per pound, by retail from the stalls, as early as the 20th of March. Fresh salmon was also in market at \$1 per pound.

*Trout*.—This fish is the *Salmo fontinalis* of Dr. Mitchell. It is one of the most delicious of our fishes, and formerly came to market throughout the year, but such small ones were offered for sale, and so poor at some seasons, that complaints were made to the Common Council, and they were prohibited to be offered for sale from 1st October to 15th March. Some of these excellent fish appeared in market immediately after the 15th, when the law allowed them to be brought. The subject of Trout and Shad was brought before the Corporation in 1817, and the Committee to whom that subject was referred, introduced a report which I offered

to the Committee. It is illustrative of the history of these fishes, and is as follows:

The Committee on the subject of prohibiting the sale of certain fish at improper times reported.

That shad and fresh water trout are two of the most delicious fish that our markets afford, and are exposed for sale at improper seasons, when they are poor and unwholesome food, whereby the extinction of the race of these animals is threatened, and the health of those endangered who eat them at such times.

The Council beg to state some of the facts connected with the history of these fishes which will show the propriety of prohibiting the sale of them, when out of season. The shad is known to naturalists by the name of the *Clupea alosa*, and is sometimes seen on the coasts of Europe, but not in such immense shoals as on the coast of the United States. The shad pays an annual visit to the harbour of New-York, and descends the Hudson River to deposit its spawn, at which time it is very fat, and excellent eating. It generally appears in the beginning of April, and continues to ascend the river till the middle of May, when fat shad gradually decline, and by the end of the month totally disappear. After depositing their eggs they become thin and lean, and so altered in appearance as to look like a different fish. It is then they are known by the name of *maugre* or *back-shad*, and are taken coming back or descending the river in search of their accustomed haunts, in the recesses of the ocean, whither they go to feed and remain till the next spawning season. No time need be fixed for the prohibition of the sale of shad that have spawned, but by preventing the sale of *maugre* or *back-shad*, the evils complained of may be remedied.

The fresh-water trout is the *salmo fontinalis* of the naturalists, and is taken in most of the streams in this state. Like most other fish it is a favourite food in the spawning season, and is poor and sickly at other times. The female is with roe in the spring and summer months, and in good condition from the middle of March to the beginning of October, and should not be brought to market during the rest of the year.

Wherefore the committee offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, that the market law be so amended that hereafter no *maugre* or *back-shad* be offered for sale in this city under penalty of forfeiture.

Resolved, that no fresh water trout shall be offered for sale within the city from the 1st day of October to the 15th day of March, in any year, nor at any time weighing less than a half a pound, under penalty of forfeiture: and that the Deputy Clerks of the markets be directed to attend to the execution of the provisions of the law.

All which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

SAML. AKERLY,  
JNO. B. COLES,  
JACOB LORILLARD.



Which report was read and approved, and the Council was directed to report a law agreeably thereto.

January 20th, 1817.

*Smelt.*—Among the New-York fishes the smelt is called the *Salmo eperlanus*. Large quantities of these delicate little fish were sold in the markets in March, at six and eight cents per pound, but at the option of the purchaser, either by weight or measure. They were brought from the streams of New Jersey and Connecticut.

*Pickarel.*—This is the *Esox lucius* of Dr. Mitchell. A few of them from Long-Island were offered for sale in March.

*The Shad.*—If the weather is favourable in March, this estimable fish appears in our waters by a few stragglers. Several were taken this month in the Delaware, and appeared in the Philadelphia markets. The fine weather in New-York from the 12th to the 16th March, also brought two or three to our market, and were sold at two dollars

and an half each. This price will give some idea of the estimation in which the fish is held, though when plenty, one of a similar size may sell for twelve cents.

#### 5. CARTILAGINOUS FISHES.

*Ray Fish or Skate.*—A fin of a large ray was offered for sale by the name of French Holibut, but it was unsaleable from the quantity of other fish. As it was cut up and the other parts of the fish were wanting, I could not determine the species.

#### APPENDIX.

*Mya Arenaria*, or soft shell clams, continued plenty, fat, good, and cheap, from 25 to 43 cents per hundred.

*Venus Mercenaria*, or hard shell clams began to improve; and they were more plenty in market than in the two preceding months.

*Ostrea Edulis.*—The common or eatable oyster, continued good and plenty in March, and of the usual price.

*Crabs and Lobsters* in March were few, poor, and in no demand.

### ART. 10. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

#### GERMANY.

THE learned Professor Pfaff, in Kiel, has written an able work on and against animal magnetism.

According to the latest accounts from Germany, the celebrated Madam Kruedener was on her way to Russia. She was educated in the Roman Catholic Church; is upwards of fifty years of age. This female fanatic is represented as very engaging in her manners.

Mr. Muehlenfeldt, a young gentleman of extraordinary musical talents and skill, excites the unbounded admiration of amateurs and connoisseurs in Germany. Lately he gave an instance of the proficiency which may be acquired on two different musical instruments. He performed with surprising accuracy that most difficult, grand and unique piano-forte-concerto, composed by Beethoven. With equal taste and nicety he went through the superb violin-concerto of Kreutzer; and, as a specimen of his composition, and a masterpiece of his art, he played a voluntary with variations on the piano-forte.

Several late numbers of the *Medico-Chirurgical Gazette*, edited by Dr. J. N. Ehrhart, at Salzburgh, Germany, have been received in this city. As usual, these numbers are chiefly occupied with notices, and summary reviews of American publications. Whilst perusing these German pages, our attention was particularly arrested by two observations of the learned editor, upon which he expatiates: the inconsistency of *Dr. Rush's theory* of diseases;—and the pertinacity with which the

Americans assert, and attempt to prove, that the yellow fever does not originate in America.

#### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Legislature of Massachusetts have passed a law restraining persons from practising physic, in that State, who have not received a medical degree. The same regulation exists in Connecticut, and some other states, and a proposition of a similar nature is before the Legislature of New-York. Massachusetts has likewise granted ten thousand dollars *per annum* for ten years to its Medical College.

A proposition to establish a Board of Agriculture, with a Professorship attached to it, is under consideration in the Legislature of New-York. A Professorship on this useful branch of science should be instituted in each of our Universities.

At the annual meeting of the Medical Society of New-York, on the 3d of February, at the Capitol in Albany, the following officers were chosen for the present year:—Dr. John Stearns, *President*; Dr. Henry Mitchell, *Vice-President*; Dr. Peter Wendell, *Secretary*; Dr. Charles D. Townshend, *Treasurer*; Drs. David Hossack, Samuel L. Mitchell, Westel Willoughby, J. Romeyn Beck, and John Watts, *Censors*; Drs. Amasa Trowbridge, William Patrick, A. Davis, Thomas Fuller, Joshua Lee, P. C. Adams, B. White.

Messrs. Gales and Seaton, of the City of Washington, have issued proposals for publishing a *Journal of the Debates of Congress*, commencing with the first Session after the adoption of the Constitution.

### ART. 11. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE THIRD CENTURIAL JUBILEE, commemorative of the REFORMATION, has been solemnized in a most splendid manner throughout Germany. The Christian festivities and religious exercises commenced on the 31st October, and ter-

minated on Sunday evening the 2d November last. The momentous occasion was characterized by an active mutual feeling of charity, and by evangelical benevolence among Christians of all denominations. In most parts, the Lutheran and

Reformed Churches celebrated their *Toleration or Union Festival* at the same time, and were solemnly united in the pale of the "Evangelical Church." Many Roman Catholic Christians cordially united with Protestants in acts of charity, in founding philanthropic institutions, and in perpetuating the true principles of Christian unanimity. And it is worthy of remark that the Roman Catholic Clergy of the Imperial Parish Church

in Vienna, readily lent the damask tapestry of that edifice, to complete the decorations of the protestant churches!

We have detailed accounts of this memorable Jubilee, from every quarter of Germany, from France, Russia, &c. They give the most exhilarating evidence of the true spirit of toleration and enlightened liberality, which seems to be diffused throughout a great portion of the Christian world

## ART. 12. POETRY.

To MRS. W—.

Receipt for a HAGGIS.

BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

Though dull, and low, as vanquish'd flag is,  
I have not yet forgot your haggis.  
Could I but forward all your wishes  
For speedy voyage and Scottish dishes,  
I'd call a steady gentle breeze  
To waft you o'er the summer seas,  
And send the swiftest birds of air  
3 With freights of Caledonian fare;  
Which though 'twas neither rich nor rare  
Would find a kindly welcome there.  
The pelican would not be lag,  
12 But bring a haggis in her bag;  
The sulky hooded crow should bring  
Black pudding, on his sooty wing;  
The sea mew, mount on pinions light,  
16 And stock your board with puddings white;  
The swiftest wild goose of the flock  
Should bear a roasted bubbly jock; (1)  
The eagle, lofty child of light,  
20 Should upwards steer his steady flight,  
Beyond imperfect human sight,  
Then on your deck his bounty spread,  
(2) Caller nowt's feet and sing'd sheep's head;  
24 The gulls that skim innumerable by you,  
With fish in sauce may well supply you.  
But why, when languid grown and old,  
With senses dull, and fancy cold,  
28 Should I thus waste my worn abilities,  
In dreams of mere impossibilities?  
The plain, prosaic, short receipt  
To make a haggis fit to eat,  
32 Is better than poetic sham  
Like Schakkaba's pistachio lamb:—  
John Bull, amidst his venison haunches,  
May shudder at the sound of paunches,  
36 And say the lofty minded Scot  
Feeds like a sordid Hottentot.  
But mark the odds. The Scotch gude-wife,  
With cleansing stream and scraping knife,  
40 So well extirpates all impurity,  
E'en John might feed in full security.  
When freed from ev'ry earthly soil,  
Your whole materials slightly boil,  
44 The humblest and the noblest part  
Must mingle; add the lungs and heart;—

When parboiled spread them on the dresser;  
With knives, the greater and the lesser,  
48 Be sure to hack and hew them all,—  
They never can be minc'd too small.  
Of Scottish oatmeal, fresh and sound,  
Add something less than half a pound;  
52 Then shred two Patagonian onions  
The largest in the state's dominions;  
High seasoning here it is thought no fault—  
Then give a spoonful large of salt,  
56 Of pungent pepper rather less,  
In all things, best to shun excess.  
And now, though rather late to do it  
I must remind you of the suet,—  
60 A scanty pound may do for all,  
And pray be sure to mince it small  
With oatmeal, and your onions shred,  
And o'er the mingled entrails spread:  
64 The maw, when cleans'd with scalding water,  
And freed from each offensive matter,  
You must with anxious skill prepare,  
And fill the yawning bag with care;  
68 For all are poured in this receptacle  
To furnish forth the goodly spectacle,  
Of portly haggis first in place,  
"Great chieftain of the pudding race!"  
72 But mind, it must not, like your skull,  
Be cramm'd of precious matter full;  
For know, when fill'd and steaming hot  
It feels the tempest of the pot;  
76 Proud of its new abode, it swells,  
'Gainst the imprisoning bag rebels,  
And bursting with impatient pride,  
Pours all its treasures from its side.  
80 Pray then this caution ponder well,  
And leave a space for room to swell.  
Then bid your kind gude-man be sure  
To shape and scrape a wooden skewer,  
84 And carefully adjust that pin  
To keep the boiling haggis in;  
Two hours slow boiling o'er the fire  
Will make it all that you desire.  
88 Then on the board your haggis place  
And bless it with decorous grace,  
And having thus attain'd your aim,  
Fall to, in good St. Andrew's name.

(1) Bubbly Jock—a turkey cock.

(2) Caller nowt's feet—fresh cow heels.

## ART. 13. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE speech from the throne, of January 27th, announces that an amicable understanding continues to exist between Great Britain and the continental powers—that H.

R. H. has the utmost confidence in the public resources—that national industry has revived—that public credit remains unshaken—that the difficulties under which the country was before labouring were entirely



owing to temporary causes; and that, under the influence of all these auspicious circumstances, popular discontent had become quieted. The speech also announces that treaties had been concluded with Portugal and Spain on the subject of the slave trade, and recommends an increase of the number of houses of public worship of the established order.

Government has ceased giving encouragement to persons to emigrate to the British dominions in North America, except to half-pay officers, and persons under peculiar circumstances; the reason assigned is that many who emigrated during the two last years were unable to cultivate the land allotted to them, and became reduced to great distress.

The act suspending the Habeas Corpus has been repealed.

#### FRANCE.

The discussions, in regard to the regulation of the press, have terminated favourably to its independence. The specific system adopted is not yet known. It seems that the Pope has refused to crown Louis while Bonaparte lives.

The prices of provisions in France continues to fall in consequence of the plentiful harvest.

#### SPAIN.

Spain and Portugal have not yet come to any agreement in regard to Monte Video. Portugal refuses to give up the place until the contest between Spain and her colonies is decided one way or the other; and Spain threatens to seize upon Portugal. It has been proposed by the British minister, that the conferences for a mediation on this subject should be held at London rather than Paris.

#### NETHERLANDS.

The government of Holland is making preparations to send some troops to the island of Java. The soldiers on half pay have been ordered to repair to the Texel, in order to make a part of this expedition.

#### GERMANY.

At Luebeck, in Germany, a society for the promotion of useful activity has been in existence for a considerable number of years. During the late troubles in Germany, the philanthropic operations of this meritorious society were materially obstructed, and the association was nearly defunct. But, to use the language of its annual report in November last—"the resurrection of Germany, and the return of prosperous liberty has infused a new life." Among the various objects of public utility to which this truly benevolent society directs its exertions, it has established a *Sunday-School*, an *Industry-School*, a *Savings-Bank*, and a *Swim-Institution*. The pupils in this institution (which is successfully frequented by a great number of citizens) are chiefly those who intend to be mariners; and they are thus qualified to be "the courageous and skilful preservers of life."

#### RUSSIA.

The Russian navigator, Kotzebue, has been

at the Sandwich Islands, one of which, Atai, on the north-east of the group, has submitted to the Emperor Alexander; and he has also discovered a new, extensive, and inhabited island a little to the south-west of the group.

#### AFRICA.

Algiers still continues to be disturbed by dissension in the soldiery. The Dey having retired to the citadel of Caspa, dismissed his Turkish guards, and black troops only are now employed about his person.

#### AMERICA.

##### SPANISH AMERICA.

##### *Buenos Ayres.*

The troops under Artigas, at Colonia, have mutinied, and 1000 men been sent from Buenos Ayres to assist the mutineers. A squadron of five armed brigs and two transports with troops were at anchor off the town on the 20th December. Considerable commotion has been excited at Buenos Ayres in consequence of the report in regard to the Russian fleet.

##### *Venezuela.*

Morillo is said to be in a great measure surrounded by Bolivar, who has 3000 men and 12 pieces of artillery, and has put the Royalists entirely on the defensive; and their only hope is that the Patriots may be induced to come to a general engagement.

##### *Mexico.*

A despatch from Colonel Joquin Marquez y Donnally to the Viceroy of Mexico, announces the capture of a fort garrisoned by the Patriots, and a heavy loss of men and munitions of war by the latter.

The despatch also states that many were forced down precipices, and otherwise destroyed, which the colonel deeply laments, as many women and children, wishing to follow their husbands and fathers, met with a similar fate, and were destroyed. One of the rebels, as they are called, being about to fall into the hands of the victors, killed his young son, the latter being at the time almost dying from want.

#### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

##### PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

##### SENATE.

*Wednesday, Feb. 18.* Several bills were reported and read, which will be noticed in other stages of their progress.

Mr. Barbour submitted for consideration a resolution proposing a change in the mode of supplying the army of the United States, and subjecting those undertaking this office to military law.

The bill for the relief of the surviving soldiers of the revolution was again taken up and the debate continued.

*Thursday, Feb. 19.* The Vice-President of the United States this day appeared and took his seat.

Several petitions, &c. were presented and disposed of, and the senate went into the consideration of the bill for the relief of major general St. Clair. The debate had not terminated when an adjournment took place.

*Friday, Feb. 20.* The bill for the relief of major general Arthur St. Clair, granting him a pension of sixty dollars per month, was this day passed as amended. Twenty-one to ten.

*Monday, Feb. 23.* The House of Representatives having notified to the Senate the death of one of its members, col. Peterson Goodwin, of Virginia, it was unanimously resolved that the members of the Senate should wear the usual badge of mourning for the deceased; and the Senate adjourned.

*Tuesday, Feb. 24.* Considerable business, chiefly of local or temporary interest, was transacted this day.

*Wednesday, Feb. 25.* The business before the senate this day was

*Thursday, Feb. 26.*—The bill for the relief of the surviving soldiers of the revolution was taken up and ordered to a third reading.

*Friday, Feb. 27.* The bill to provide for the surviving officers and soldiers was read a third time, and passed as amended.

*Monday, March 2.* The consideration of the bill respecting the transportation of people of colour, &c. principally engaged the senate this day.

*Tuesday, March 3.* The senate resumed the consideration of the bill regulating the pay of brevet officers. On motion of Mr. Barbour the bill was amended, by a provision that hereafter no brevet rank shall be conferred except by and with the advice of the senate. And the bill was ordered to a third reading.

*Wednesday, March 4.* Considerable business was forwarded, but no important results attained.

*Thursday, March 5.* The resolution providing for an amendment of the constitution, by establishing an uniform mode of choosing electors of president and vice president of the United States, was taken up and adopted.

*Friday, March 6.* The senate was occupied in the further discussion of the bill regulating the reclamation of fugitive slaves and indented servants.

*Monday, March 9.* The amendments of the House of Representatives to the bill for the relief of certain surviving officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army, were taken up and concurred in. And the bill was finally passed.

Mr. Dickerson's resolution proposing an amendment of the constitution in regard to the mode of choosing electors was negatived—less than two thirds of the senate voting in favour of it.

*Tuesday, March 10.* No business of importance was transacted this day.

*Wednesday, March 11.* The bill prescribing the mode of reclaiming fugitive slaves was again discussed, and was ordered to a third reading.

*Thursday, March 12.* The bill from the House of Representatives, providing for the recovery of fugitive slaves and indented servants, was read a third time as amended, passed (17 to 13) and returned to the House for concurrence.

*Friday, March 13.* The engrossed bill "in addition to the act to promote the progress of the useful arts," and the engrossed bill respecting the transportation of persons of colour for sale, &c. were severally read the third time, passed, and sent to the other house for concurrence.

*Monday, March 16.* A similar message to that transmitted on Saturday to the House of Representatives in regard to our relations with Spain, was received from the President of the United States, with the accompanying documents.

The proposition to adjourn on the 13th April

was taken up, and the consideration of it postponed to Monday sen'night.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

*Wednesday, Feb. 18.* The House in committee, was principally occupied this day in the renewed discussion of the bankrupt bill.

*Thursday, Feb. 19.* The discussion on the bankrupt bill was resumed in committee of the whole, and occupied the greater part of this day's sitting.

*Friday, Feb. 20.* After disposing of much miscellaneous business, the House resolved itself again into a committee of the whole, on the bill providing for a uniform system of bankruptcy.

*Monday, Feb. 23.* Mr. Newton of Virginia announced to the House the death of his colleague Col. Peterson Goodwin. At the motion of Mr. N. the house unanimously resolved to wear crape on the left arm for one month, in testimony of respect to the deceased—and on motion of Mr. Forsyth immediately adjourned.

*Tuesday, Feb. 24.* On motion of Mr. Forsyth, a call was made on the President of the U. States for information in regard to our relations with Spain.

The bankrupt bill was again taken up in committee of the whole.

*Wednesday, Feb. 25.* The bankrupt bill was again taken up, and after a protracted debate, was indefinitely postponed—82 to 70.

*Thursday, Feb. 26.* The House was occupied most of the day in discussing the bill providing a mode of exercising the right of expatriation.

*Friday, Feb. 27.* The petition of the "Irish Emigrants," for a grant of land on certain conditions, was rejected—83 to 71.

*Saturday, Feb. 28.* The debate on the expatriation bill was resumed, and the first section was struck out by a vote of 70 to 58.

*Monday, March 2.* The President of the U. States communicated by message the doings of the Commissioners under the treaty of Ghent.

The discussion on the expatriation bill was resumed, and continued till the House adjourned.

*Tuesday, March 3.* On motion of Mr. Taylor of New-York, a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a joint committee to consider and report when the present session of congress may be terminated.

*Wednesday, March 4.* The expatriation bill was again taken up, and after further discussion, denied a third reading—75 to 64.

*Thursday, March 5.* Several bills were reported, and some amendments were made to the bills from the senate, concerning the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolution.

The Georgia militia-claims bills for 1794—95, was rejected, 90 to 70.

*Friday, March 6.* A petition for pecuniary relief was presented by Mr. Butler, from major general John Stark, and referred to a select committee.

The House went into a committee of the whole on the report of the committee to whom had been referred that part of the President's message which relates to internal improvements; and the resolution reported by the committee to establish a fund for promoting internal improvements was under discussion when the House adjourned.

*Saturday, March 7.* Mr. Sergeant from the joint committee to whom the subject was referred, reported a resolution for an adjournment of the Session of Congress on the 13th of April.

The subject of internal improvements was again discussed at length.

*Monday, March 9.* The resolution providing



for the adjournment of Congress on the 13th of April was taken up, and carried, 101 to 48.

The House then again resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the report of the committee on the question of internal improvements. The debate was not concluded when the House adjourned.

*Tuesday, March 10.* Mr. Mason of Mass. from the committee, to which the subject had been referred, made a report on the Massachusetts claims for expenses incurred in calling out the militia in the late war, accompanied by a bill providing for the payment of them—which was twice read and committed.

The House went again into a committee of the whole on the subject of internal improvements. Several amendments to the resolution were moved and carried in the committee, expressing the right of Congress to appropriate money for the construction of roads and canals, &c.—also to construct them under certain restrictions. The committee rose, reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again.

*Wednesday, March 11.* After disposing of some other business, the House again went into a committee of the whole on the subject of internal improvements. The debate was continued till sunset, when the House adjourned without having come to any decision.

The speaker presented the petition of Vincente Pazos, representing himself to be the agent of the republics of Venezuela and Buenos Ayres, complaining of the capture of Amelia Island, stating that application had been made to the executive, who had refused justice, as he says, and praying the interposition of Congress.

Mr. Forsyth moved that the petition be not received, stating that as the petitioner was an agent of a foreign power, he had applied to Congress as an appellate power over the executive, he thought it improper that he should be thus heard.

This brought on a long discussion, incidentally touching upon the propriety of the executive of the United States taking possession of Amelia Island, and upon the policy of receiving a petition from an unacknowledged agent of a foreign power.

The discussion continued nearly three hours, which terminated in a rejection of the petition by a vote of 124 to 28.

*Thursday, March 12.* On reading the journal this morning, a discussion arose on the mode in which the entry had been made respecting the petition of *Vincente Pazos*, presented yesterday. In the entry, the official character of the petitioner, and the tenor of his petition were set forth; and it was particularly stated that this application to the legislature was in consequence

of the refusal of the executive to listen to him.

Mr. Poindexter moved to amend the journal, by striking out that part of the entry which embraced the contents of the petition, on the ground that it was improper through the journal of the House to give publicity to a petition of exceptional character, which the House had refused to receive.

It was said, on the other hand, that it was requisite, to show the nature of the petition, that the reason of its rejection might appear.

The House, by a large majority, refused to amend their journal, and thus sanctioned the entry.

The report on internal improvements was again taken up in committee, and the debate renewed.

*Friday, March 13.* The discussion of the report on the subject of internal improvements was early resumed and continued through the day in committee of the whole. The committee rose and reported the resolutions to the House.

*Saturday, March 14.* The resolutions on the subject of internal improvement were taken up in the House. The question on the first resolution was taken after a short debate. The resolution is in these words:—

*Resolved*, That Congress has power, under the constitution, to appropriate money for the construction of post roads, military and other roads, and of canals, and for the improvement of water courses.

The House concurred in this resolution, 90 to 75. The second resolution, is in the following words:—

*Resolved*, That Congress has power, under the constitution, to construct post roads and military roads, provided that private property be not taken for public use without just compensation—

Was rejected, yeas 82, nays 84—As was also the third, viz.

*Resolved*, That Congress has power, under the constitution, to construct roads and canals necessary for commerce between the states; provided that private property be not taken for public purposes, without just compensation”—

71 voting for, and 95 against it.

The fourth resolution was then read as follows:

*Resolved*, That Congress has power, under the constitution, to construct canals for military purposes; provided, that no private property be taken for any such purpose, without just compensation being made therefor;”—

And was lost, ayes 81, nays 83.

A message was received from the President of the United States, respecting our relations with Spain, accompanied by official documents.

*Monday, March 16.* No business of importance was transacted in the House this day.

## ART. 13. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

**T**HE Legislature of this State has passed a law, during its last session, that no person practising medicine or surgery, within the Commonwealth, “not having received a medical degree from some College or University; or not having been duly licensed by some Medical Society or College of Physicians, or by three Fellows of the Massachusetts Medical Society, to be designated in each county of the Commonwealth by the Counsellors of the said Society, shall take the benefit of law for the recovery of

any debt, or fees accruing for his professional services.”

### RHODE-ISLAND.

During its recent session of eleven days, the Legislature of this State has disposed of the whole docket of 250 petitions: granted 80 petitions for the benefit of the insolvent act, and dismissed and rejected as many more: chartered nine banks, and three insurance companies; besides transacting other business. In the state of Rhode-Island there are 31 towns, and 23 banks.

## CONNECTICUT.

The managers of the Connecticut Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, advertise that the Asylum will be open for the reception of another class of pupils, on the 7th May next. Application must be made at least one month previous to the time above mentioned—and at the expiration of one month after that time no pupil can be admitted till the ensuing year.

## NEW-YORK.

The model of a machine has recently been exhibited in the city of New-York, to cut, thresh, and clean wheat, rye, oats, &c. at one operation. The machine is constructed to be moved by the strength of one horse—enters a field of wheat, rye, &c. will take “a two men’s land ahead,” and cut, thresh, and fan the grain fit for the mill or market, and without waste or leaving any thing behind to be cleaned. This complete operation can be performed as fast as a horse can walk.—The machine may be separated and used only for cutting and gathering the grain, which will render it extremely simple and effective. It is calculated that two horses, and one man to attend them, will cut and gather the grain for twenty-five acres per day. The net cost of a machine for cutting and gathering the grain will not exceed one hundred dollars; and a machine complete, for performing the whole operation of preparing the grain for the mill, about double that sum.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

An ox was not long since sold in Philadelphia for \$1,300. It was the largest ox ever in that market, and weighed 2,000 pounds. It was raised by Job Tyler of Salem, New-Jersey.

## DELAWARE.

Notice has been given, in compliance with an act of the legislature of this state, for incorporating an agricultural society in the county of New-Castle, that a book will be opened at the residence of John Merritt in Middletown, until the 1st Monday in May next, to receive the signatures of those gentlemen who wish to become members.

## MARYLAND.

The committee of the grand jury, appointed to inspect the penitentiary, have reported that there were confined in the penitentiary 305 persons, of which 234 are males and 71 females, and that cleanliness, system, and good order prevails throughout the institution.

The Legislature of Maryland has virtually abolished imprisonment for debt in that state.

## VIRGINIA.

The Legislature of Virginia has adjourned after a session of about three months, having passed 229 acts. The resolution of the House of Delegates, for erecting a statue of Patrick Henry, was rejected by the Senate.

The profits arising from the penitentiary in this state the last year, ending on the 30th of November last, were \$13,303.

## TENNESSEE.

Two large deposits of Gypsum have lately been discovered in Overton County about 30 miles west of Nashville, and near Cumberland river.

## OHIO.

At Chillicothe, on the 10th January the Mercury stood at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  deg. below 0, of Fahrenheit—several degrees colder than ever before had been observed there.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on file a variety of communications which we have omitted to acknowledge, but which, for positive or negative reasons, we have decided not to publish. Sometimes the topics treated of have been objectionable, sometimes the objection has lain against the manner of treating them, and very often both the subject and the style have been alike exceptionable, or equally nugatory. In the selections we have made from the contributions which we have received, the preference has been given to communications of a useful, rather than of a fanciful, or of an ambitious nature. But still we have studied variety, and have regretted that our materials were not more various. “It is the life and soul of a Magazine,” says Goldsmith, “never to be long dull upon one subject.” Our pages are open to the grave and to the gay, and we are anxious that they should be rendered the medium, not only of instruction, but of entertainment.

## ERRATA.

In the communication of Dr. Clements in No. iv. of this volume, page 249, *dele*, and *the dog*; and for *tough* read *rough*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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